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FREDERICK JAMES FURNIVALL

A VOLUME OF PERSONAL RECORD

HENRY FROWDE
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PREFACE

When Doctor Furnivall died, it was felt that some tribute should be paid to a great man and his influence, apart from appreciations of his literary work. For his seventy-fifth birthday a Miscellany was published, in which the scholars of the world did honour to their great inciter. The present volume is intended to enshrine varied recollections of him gathered from amongst all of his friends. The proceeds of the volume are to go to the Furnivall Sculling Club.

If ever proof were required of how deeply the Doctor's lovable nature was loved, the readiness of the response, the eager offers of help, the willingness to join in the work, would be ample evidence. If we were to try to give individual mention to all of those who did their utmost, each in his own way—the Doctor's kin, proof-readers, editors, distributors, booksellers, typists, artists, clerks, &c.—to make this volume as worthy as it can be of the man it is to record, the list would be too long for publication here. We simply thank them for showing how the Doctor's spirit has animated them all.

The Ruskin and Browning letters in the Biography are printed with the consent of the owners of those authors' copyrights.

The Editors.

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BIOGRAPHY

FURNIVALL was born at Egham, in Surrey, on February 4, 1825. There is a trace of Furnivalls resident there long ere this—of a Jane Furnyfall (alias Hornyall and Hornifall) accused of recusancy in 1581, and arrested in 1586;[1] but there appears to be no connexion between this early inhabitant of Egham and the kin of our good Doctor. The Furnivalls, as their name implies, migrated from Normandy; one of them (the Talbot line) with Duke William in 1066:[2] but the family with which we are immediately concerned is an old family of prosperous yeomen-farmers of Sandbach in Cheshire. The grandfather of Frederick James, having offended his parents by a marriage considered unworthy, left the parental house, and set up a straw-plaiting industry in Hemel-Hempstead. His son, a pious, strong-minded, and sensible man, George Frederick, received a medical education,[3] was Abernethy's house-surgeon at Bart's, and, in 1805, became Assistant Surgeon in the 14th Foot. Subsequently, on his mother's injunctions, he retired from the army for a civil practice in Egham. He liked the army, in

[1] *Hist. MSS. Com.*, *7th Rep.*, p. 636, &c.

[2] See the Roll of Battle Abbey, in the *Brut*, ed. Brie, E. E. T. S., 535.

[3] I know nothing of his early education, except that a Dr. Hamilton, who afterwards was living at Southampton, was his schoolmaster.

spite of the enforced carousings, and regretted leaving it. 'But why did you then?' asked his astonished son, Frederick. 'In those days,' replied the old surgeon, 'children obeyed their parents.' He had occasion himself later on to give serious parental advice; but times had changed.

In 1817 George Furnivall attended Shelley's wife at Marlow, and those incidents occurred concerning Shelley which are recounted in a later passage.[1] George Furnivall wedded Sophia Barwell on February 10, 1823. Nine children were born to him, four daughters and five sons, of whom Frederick was the eldest son and second child.[2] The old surgeon prospered in Egham. His practice was good; and he established a private lunatic asylum, the proceeds of which, with his fine practice, enabled him to leave behind him a considerable fortune (some £200,000). Great Fosters, the asylum house, passed some time after the surgeon's death into the possession of Baron Halkett.[3]

Furnivall's boyhood was a happy one, spent roaming over the Surrey country, and riding his pony at Egham, Marlow, and Windsor; and he began his sculling about 1840, in the 14-ft. sea-dinghy of Billy Veers, the Staines fisherman. In 1831 he began school, early days which he remembered ever after from the floggings then liberally administered. He left the school at Englefield Green for that at Turnham Green; and thence went

[1] *Britannia*, September 1906; and p. lxxv below.

[2] The children were, Mary, Frederick James, Selina (born March 31, 1826), Charles (born April 2, 1827), Fanny, Louisa, Edward, William, and Henry.

[3] See Dedication of *Andrew Borde* for a reference to this.

to Hanwell (then, like Turnham Green, absolutely in the country), where he pursued a thorough course of studies, took (in 1840) the lower classes in Latin and geography, and was himself particularly brilliant at languages, science, divinity, and dancing. Hanwell possessed a 'charagraph', evidently a chart in three colours, red, white, and blue, wherein the good boys were written up in the white, the bad boys in the red, and the others in the blue: and the name of Furnivall seldom occupied the blue department. The Hanwell curriculum Furnivall varied with numerous parties, dances, visits to the opera, 'fencing with Sergeant Allen,' leap-frog, marbles, and fly-the-garter. Throughout his long life he retained this wholesome habit of interchanging (and often intermingling) work and play. The serious business of a man is often, in his pages, enlivened by the romps of an eternal boy.[1]

In 1841 Furnivall left Hanwell for University College, London, where he took German, chemistry, mathematics, Greek, history, and natural philosophy, &c. As before, a constant round of social events, parties, dances, and visits to his father's medical friends filled his spare hours. He was at this time an assiduous Bible reader; like old Pepys, a self-constituted critic of sermons, which he went regularly every Sunday to hear; and besides one book for anecdotes, and another for

[1] In 1867 Professor Skeat showed him a MS. of Text B of *Piers Plowman*. 'Having enjoyed the vellum Vision,' he says, 'I turned to the paper leaves at its end, and what should they contain but an earlier and better version of the Caxton that I had just copied part of? I drank seven cups of tea, and eat five or six large slices of bread and butter, in honour of the event.' *Caxton's Book of Curtesye*, 1867, p. v.

'remarks on friends', he kept a sermon-book in which he recorded all the homilies he heard delivered. With his friend Bompas and others he frequently plunged in political and theological arguments, and gained that interest in social history and humanity which he carried to Cambridge, and which is conspicuous in his later literary career. He frequently journeyed back to Egham by the Reading coach, to join, perhaps, in the festivities of his father's house, or to follow the hunt on his father's pony. Sometimes Wellington would drive through Egham in his chaise, bolt upright on his seat, to the admiration of young Furnivall; sometimes he and his brothers would watch Prince Albert and his party shooting; on other days Frederick helped in his father's dispensary. His early sporting pursuits were carried out under the tutelage of William Davenport, who was engaged to his sister Mary, and who afterwards married her. A specimen day of his London life may perhaps be printed from his diary. The reader will recognize Furnivall's habit of recording the minutiae noticeable in his literary work:

Friday, May 13, 1842.

[A Party] Had some ices; danced; had supper at ½ past 1; danced a country dance, &c.; took a cab to Walshe's [where he lived] at ½ past 3; read, &c., went to bed. Got up at 20^{m} to 8; had breakfast; attended Prof. De Morgan's lecture on Mathematics till 20^{m} past 10; wrote in my Sermon book for an hour; put some plants into my book of Botanical Specimens; attended Prof. Malden's lecture on Greek till 20^{m} to 2; arranged my plants; had dinner; Tom Graham called and chatted till 3; dressed; . . . attended Prof. Potter's

lecture on Natural Philosophy till 5, and Dr. Lindley's examination on Botany till ¾ to 6; had a parcel from home, unpacked it; Charles was better; dried plants till 8; washed, &c. Dr. Scratchley came to tea; finished dressing; took a cab at 20^{m} past 9 to Mr. Grahame's; had some coffee; danced, had ices; quadrilled and waltzed; had supper: Fine day.

The Charles mentioned above was his brother, who came to London in 1842, and whose intellectual and moral welfare he tended, coaching him in Greek, &c., and preparing him for Confirmation.[1] His life at this time was full of action, hard work, and pleasure. On June 4, 1842, he records:

Had a row with Young and a few blows; dressed, . . . wrote to Mama; . . . took a cab to Hatchett's; walked a little way with Mr. Hervey, a lawyer from Egham; . . . had a jaw with Young, which ended, as it began, in nothing; . . . Cousin George sent me a ticket for Hullah's concert at Exeter Hall; . . . took a cab to Exeter Street; sat in the western gallery of Exeter Hall, heard 1,600 vocal performers sing several pieces till 10 o'clock, the most magnificent concert I ever heard; the Queen Dowager, Duke of Wellington, and many other distinguished persons were there.

He sat in July 1842 for Matriculation at Somerset House, and passed in the first division, reaping as a special reward a prize of sixteen guineas from Emerton, his old Hanwell schoolmaster, and shortly afterwards

[1] Charles was shortly afterwards placed with a Mr. Baker, a farmer and surveyor, at Writtle in Essex. When at home Furnivall taught his younger brothers, and coached and took care of his brother William when the latter came up to King's College in 1848.

he called upon his father's friend, Bellenden Ker, the conveyancer, who decided that he ought to proceed to Trinity Hall, Cambridge (where Dr. Le Blanc, Ker's friend, was head), in October. Indentures of apprenticeship to some profession (unknown) were signed on December 30, 1841, by his father, his cousin John, a Mr. Harvey, and himself; but whatever the scheme was, it fell through. He left University College on July 15, 1842, and returned to Egham, there to indulge in the diversions of country life: riding, rowing, shooting, fishing, bathing, and paying a round of visits. He soon returned to London and worked under a tutor, a Mr. Lawrence, for Trinity Hall, beguiling spare time, as of old,[1] with the additional diversion of boxing.

On October 19, 1842, Furnivall left Egham by the 7.45 a.m. omnibus for town; and, with £50 given him by his father in his pocket, took the Fly Coach at 11.15 a.m. for Cambridge, from the 'George and Blue Boar' in Holborn. He arrived at Cambridge at 6.15 p.m.; and in later life he often contrasted this first journey by coach with those hour and a quarter railway journeys of after days, which enabled him to begin work on his beloved Chaucer in the University Library before 10 a.m. Furnivall favoured the railways because they were democratic and enabled his working-men friends to get out with him in the days before bicycles for a Sunday on the Surrey

[1] He rode once in the 'Corncrake' then invented, and has this interesting note on it: 'Mr. Wollaston took their Corncrake up to the Park, a 4-wheeled carriage, for 1 person, turned by treddles worked by the legs; it takes its name from the machinery making a noise like the bird Corncrake; I had a turn in it, and liked it very much.' *Oxford Dictionary*, please note.

hills; and with arguments such as these he was wont to reason with Ruskin on his opposition to railway extension.

Furnivall's Cambridge days were exceedingly happy. Through Bellenden Ker he obtained the special notice of Dr. Le Blanc; he enjoyed the society of a number of good fellows, who resided in the Hall with him, such as Combe, Adey, van Hoetz, and Johnson (who composed the Chancellor's prize poem, 1843), with Pickthall and Winham of Christ's, and Henson of Corpus Christi; and he won his place in the college eight, which, in his day, ascended to eleventh place on the river, and fell back to thirteenth—a creditable performance for a college comparatively small, as the Hall was then. Furnivall's enthusiasm for the river knew no bounds; he bribed the waterman half-a-crown on one occasion to name a new 'funny' after his sister, Selina: and it is to be feared that aquatic exercises, velocipedes, walking, and running, proved some impediment to his more serious pursuits. He apparently exercised a good moral influence over some of his contemporaries at college. He was himself exceedingly devout, and seldom missed chapel or church; he founded a branch of the Church Missionary Society at Trinity Hall, and became the collector for it; and in May 1843, when a certain Syrian, Assaad Kayat, addressed the men, he undertook to collect £1 per annum for three years towards educating a Syrian 'Petrargi' at Cambridge. The few more riotous students sometimes intruded on him. Three of them, after a midnight carousal, once burst in his door; and one of these, disguised as a ghost,

entered his room at 4 a.m., and was unmercifully bolstered out of it for his trouble.

He placed himself under tutors, Marsh for classics, and Tozer for mathematics; he was admitted scholar on June 1, 1843, and took his B.A. in 1846, and his M.A. in 1849, after he had returned to London. All this while he received the constant admonishments and advice of his strong-minded father, whose letters sometimes range over almost as many subjects as his son's later speeches, and are curiously interlarded with Latin scraps, but which chiefly give serious counsel on religion and morality, and seek to impress upon his son the necessity of providing for his own future by diligence. After an outburst on Puseyism and Popery, he writes on one occasion thus:

> Finis coronat opus. Let no Persuasion, Sophistry, Vice, Example, or Folly turn you from the right Path. Be prudent; be industrious; strictly attentive to your Duty to God, your fellow Creatures and yourself. Let not the riper Years upbraid the green . . . Remember that to whom much is given from him much is expected. If you had followed my Steps now you might have been earning honorably your own Subsistence; now, perhaps, for 8 or 10 years to come you will not be able to do so.

And with the serious admonishment that, with nine children to tender, he will stand no foolery, he concludes his pointed letter thus:

> Make then what Knowledge, what little Wisdom you can attain to, subservient to your future Necessities and Wants, and learn to support at least yourself, if not your Family hereafter. Avoid Debt, and eschew Evil;

scorn to act unjustly, and recollect that Labour and Virtue must precede their Rewards. Do your Duty, honestly, fearlessly, and faithfully, and may God ever bless, defend, and provide for you is the Sincere Prayer of your affect. Father.

G. F. F.

Despite letters of this type, occasioned, probably, by the son's wilfulness, and love of those pursuits which appeared subsidiary to his army-trained parent, Furnivall and his father agreed very well. In the vacations he continued to help in the Egham practice; and he combined his scholarly exercises with such business also as helping on his father's farm, loading the hay, and driving in the hay-carts, and riding the horses to water. He taught in the Egham Sunday School; sculled the boat which he kept at Staines; indulged in much jack and perch fishing (under the pleasant incitement of honest Izaak Walton), and sometimes made short trips in the yacht of his father's friend, Robert Wright, of Southampton.

It was while still at Cambridge, in 1845, that Furnivall made his famous experimental wager-boat. He remained at the University during the long vacation, and employed his time in building himself a sculling-boat. Whilst sculling this, the idea struck him that much of its beam might be dispensed with, and greater leverage obtained by the extension of outriggers. He therefore, with his friend, Jack Beesley of John's, hired a coal-shed behind St. John's College, and set about making Beesley's craft of 15 or 16 inches, and his 12-inch wager-boat, the narrowest boat then on the river.

Newell, who was to race Clasper in 1846, asked the loan of this, and would have sculled in it had not the jealousy of the London watermen intervened. They built Newell a boat on the lines of Furnivall's, and in it he gave Clasper his only beating in the course of his long racing career, on January 18, 1846. In sculling, as in social work, education, Shakspere, Chaucer, and Early English study, Furnivall initiated, or helped to initiate, a new era.

In 1846 Furnivall came to London, and brought his boats with him, keeping them at Searle's, at Stangate, and using them daily. He was entered at Lincoln's Inn on January 26, 1846, and commenced his study of the law in the chambers of Bellenden Ker; he kept exercises in the Trinity and Michaelmas terms of 1847 and the Hilary term of 1848; and was called to the bar at Gray's Inn, January 30, 1849. He then set up himself as a conveyancer at 11 New Square.

Furnivall sometimes, with his friend Colquhoun (donor of the Sculls to the Lady Margaret Club in 1836), formed one of a Leander crew, which Jim Parish, a figure of departed days, used to cox. 'He used to steer us,' says Furnivall, 'in full big silver-buckled shoes, pink silk stockings, breeches, and velveteen coat, the latter green and elaborately trimmed, with a cream-coloured beaver hat, and the way in which he steered us down from Putney on pitch-dark nights after dinner, through the narrow-arched old Putney and Battersea Bridges, made us admire him.'[1] A special providence seems to have

[1] *West London Observer*, Supplement, October 20, 1905, p. 6, col. 6.

SOPHIA FURNIVALL
DR. FURNIVALL'S MOTHER

GEORGE FREDERICK FURNIVALL
DR. FURNIVALL'S FATHER

guarded over Furnivall on his remigatory excursions. He could never swim, but managed to escape from his very frequent upsets on the river. He was turned out under Putney Bridge in June 1851, with John Campbell, the 'sturdy Scot' of that delightful book, *The Log of the Water-Lily*;[1] and he records in the copy of the Variorum *As You Like It*, which Horace Howard Furness sent him :

> Received, Monday, April 7—Easter Monday, Bank Holiday [1890]—the day after my upset from my wagerboat, F2, opposite Biffen's at Hammersmith, just as I'd crost the river, at starting.

He was fearless of danger.

Through his connexion with Bellenden Ker, Furnivall came to know John Malcolm Ludlow, the man who exercised the most formative influence over his character at this stage of his life. Ludlow was deeply interested in social problems and the uplifting of the poor ; and he enlisted the active sympathy of Furnivall. Furnivall was not indisposed towards the work. Like his father and most of his Cambridge fellows, he was then a Tory ; but it is evident that from his earliest thinking days he was sympathetically interested in social affairs. The Chartist upheavals of 1840, the Corn-law agitation, the Act of 1847 regulating factory labour, and the Hungry Forties, Riots in London and Revolution on the Continent, had turned the attention of all serious men to the sufferings and disabilities of the

[1] Robert Mansfield, brother of the lovable Charles of the early Working Men's College, was, apparently, the 'heroic Smith' of this remarkable party. They started for Mannheim on July 24, 1851. Bernard was another of them.

poor. Furnivall may also have been greatly influenced by a sermon which he heard preached by Sir William Dumbarton on behalf of the District Visiting Society at Percy Chapel on December 19, 1841.

From happy days spent in the rural delights of Egham, the clean life of Cambridge, and the society of his own and his father's friends, Furnivall was initiated by Ludlow, in 1848, into a world where drink, disease, and hunger held their terrible sway. He began his district visiting with Ludlow, Turing, and others, and his work for sanitary reform and the problems of London labour claimed his attention. It became apparent to him, and to others, that no combination was possible among working people until a grand attack was made on the root-evil, ignorance. Education was the first necessity, and steps must be taken to provide it.

The result of this was the Little Ormond Yard School. The affair was carried out, like the Browning Society, in less time than it would take most people to consider the *pros* and *cons.* On the morning of Thursday, September 21, 1848, Furnivall bought the desks and furniture for the school, and in the same day it was formally opened by himself, Penrose, Campbell, Ludlow, and Parker, and by Clark, the curate, who read a few verses from Ecclesiastes and prayed. Lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic were then given. The furniture of the school was added to, a library was formed, and the work flourished, children being taught by a mistress by day, and men by the founders at night.

It was in this same year that Furnivall directed his

energies to release the ballast-heavers of the Thames from the degrading and destructive tyranny of the riverside publicans. The tremendous energy which he threw into this at last produced its result. An interview was obtained with Disraeli: 'I can well remember,' said Furnivall to me, 'these great ballast-heavers sitting shyly on the delicate white and gold chairs, in Dizzy's drawing-room.' Finally the heavers were put under Trinity House, and the evils complained of ceased. (Hughes had worked at this, too.)

But all this laudable London activity was being conducted at the expense of Furnivall's father, who naturally desired to see exhibited in his son that practical type of energy which had made his own career so successful. His son was costing him some £180 per year; and after some time had passed in this way, he wrote thus:

26 August 51.

MY DEAR FREDK.

Agreeably to your request I enclose you £10 on Barclay's. You ought to know much more of Latin than I do, but tho' your learning that Language cost 50 Times more than mine did, you appear to have forgotten the Adage of ne sutor ultra crepidam. Your business is Law; mine is Physic. Neither you nor I have any Business with Teachers or Ragged Schools. I am sure there are 100's of rich, lazy, and independent people who have nothing else to do than devote their Time and their Passion for Praise to such useful Employments as instructing their indigent, uninformed Brethren and Children. Leave these things to them; it is yours to do your Duty in that State of Life in which it has pleased God to place you. . . . It is no Charity

to give away what does not belong to you, what your own Hands have not earned. . . . We can all easily be liberal and generous with other people's money. . . . With ragged Schools, Socialism, or any other ism, you have really no business at all. . . . Lawism, not Socialism, Schoolism, or any other ism, ought to be your End and Aim, your Duty, your Pleasure, and Pursuit. Don't play at Law and work at School teaching. . . .

But Furnivall was now drawn into the vortex of a life from which, even had he wished, he could only with great difficulty have escaped. Every powerful influence round him kept him true to his great ideals. He came into touch with the tremendous personality of Carlyle, whom he sometimes met at the Ruskins'. Through Bellenden Ker he got to know Harriet Martineau,[1] then retired in the Lake District, and was fired to enthusiasm by the success of her cottage-building society, her lectures on sanitary reform, and her books on economics. Through Ludlow he made the acquaintance and acquired the friendship of Mrs. Gaskell, then sprung into fame through the success of *Mary Barton*; and came under the influence of Kingsley, and of Frederick Denison Maurice, round whom Ludlow gathered that noble and devoted band that founded the Working Men's College. Furnivall and his friends met in each other's rooms, now in

[1] One of Furnivall's notes on Harriet Martineau is amusing. He met her at Ker's, at Cheshunt, in 1851, and chatted with her on Carlyle's *Sterling*, E. Darwin, mesmerism, necessity, &c., till late at night. 'H. M. tried to mesmerise me,' he says naïvely, 'but couldn't; and nearly mesmerised herself.'

Maurice's, now in Campbell's or Ludlow's, there to discuss politics, theology, and education.[1]

The first of the Co-operative Stores was opened at Rochdale in 1844, and some of this ardent circle of reformers in London saw in the principles of co-operation the solution to many of the economic evils of the time. Their first efforts, and Furnivall's with them, were in this direction; but they speedily discovered that their training ill fitted them for facing the responsibilities and difficulties of co-operative trading; their scheme of co-operative production overlooked the first necessity of co-operative consumers; and under the lead of Maurice and Ludlow they turned their attention to a department wherein they could hold their own, that of education of the working man.

Maurice had been professor at King's College since 1840, and became divinity professor in 1846, and chaplain of Lincoln's Inn in the same year. In 1847 he was one of those who inaugurated the Queen's College for Ladies, the pioneer of the movement for the higher education of women. In 1853 he published the *Theological Essays*, which caused his dismissal from King's; and he immediately turned to continue the educational extension which he had helped to initiate. Under the direction of the leaders of the Working Men's Association (Furnivall among them), lectures and classes had in 1852 been given in the Hall of Association, Castle Street East, and continued there

[1] Some of the members of this circle were Maurice, Ludlow, Vernon Lushington, Vansittart, Vansittart Neale, Penrose, Mansfield, Campbell, Parker, Turing, Graham Maul, Sheldon Amos, Kingsley, and Tom Hughes.

until after the principles governing the People's College at Sheffield became known, and Maurice left King's. In June and July 1854, at Willis's Rooms, in lectures under the title of *Learning and Working*, Maurice expounded the project of the Working Men's College to the public; and the college began its work on October 26, 1854, in Red Lion Square,[1] and remains to this day, vivified by the old spirit, as the principal tangible result of the Christian Socialist movement.

The names of the early teachers are written large in the College history; a few only need be mentioned here. Furnivall taught English grammar, and flung himself with ardour into the social life of the place. Ruskin, Rossetti, and Lowes Dickinson taught art. Ruskin's sympathy had been enlisted by Furnivall from the outset; and through Furnivall the sixth chapter of the *Stones of Venice* was reprinted in pamphlet form, and entitled *On the Nature of the Gothic: and Herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art*; and sold for 6*d*. per copy for the benefit of the college.

A friendship, beautiful in its tenderness, grew between Furnivall and Ruskin. Furnivall had known and visited Ruskin's father. He always said that a new and glorious universe was opened to his eyes by *Modern Painters* in 1846; and throughout the whole of his life, through the distressing time of Ruskin's divorce, Furnivall stood by this pure friend of his. Ruskin, on his side, was not slow to express the debts he owed to Furnivall, as the following interesting letter will show:

[1] *The Working Men's College*, 1854–1904, Chapter II, The Origin, by J. M. Ludlow.

Denmark Hill,
March 22 [? the year].

DEAR FURNIVALL,

You could hardly have given me greater pleasure than by asking me for this testimonial; for, as it happens, I am just now profiting not a little by help you gave me long ago; you know how you used to find fault with me for speaking ill of philology, and how you, in alliance with the Dean of Westminster [Trench], first showed me the true vital interest of language. While I have not one whit slacked in my old hatred of all science which dwelt or dwells in words *instead* of things, I have been led by you to investigations of words as interpreters of things, which have been very fruitful to me; and so amusing, that now a word-hunt is to me as exciting as, I suppose, a fox-hunt could be to anybody else. As for grammar—you know it is very satirical of you to ask me for a testimonial—all I can say is—you know much more about it than I do. I heartily wish that you may obtain this office, good examining being no less influential than good teaching, in its outcome.

Believe me, my dear Furnivall,
Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I can give no information as to the testimonial. The letter was probably written between 1856, when Trench became Dean, and 1864, when he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin. Furnivall was a constant visitor at Ruskin's house and companion of his walks, was shown his Turners and engravings, and discussed current affairs with him. Furnivall first met Mrs. Ruskin on May 31, 1850.

His life at this time was one of ceaseless activity—earnest work mingled with exercise and pleasure. He was an enthusiastic worshipper at the shrine of Jenny Lind, then bewitching London in *Lucia*, *I Puritani*, *la Sonnambula*, &c., and he afterwards got to know her. He heard Chopin play on July 26, 1848, and writes of him:

> A little thin man with high shoulders. Very pale, light hair, bold nose; seems consumed with the fire within. Chief peculiarity in playing is the delicious murmur he brings out of the piano, sweeps over the keys like a breath, inconceivably rapid and light.

He threw himself with ardour into labour agitation, took the chair at public meetings, spoke in the streets, presided over a protest meeting in a Lambeth railway arch, even sold his books to give £100 to the woodcutter strikers of '51. He regularly attended the Central Committee in the co-operative movement, and made and received deputations.

He made almost daily visits to Ludlow, heard Maurice preach every Sunday in Lincoln's Inn, and attended his Tuesday Bible readings. He contributed articles to the *Christian Socialist*, the *Silurian*, and other papers; and made indexes and wrote replies to the press attacks on the Christian Socialist movement. He was then and for twenty-five years onward a vegetarian, and throughout a teetotaller and non-smoker. He organized treats for poor children and for their parents. He read law, visited Ruskin, Tennyson, Macmillan, Lady Spearman, Lady Noel Byron, and many other friends; attended philological and teetotal meetings; assisted strikers; visited the poor

and sick; followed the hunt at Egham; inspected art galleries and the Great Exhibition; and coached his brothers; and in the midst of all this whirl of life produced, about 1850, his first independent literary work, a small octavo pamphlet called *Association a Necessary Part of Christianity*.

This brings us to the beginning of Furnivall's literary career; but it is necessary to carry on the story, already begun, of his social labours. These centred in the Working Men's College, which found new quarters in Great Ormond Street in 1857. The furthering of the social life of the place fell mainly into the hands of the youngest unmarried members of the Council,[1] and of these was Furnivall.

> It was a new and agreeable experience, he writes, to find oneself trusted and lookt up to by a set of men, many double one's own age, knowing more of practical life, and having different traditions and opinions to mine; and I well recollect the pleasure I used to feel as I walkt about the College rooms, and saw face after face light up as I greeted its owner. My principle was that every man was to be treated as an equal and a friend, and to be trusted till he showed himself unworthy of trust.

The principle succeeded very well. Surely no band of men, heterogeneous as the members of that band were in characters, abilities, and occupations, was ever knit faster by mutual esteem and mutual helpfulness. While so many were steeped in the bookish theoric of co-operation and fellow-work, Furnivall and his fellows were striving to weave these things into their lives.

[1] Furnivall in *The Working Men's College*, 54.

Roebuck, Thrower, Standring, Fisher, Ricketts, Fotheringham, Wright, Bromhall, and Emslie come to mind as some of Furnivall's companions on geological and botanical walks, on boating excursions, in study and cricket. Some helped, too, in the teaching and visiting in Little Ormond Yard. Much of their doings and their fun is recorded for one year by the pen of Furnivall himself in the columns of the *People's Paper*, the organ of the Sunday League, to which he successfully appealed in 1858 'for a column a-week'—'to let us [the Working Men's Colleges of England] have our friendly chat among ourselves.' The article of July 17, 1858, describes one of the early College *conversaziones*, and the Sunday excursions of Furnivall and his parties, of which this may be taken as a specimen :

On Sunday 11th, some of the geological men walked to the chalk-pits just beyond Croydon, and at Caterham Junction and Riddlesdown ; and a glorious day they had of it,—for the weather was fine and the Croydon cherries good : at the first pit some fine ventriculites were got ; at the second, the Caterham Junction, what should the foremost man see before his eyes when he entered, but the beak and body of a pterodactyle—that strange bat-reptile of former days. Here, too, were other good fossils dug out ; then came the walk along the side of the grand old sweeping down, to the pit near the head of the valley ; and the production by kiln-man Tidy of a strange flat piece of wood, or rush, or bone, whereof the like had not before been seen by any one present, a fish's head, an enormous scale, a bit of crab, and a second puzzle, something like a nutmeg—all in their old chalk-graves. Then tea at the inn opposite, and a stroll to the station over the down, with

the clouds gold and red above us, the hum of insects in our ears, and thanks to God in our hearts.[1]

It was on this very excursion, similar to many others, that some of his companions lamented to Furnivall their lack of female society.[2] Throughout the whole of his thinking life Furnivall believed the society of women to be necessary to a man's refinement and happiness. 'Woman,' he said, speaking of the suffrage movement in 1905, 'is the beauty and glory of the world'; in 1868, spurning an insult offered to the representative girl of the Victorian period, he wrote of 'the pictures of the girls one knew, fair (more or less), sweet (more or less), the lights of so many eyes, the suns of so many homes, their class the first of the glories of our land';[3] and in 1858, not less he was the friend and champion of women. The appeal made to him at Caterham led to his organization of shilling dances for students. A Committee[4] was formed in conjunction with Spottiswoode's printing people, and invited to tea 'at Mr. Furnivall's, 21 Ely Place, Holborn'; a bill was issued; and four dances were held at Salter's Hall, off Snow Hill, in the winter of 1859–60.

[1] The signature, 'J. G. F.,' to this article is a mistake for 'F. J. F.' The articles in which the excursions are described usually end in a poetic and pious peroration. On August 21, Furnivall concludes thus: 'and then we all walked home, under one of the clearest and grandest starlit skies I ever saw, singing and chatting, happy and thankful, not unmindful of the maker of the beauteous plants we had seen, the grand dark elms we had passed under, the glittering worlds above our heads, and of Him who had spoken to our spirits through his works.'

[2] *Working Men's College*, 58.

[3] *Ballads from MSS.*, vol. i, pt. i, p. 2.

[4] Litchfield, Roebuck, Thrower, and Wright were members of it.

Furnivall desired then and always that women should share the work, games, and happiness of the men. He lost no opportunity at the Working Men's College, even to the very last, of attempting to induce the Council to admit women to their classes. He urged the authorities of the Salford Working Men's College at its inauguration to open its doors to women.[1] And he gladly took with him the girls and men of Litchfield's singing-class in London on his long Sunday rambles.[2]

The descriptions of the cricket matches are rendered in the familiar Furnivallesque manner :

> Mr. Furnivall, strolling down on the 10th, to see the match between the said Price's men and Spottiswoode's printers, and being 'late, as usual', met some of Price's men walking away from their ground, after having well beaten the printers; and finding that they were not too proud to play a muffish eleven, suggested that they should play ours. 'Oh, to be sure, twenty-two of you if you like; it 's such fun to see a lot of fellows running after a ball, and knocking one another over.' 'No, we'll only bring eleven, and have Mr. [Tom] Hughes and his brother among 'em.' The mention of Mr. Hughes's name caused a diversion, for the speaker of the party happened to have been one of the eleven of Price's men who played some years ago against, and were shamefully beaten by an old Oxford eleven, headed by Hughes. (*People's Paper*, July 24, 1858.)

[1] *Manchester Examiner*, June 29, 1858.

[2] The frequent half-day program for these walks was: 'meet at King's Cross at three, walk to Epping—16 miles—by seven, tea till eight, and back at King's Cross by twelve, all done to the minute, whatever the weather was.' *Working Men's College*, 57.

On another occasion, after a humorous dispute with Taylor, that gentleman took vengeance on Furnivall 'by carrying off the [cricket] party to Chalk Farm Tavern, and making him, a scandalized teetotaller, walk up and down before the place for a quarter of an hour, while biscuits and beer were consumed inside'. (*People's Paper*, August 21, 1858.)

Furnivall's outspokenness, his determination to follow his own bent and his own conception of right, proved a source of embarrassment to his fellow members on the College Council. From the earliest times he insisted on proclaiming Ludlow as the real founder of the College; and he maintained it to the last. 'Ludlow,' he said in 1907, 'got us all together to start the College: whatever you do, never forget John Malcolm Ludlow.' And in the *People's Paper* of 1858 he voiced the same idea. He writes, on July 24, of Ludlow, 'the real originator of our College'; and uttered the same words at a Students' Tea to their Teachers on July 29. On August 10 Ludlow wrote from Lincoln's Inn repudiating all this, and signifying that Furnivall's articles were in no way authorized by the Council.

But a still more serious consequence was to ensue. On October 13, 1858, Frederick Denison Maurice distributed to the members of the College Council an octavo pamphlet of 34 pages entitled *Statement of my reasons for resigning the office of Principal to the Working Men's College.* The pamphlet is written in the clear and resonant English characteristic of Maurice, and is inspired by the most noble principles and ideals. It

takes a general review of education, and particularly of education of the working man; represents religion as the basis of all instruction; and narrows down the discussion to the influence of newspapers and the right use of Sunday. Then comes the sting:

> Early in August I received a copy of a paper called *The People*, which professed to give a report of a meeting of the students, at which I was not present, but to which I sent a letter. I have been seldom more pained than by that report.

Maurice objects to the association of the College with the organ of the Sunday League, or any such organization, even opposite in its principles, and to the 'vulgarisms' uttered in the article; he continues:

> In a postscript singularly appended to the account of a week-day meeting he [the writer] announced —à propos of nothing—that he had made a geological excursion, with some other students, the previous Sunday, and that they were about to enrol themselves members of the Sunday League.

Maurice considered the writer guilty of attempting to connect the College with the Sunday League by a side wind; condemned his lack of modesty; and stated that the meaning he was compelled to put on the offensive paragraph, alluded to above, was: 'We do not bite our thumbs at you, Sir, but we do bite our thumbs.'

The immediate cause of Maurice's pamphlet was an unsigned article by Furnivall printed in *The People's Paper* on August 7, 1858. Much of it was perfectly innocent fun, mere merry comment, but much must

have deeply hurt Maurice. It represented Ludlow as the originator of the College, and it referred to a letter from the Principal in these terms :

Mr. Ludlow then read to us a letter which Mr. Maurice had sent to Mr. Thrower, in which he took shame to himself for hitherto causing the failure of his classes through want of preparation, &c., and promised to try and do better for the future.

All this was hardly the language of loyalty to the Principal, and it is no wonder that the latter complained. In one respect he was wrong : there had been no intention to enrol in the Sunday League ; all that Furnivall had said was that it was proposed to join a Sunday League party on a future occasion. But it is easy to see that some antipathy, based, no doubt, on wide temperamental differences and variance of opinion, had arisen between Maurice and Furnivall ; and that each was disposed to regard with serious eyes the actions and sentiments of the other.

I state this incident at some length, as it marks, apparently, a new epoch in Furnivall's life. He had passed from Maurice's influence. Sunday was now devoted to other pursuits than the inscription of Sermon Books. The glorious universe revealed to Furnivall by *Modern Painters* had to be shared with the new-found fellows from the office and the workshop, and with their sisters, their sweethearts, or their wives ; and only on the Sunday were most of these free men and women. Hence the long Sunday rambles, the merry tea-parties some miles from London, and the tramp homeward in the starlight to the time of songs,

But Furnivall was to change still more. Teaching, discussion, and argument with men whose experience had been so different from his own forced him to consider himself introspectively, and the faith in which he had worshipped. *The Origin of Species* was published in 1859, Spencer's *First Principles* in 1860, and Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature* in 1863; and the storm of dispute which followed the enouncement of the Darwinian hypothesis did not leave Furnivall untouched. In his study of Middle English literature he met with such pieces as the *Land of Cokaygne*,[1] and therein with the abbey, of which

> All of pasties are the walls,
> Of flesh, of fish, and rich meat,
> The likefullest that man may eat :

and these, and, doubtless, other influences, not to be detected by the divining-rod of research, completely changed his conception of medieval ecclesiasticism and of Christian faith; and after the creation of the word by Huxley in 1869, he could term himself an 'agnostic'.

In 1858, Furnivall, with a party of working men, made his first and only foreign tour. Frederic Harrison had already conducted a party to Switzerland; and the second tour, to be as far as possible on foot, was initiated and led by Furnivall, who describes the itinerary and the details in a few letters to his father. A more elaborate description is given in four articles

[1] *Early English Poems and Lives and Saints*, ed. F. J. Furnivall, 1862, p. 157. The Northern *ic* of these texts (i^c in the MS.) should have been expanded into the Southern *ich*.

by Thomas Shorter in *The Two Worlds*, of October 1858, wherein the projector of the tour, easily identified, is described as an individual 'a main article of whose creed is, that the chief end of man is to walk forty miles a day on a diet of bread, apples, and harricot beans'.

They were seven in all: Furnivall; the three Halls, engravers; a genial Scotsman, Cormack, described as 'the brightest and nicest fellow of our party',[1] who took pains to improve his French with the help of the lovely and lively daughter of a Caudebec *cafetier*;[2] Shorter, the secretary of the College; and Jeffrey, a lame photographer: and armed with passports and copious knapsacks, they left London on Monday, September 6, for Southampton. Arrived at Havre, and five of them having recovered from the sickness they had suffered, the party split up, Furnivall and the Halls proceeding through Lillebonne, Caudebec, Jumièges, and Duclair, to Rouen, and there meeting their friends, who had journeyed by another route.

The customs of the people, their labour and their pastimes, the architecture of the churches, the crops and fruits, the beauty of the landscape and cities, the splendid sunsets and the clear starry nights, are what most attracted Furnivall's attention. He searched in Rouen for his old Hanwell schoolfellow, Odiot, and visited the Working Men's Associations. He talked with the ploughman in the fields of his labour; chatted with gendarmes on the road who demanded his passport, and attempted unsuccessfully to convince them that

[1] Letter 4. [2] *Two Worlds*, I.

his England was not, as they supposed, devoid of natural beauties; sang songs to the peasants in their cafés; had talks and fun with soldiers from the Crimean War; and songs and counter-songs, jokes and counter-jokes with the guards of diligences, who had no sympathy with the English love of speed, but must have loved the frankness and camaraderie of these seven young Englishmen.

At Mont St. Michel there were barefoot dances on the sands; English songs at nightfall without the walls, and *La Belle France* in reply from an unknown singer in the darkness within; watching of the incoming tide, 'under a glorious moonlight, with the heavens all sown with stars, clear and bright'; and waist-high fording of the water on the departure for Avranches, greatly because the guide-book called it dangerous.

> Our walk, says Furnivall, was most enjoyable,—padding bare-legged across the sands, and crossing the river 4 or 5 times, the water above your loins, with a soft wind blowing, and the sun out, we were as jolly as we possibly could be, and danced about like wild Indians. I wish one could always go without trousers and boots. . . .

After all his companions had left him, Furnivall decided to proceed to Fourneville, near Honfleur and Beuzeville, which he supposed, erroneously, to be the original homestead of his kin. He was then in Rouen; and taking the Honfleur boat, reached Fourneville in the afternoon of Saturday, September 25. The curé of the place proving uncommunicative, he interrogated a busy cobbler and a farmer, and having learnt some-

thing of the village and explained the reason of his visit, was directed to Lecomte, innkeeper, barber, and official bellringer, who agreed to harbour him. He then went out to explore.

But returning some time later, this is what he discovered :—

When I got back at 7, supper-time, as the host had said, there was no *café au lait* ready for me; but instead, the landlord's punchy little wife with 3 of the learned men of the village : and the little dame began with telling me I couldn't lodge there that night; she never took strangers in, &c., &c. So I had to protest that I must lodge there. Then, what did I want in the place, &c.? I had already told her husband and the cobbler all about it, and had to explain again. Where were my papers? Passport produced. In English! How did they know that was right? It ought to have been in French, &c., &c. Explain again. No, that wouldn't do. So I assured them solemnly that it was solely through ignorance that they were making objections, that they must send for the schoolmaster, who had a head on his shoulders—the cobbler had said he was the best man in the village—and he'd know I was all right. They declared they were as good as the schoolmaster : then, said I, you must know the passport is good : and as the quietest man of the party struck in with, 'If the passport hadn't been right, the police at Havre wouldn't have let him land,' it was voted that it was all right and that I might stop. And then we were all good friends.

The men of the village came in to be shaved, and learnt of England and told of France. 'On Sunday the old curé was preaching a dull sermon, which few

were attending, and spitting right and left alternately on the pulpit floor every two minutes'; and two little girls toddled out and sent the baker's boy in the porch for halfpenny rolls, 'which they took back into the church and quietly eat.'[1]

Here ends the story of Furnivall's foreign tour, conducted under the advice of John Ruskin.

Furnivall arrived in London, once more, on Tuesday, September 28, and proceeded with his legal and educational affairs. He continued teaching English grammar, and passed from lecturing on *Piers Plowman*—selected 'because of its sketch of working men in the fourteenth century'—to lectures on Chaucer, Tennyson, and other poets. The Sunday expeditions continued, and the glowing descriptions of them.[2]

Maurice, meantime, remained Principal; and the trouble over the *People's Paper* articles had hardly subsided, when the growth of the dances in number (not altogether with Furnivall's consent) proved a new

[1] Letter 8. Furnivall's itinerary was: London, Southampton, Havre, Lillebonne, Caudebec, Jumièges, Duclair, Rouen, Bernay, Mézidon, Falaise, Vassy, Vire, Mortain, St. Hilaire, Mont St. Michel, Avranches, Coutances, St. Lô, Carentan, Cherbourg, Bayeux, Caen, Paris, Rouen, Honfleur, Fourneville, Havre, &c. The party separated into two at various places.

[2] Maurice's attitude towards the Sunday excursions is declared in his pamphlet of 1856, *The Sabbath Day, an address to the members of the Working Men's College, on Sunday Excursions.* He therein suggests that the walks might be restricted to those hours before or subsequent to Sunday service. Maurice and Furnivall also differed on the initial admission of students to the Council, which the former considered unwise. Students were eventually admitted, however. 'This slow and unwilling admission of working men members,' says Furnivall, 'was a great grievance to me and chilled my early feelings towards Maurice.' (*Early History of the W. M. C.* by Furnivall, p. 15.)

source of pronounced difference with the authorities. It was held by some of the Council that the dances, and the increasing splendour of those attending them, constituted a serious menace to the very existence of the institution. Litchfield, who had been on the first dance committee, led the attack: 'Heads *versus* Heels'—which was it to be? The Council speedily decided. The dances were condemned in a resolution on which there was only one dissentient vote—Furnivall's; the question was submitted to open discussion; sides were taken; and some of the students stood by Furnivall and defended him. He issued his own defence. Writing in February 1861, he described the scene in the Caterham chalk-pit, when the student friend had said to him:

'There is one thing above all others that some of us want which the College hitherto has not helped us to.'

'What is that?'

'Why, the society of pure and good women. Some of us, who know no families in London, *can't* get it.'

As one looked at the stains on the white chalk round one, and then up to the pure blue heaven above, one could not but be touched by the words and the scene; and they are as present to me now as eighteen months ago.[1]

Furnivall's intentions in the matter are further demonstrated in the initial bill of 1860, which announced the project. Writing there he said:

All Working Men and Women find that they have neither the rooms nor the money to get together a party of their friends for a merry Dance or Social

[1] *W. M. C. Mag.*, 1861, p. 20.

Meeting; the pleasant evening 'At Homes' of richer people are out of their reach, though they, after their work, desire and need the refreshment of social intercourse, and the gaiety of music, even more than wealthier persons. But as union of many can do what one cannot, some Members of the Working Men's College and their Women's Classes, and of Messrs. Spottiswoode's Printing Offices, have resolved on trying a series of Four Dances at Salter's Hall, under the management of a Committee of Members of the Classes of both sexes, and of Teachers, so as to secure both the freedom and the decorum of a private Party.

The dances, the notice states further, were to be informal; and the profits were devoted to providing an entertainment for the poor of the parish.[1]

This storm subsided, and Furnivall continued his College labours; but the incident illustrates, perhaps, a fact which was characteristic of Furnivall to the end, that he never succeeded in accommodating himself to the regulations and restrictions which every institution, necessarily dependent for its success upon compromise, imposes upon its members. He always succeeded best as an adventurer, proceeding by his own initiative, and unimpeded by the discretion and the reticence of more reflective and calculating minds.

For the rest, the whirligig of time brought round its compensations. Half a century later, when Death had laid his hand on most of the dancers and the disputers of the mid-Victorian time, Furnivall took part,

[1] The description of the actual tea provided for 200 poor folks, and of the fun afterwards, is described in racy Furnivallesque in the *News of the Week*, March 17, 1860.

with a new generation, in the first dance of the students in the Great Hall of their new College itself.

Apart from all this, the College was doing a noble and meritorious service, under the leadership of Maurice; and the ardent desire of its founders to do good to their poorer fellows and their country became the inspiring principle of all its members. This produced tangible result in 1859. It was then that the Volunteer movement began, called into existence by the demonstration of Toulon, and formed to resist the invader. 'Where,' said Litchfield, 'are there to be found this coming million of deadly marksmen that are to line every hedgerow between Kennington Common and Pevensey Bay, before the first thousand of invaders have formed upon the beach?'[1] The Working Men's College decided to provide some of them. In May, Tom Hughes wrote to the Marquess of Salisbury (as Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex) offering to form a company. The Government, as usual, found it difficult to act speedily. The final, favourable, reply was received in November. Lord Goderich (Marquess of Ripon) lent his invaluable aid, and made things easier, and the regiment was enrolled as the 19th Middlesex. Within one week the College garden was illumined by gas, and three drills were held. The company started 72 strong, and it increased rapidly.

Furnivall was a member of the committee of the corps, and subsequently Company Commander. He first explained to his grammar class what was intended. A quiet member at the back, hitherto unnoticed,

[1] *W. M. C. Mag.*, 1859, p. 96.

volunteered his services. 'Thanks, Read,' said Furnivall, 'but do you know anything about soldiering?' The quiet member proved to be Philip Read, late sergeant-major of the 33rd Infantry (the 'Duke of Wellington's Own'), who was wounded inside the Redan and distinguished himself at Inkermann. Read became a hero. He taught and organized the regiment, and a handsome sword was eventually presented to him by Hughes on behalf of all, as a recognition of his services. 'We always cut and butterd his bread at tea,' says Furnivall, 'and paid for it, and would any of us have blackt his boots with pleasure.' [1] He became adjutant with the rank of lieutenant, and finally major, and retired on a major's pension. Hughes was commissioned major-commandant, but resigned his command in 1861 to Colonel Bathurst, late of the Coldstreams; and Maurice was appointed Chaplain.[2]

The regiment formed part of the 18,500 men who marched past Queen Victoria in 1860. In the same year the officers of the Volunteer regiments were commanded to a *levée*. Those of the 19th Middlesex decided not to go, and the reasons adduced by Tom Hughes in defence thereof say something for the earnest spirit which animated these pioneers.

My reason, said Tom Hughes, for not wishing to go to Court, and the majority of the corps thought with me, was that I think the business of the Rifle movement a very serious and solemn affair, and that we ought to keep as far aloof as we can from the frivolity and dandyism which is being imported into it. 'Let not him that

[1] *W. M. C. Hist.*, 59. [2] *Ibid.*, 92.

putteth on his armour boast himself as one that taketh it off.' At present we have done nothing for the Queen . . . We have just learnt a few steps, and ordered our uniforms. Are these such great achievements that we must needs glorify ourselves thereon by dancing and dining and kissing of hands? This would be to forget the real grounds on which we have set about the work. *My* reason for being a Rifleman is, that I believe that no man, and no nation, can do the thing that he ought if he has to go in fear of any mortal creature. England at this moment is in fear, because she is weak. Till she is strong, she dare not say or do what she would choose.[1]

Furnivall remained in the Volunteer movement for twelve years.

In 1862 at the Registrar's Office, Hampstead, Furnivall married Eleanor Nickel Dalziel, whose brother, W. A. Dalziel, was afterwards secretary of the Early English Text and Chaucer Societies, and was at that time one of the student-teachers of the College. Two children were born of the marriage; a daughter, Ena, who died young in 1866, loved and lamented;[2] and a son, Percy, born on April 5, 1867, subsequently sportsman and surgeon, to whose kindness this Biography and its writer are both much indebted.

Furnivall's father died on June 7, 1865. His will, a lengthy document, dated September 6, 1857, with a codicil, April 10, 1860, was proved in the Principal Registry of Probate on June 24, 1865. The trustees appointed by George Furnivall were his nephew John

[1] *W. M. C. Mag.*, 1860, p. 68.

[2] *Book of Quinte Essence*, ed. Furnivall, p. v.

(who died, however, during his own lifetime), and his sons, Frederick James and Charles John.[1] The results of the sale of his property, as detailed in the footnote, were to be divided equally amongst the nine children with the deduction of various sums, from £400 to £1,800, from seven of the portions, for exceptional benefits already conferred. Frederick James forfeited £1,000 in respect of the cost of his education.

The bulk, if not the whole, of Furnivall's portion he subsequently invested in Overend and Gurney, and, of course, lost it, together with his personal estate, in that tremendous bankruptcy. I understand that Henry Hucks Gibbs (Lord Aldenham) and Henry Huth, magnanimously purchased his personal estate and made it his once more.

Furnivall had joined the Philological Society in 1847, became one of its two honorary secretaries in 1853,[2]

[1] These were to sell his real estate and saleable personal estate, and to carry on the Great Foster House business till Edward Thomas, his son, who had first option, or some other person, took it over. They were to continue payment of the annuity (£150) which G. F. Furnivall had covenanted, on his marriage, to pay his wife (besides a settlement of about £830 per annum, which remained hers), unless she released him from the annuity, which he charged her to do. They were also to maintain the £2,000 and £3,000 policies on her life. His copyhold estates he devised to the trusts of his will. The Egham practice went to Edward, upon condition. £200 ready money was to be paid to his wife within a month of his death, and he left to her the stores, &c., of his house, and a life-estate on his house and farm at Egham, upon condition—the life-estate being revoked by codicil, as the condition was not agreeable. There are other particulars which do not concern us.

[2] Furnivall at this time was practising as a conveyancer at 11 New Square (1850–5); he removed to 6 Old Square, 1856–8; was at 3 Old Square, 1859–72; and from 1873 he gave up practice. Mr. George H. Radford, M.P., very kindly looked up these dates for me.

and sole secretary in 1862. The modern era of Early English scholarship had not then begun, but Tennyson's *English Idylls* had already turned his attention to that distant past wherefrom faint but audible voices called to him, sometimes in the very accents of his own warm-hearted humanism and his own comprehensive democracy; and he grew more and more convinced that these forefathers' voices should be made audible and significant to modern men.

But the practical necessity which forced Furnivall to strive for the realization of this ideal was the commencement by the Philological Society of the *New English Dictionary*. Speaking of this colossal and unparalleled undertaking, he said, before the Authors' Club, in 1909:

In November 1858 Trench wrote us a paper on the duty of making a supplement to the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson. Herbert Coleridge, a grandson of the poet, came forward and said, 'I should like to take part in this.' The question was who should work with him. I refused absolutely, on which Watts, who was head of the Book Department in the British Museum, reminded me that I was secretary of the Society, and that if I was asked to do a thing it was my duty to do it; so we began. We went on for about a year and a half, and then I said, 'People who want a word will first look at Johnson and then at Richardson, and then at ours. Why not amalgamate it and have one dictionary?' I communicated my idea to Trench. He said, 'It is a very fine idea if you can carry it out, but I do not think you can.' So we went on collecting words. Nobody would come forward and take up the dictionary, until Macmillan

said, 'If you can put it into four volumes, I will.' We all said it would have to be eight or ten volumes. There was a great deal of sympathy then at Oxford with the disestablishment of the Irish Church. I wrote to Trench [Trench was Archbishop of Dublin] to ask him if he could get Oxford to take it up.[1]

Oxford did. Furnivall's idea for a great dictionary instead of a supplement was adopted. He was, as he said, on the first organizing committees; he set forth the scope of the scheme in a pamphlet, and appealed for helpers; and when Coleridge, the chief of the undertaking, died in 1861, Furnivall succeeded him. But the editorship proved too big a task for Furnivall, busy with other things, and in 1876 the question of a special editor was under discussion. One gentleman offered himself and provided specimens of his work and a written statement of his ideas on the project; but the Delegates of the Oxford Press were approached with reference to publication; the Society was incorporated under the Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867; and a contract was made with the Delegates for the pay of an editor and assistants. Sir James, at that time Dr., Murray was then appointed.[2]

Recognizing the magnitude of the dictionary, Furnivall decided in 1861 on a concise dictionary,

[1] *Morning Post*, Feb. 22, 1910. I refer the reader for a more detailed and adequate description of the origins of the *Oxford Dictionary* and Furnivall's share therein, to the articles of Professor Skeat and Sir James Murray in *Frederick James Furnivall*.

[2] Dr. Henry Bradley was appointed in 1887 at the suggestion of the Delegates, who were anxious on the slow rate of progress. Mr. Craigie came later.

which should be in effect an abstract of the greater one, and in 1862, after reading a paper on the subject, he was instructed to appoint competent sub-editors, and print off a specimen of the work proposed. He had, however, contracted with Mr. John Murray to have the *Concise Dictionary* ready by the end of 1865. The work progressed for some years, but helpers deserted the scheme, and it was abandoned in 1879, leaving its author much out of pocket.[1]

On the great dictionary Furnivall was the organizer of the work in its early stages, and harboured the material obtained. The principle he adopted was the old one of co-operation—the organization of willing, unpaid service by people banded together for the realization of a common object—the introduction into lexicography and scholarship of that method which he had learnt in the Hall of Association, and had helped to develop in the Working Men's College. It was the method which, subsequently, he successfully carried into every one of his societies.

He had by this turned his attention to Early and Middle English literature, and he realized the vast mass of untouched material for lexicographical purposes which lay concealed in the skin-books of our fathers. The word and the thought both interested him, and he decided to make these more known. To this end he printed in 1862 a volume of *Early English Poems* from various manuscripts, in place of the usual *Philological Society's Transactions*, and containing various early Lives of Saints, Sermons, and such pieces as,

[1] *Murray*, 130, and on.

'Why I can't be a Nun,' the 'Land of Cokaygne,' and 'A Song of Yesterday'.[1]

But his earliest editorial labour was spent upon an edition of the *Seynt Graal* for the Roxburghe Club (1861–3), and, in 1862, he put forth for the same Society one of his best texts, the *Handlyng Synne* of Robert of Brunne, with the *Manuel des Pechiez* of William of Wadington (if only he had printed the best manuscript of it !).

In all of this we may behold the Tennysonian influence. But the Roxburghe Club, with its very limited editions, was by no means a democratic body; and Furnivall desired a far greater output than it was capable of, not only in order to provide material for dictionary labours, but to bring home to modern men the story and thought of their fathers. To these ends, in 1864, he founded the Early English Text Society. It began with seventy-five subscribers, Ruskin and Tennyson among them, and its first publication was a short metrical *Life of Arthur*, edited by Furnivall. From that time forward, for nearly half a century, it continued, under the direction of its Founder, to render the greatest service of its kind ever rendered to English letters. Under its auspices the foremost English scholars at home and abroad have laboured. It has become a bond of union between the scholars of nations. It has become the model for similar societies in foreign lands. It has helped to accomplish a revolution in antiquarian literary method, and it has brought to the eyes of men much of the lore that

[1] It is noteworthy that the book was printed in Berlin.

lay hidden and inaccessible in the shelves of quiet libraries.

The number of subscribers increased to several times the initial number, but the support given has never been what it should have been. Furnivall proclaimed, for many years past, on the covers of the publications, that the Society:

> Has produced, with whatever shortcomings, an amount of good solid work for which all students of our Language, and some of our Literature, must be grateful, and which has rendered possible the beginnings (at least) of proper Histories and Dictionaries of that Language and Literature, and has illustrated the thoughts, the life, the manners and customs of our forefathers and foremothers.
>
> But the Society's experience has shown the very small number of those inheritors of the speech of Cynewulf, Chaucer, and Shakspere, who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech. 'Let the dead past bury its dead' is still the cry of Great Britain and her Colonies, and of America, in the matter of language. The Society has never had money enough to produce the Texts that could easily have been got ready for it; and many Editors are now anxious to send to press the work they have prepared.

A mass of important work (250 volumes) still in print and obtainable, has now been put forth, stretching over English literature from the earliest times for eight hundred years. It includes such texts as Skeat's *Piers Plowman*, Morris's *Gawayne* and *Cursor Mundi*, Furnivall's *Meals and Manners in Olden Times*, a facsimile of *Beowulf*, Sweet's *Alfred's Orosius* and the *Pastoral Care of Gregory*, the *Charlemagne Romances* of various editors,

and reprints of Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, &c., &c.—history, poetry, hagiology, romance, theology, social life, philology, science, and medicine, all being well represented. Furnivall's labours in this Society alone are represented by a small library. In 1867 a second, or extra, series was started for reprinting the texts of the old printers.

In 1874 Furnivall looked back with justifiable pride 'on the work the Society had done in the first ten years of its life, to lighten English folk from the blame of leaving hidden and unreckt-of the records of their forefathers' thoughts and hopes, in the old skin-books where first they had been written.' And in 1910 he could look back on half a century of splendid and successful work.

The Society has passed to the charge of other men, who revere the man and revere the labour,[1] and look forward to many years yet of useful service for the Society.

It became obvious to Furnivall that, working in the wide field of Early English literature, the Society could not give adequate attention to the great men like Wyclif, Chaucer, and Lydgate. Of them all, his heart went out most to Chaucer. There he found the wit, the subtlety, happiness, gentleness, and sympathy which were aboundingly his own, love of the 'swote smelling flourés white and rede', and the 'pitie' that 'renneth sone in gentil herte'. At the suggestion

[1] Dr. Israel Gollancz, director; the writer, assistant-director; W. A. Dalziel, secretary; and H. B. Wheatley, treasurer. More subscribers are wanted.

of Henry Bradshaw, to whom that generation of scholars owed much (he taught Professor Skeat to read manuscripts, for instance), Furnivall, in 1868, founded the Chaucer Society. 'To do honour to Chaucer,' he said, 'and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, this Society is founded.' In 1868 Furnivall began his enormous and monumental six-text edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, a labour of unselfish devotion before which many would have recoiled in dismay, and which occupied him for eight years. It provides a mass of accurate material on which subsequent editors have built their texts, and is dedicated to the American scholar, Child, 'in Admiration of himself and his Nation, and in the Hope that he will teach many of them to love and study Chaucer, as he has done, and does.' The beautiful coloured woodcuts of the tale-tellers were executed by Mr. W. H. Hooper, one of the shots of the 19th Middlesex, Furnivall's friend for many years, and his survivor. A parallel-text edition of the Minor Poems spanned the years 1871 to 1879, another monumental work, dedicated to ten Brink as 'One of our Kin, one of the German Nation, great in Learning and great in War'—a dedication written in the year, fateful for France, of 1871. The Parallel *Troilus* (1881–2) is, in the same manner, dedicated to Henry Bradshaw, 'in Chaucer Matters, my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, to help whom my Chaucer Work was first begun.' In the Chaucer Society the history of the E.E.T.S. has been repeated: a solid foundation was laid for a good

text of the poet, and a fine literature of biography and exegesis was begun.

In 1873, when Furnivall unsuccessfully applied for the Royal Academy Secretaryship,[1] he could with perfect truth say what follows of himself and his pioneer Chaucer labours :

For above three centuries and a half, to the disgrace of our nation, the works of the second greatest poet of our country, the fourth greatest of the world, were left half-smothered by a heap of spurious poems and prose, which rendered impossible a clear view of the poet's life and progress in poetical power, and made men attribute to him many works infinitely below the height of his genius. His greatest work, the *Canterbury Tales*, was also left contradictory in plan and execution, defaced by spurious insertions, structureless, and misunderstood. But this state of things, I am happy to say, my Chaucer Society has changed, or is changing. With the help of honoured fellow-workers, I have cleared the shams from the gallery of Chaucer's works, have set the true pictures in their right order of time, and arranged his best in the sequence of compartments in which he painted it, so that at length the blossom, the ripe fruit, and (alas !) the dying leaves, of his genius can be seen in their true state, and men induced to honour and to love him as they should. By this work, too, I have made plain, that the humourful bright time of Chaucer's merry Tales was preceded by a long sad

[1] His application and testimonials are printed in an octavo pamphlet of twenty pages. Conspicuous among his supporters are Tennyson, William Morris, Charles Kingsley, Tom Hughes, Trench, J. R. Seeley, Stubbs, Henry Morley, Dowden, Richard Morris, the Marquess of Bath, Cowper-Temple, Vernon Lushington, Henry Hucks Gibbs (Lord Aldenham), Henry Huth, Alexander Macmillan, Louis Bonaparte, Taine, Meyer, Delius, and ten Brink.

early manhood of hopeless and disappointed love, which adds to the pathos of his memory, and shows why in his younger days he wrote of the widowed John of Gaunt, the jilted Troilus, the forsaken Anelida, and other victims of Inconstancy's wandering will.

The Ballad Society followed. Already in 1868 Furnivall had, with Hales, printed by subscription in four volumes, the Percy Folio. It was dedicated to Child, who had insisted 'that it was the duty of English antiquarian men of letters to print this foundation document of English balladry'.

As an Englishman, says Furnivall, one could not but feel it a disgrace that an American should take more interest in an English MS. than oneself, and the more a disgrace that in this case the genuineness or falsity of the text of a score of our best ballads was involved. Was one to acknowledge that the old Sidney spirit had taken flight from its native land, and found a new home even in that noble North which has at last gone 'thorough' for the slave, fighting the worthiest fight one's life had seen? Hardly: much as one admired that home.[1]

We may pause also to remark his words on

that keeping back of the evidence you find, and as you find it, which a taste that calls itself polished, a puritanism which calls itself pure, so often demands of men who should care first for facts.

It is a significant utterance, because prudery often beckoned him to silence; and in his honest, vigorous, and impulsive way, he turned on her with foil-thrusts of derision, and spoke more boldly and more plainly.

[1] *Percy Folio*, i. ix–x.

The Ballad Society was the outcome of the *Percy* edition; and it was started in order to render accessible 'the rare and large stores of Ballads' in various collections. Many volumes, illustrative mostly of life in Tudor times, were issued. *Captain Cox, and Laneham's Letter*, among other texts, was edited by Furnivall, and Chappell undertook the *Roxburghe Ballads*. Furnivall's interest here was mainly in social conditions. The supply of material, however, was overestimated, and after some years of useful service the Society was wound up.[1]

In 1869, Furnivall edited, with Viles, Awdeley's *Fraternitye of Vacabondes*, and Harman's *Caveat*. He was approaching his Shaksperian period. Behind him lay the earlier Victorian School of Shaksperians, J. P. Collier, Halliwell, Peter Cunningham, Bolton Corney, Thomas Wright, and their fellows. That School, for various reasons, came to its decline; partly because that generation was passing, and because the work for which it was fitted, textual emendation, verbal criticism, and antiquarian illustration, had been developed to a certain point; partly because that School had lost repute; partly because a new School was arising which took up its work, and applied itself to a more valuable study, perhaps,—the study of Shakspere's contemporaries, of his times, and the growth and development of his art. Shakspere, the Man, his beginnings, his progress, became the object of its attention.

This was Furnivall's chance. Chaucer, Lydgate, Hoccleve, Borde,—to all of them and to others he had

[1] Furnivall attempted to found a Lydgate Society also, but the response was too poor to permit of its accomplishment.

got close by a sympathy, a natural genius of his own for understanding and loving *men*. He had worked out the development of Chaucer as demonstrated in his works. He had worked at the subtle (and not yet sufficiently studied) connexion between political movements, social conditions, and literature. And in his work on the Tudor Ballads he had collected a quantity of valuable evidence on the political and social affairs of the time. All this he was to apply to Shaksperian study.

In 1873 he founded his New Shakspere Society :

To do honour to Shakspere, he said in his prospectus, to make out the succession of his plays and thereby the growth of his mind and art ; to promote the intelligent study of him, and to print Texts illustrating his work and times, this *New Shakspere Society* is founded.

It was a disgrace, he thought, that no English book existed which dealt in any worthy manner with Shakspere as a whole, 'which tracks the rise and growth of his genius from the boyish romanticism or the sharp youngmanishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works.' He paid great honour to Gervinus, and insisted upon the chronological, as the only sound method of studying the poet. His discovery, he considered, that the *Pity* was Chaucer's first original work was the discovery of the key to Chaucer's life.

The New Society came out with sixty-six distinguished Vice-Presidents.[1] And its President was

[1] Herbert Spencer was also asked, but declined, and forwarded with his refusal a printed paper requesting his correspondent not to favour him with further communications of this nature, as his time was limited.

Robert Browning, Esq., M.A., LL.D.,—with a purely honorary position, as the energetic *Director*, viz. Furnivall, did most of the practical presiding there was to do. The *Transactions* of the Society consist of four bulky volumes, covering 1874 to 1886. In the space of these four volumes every subject of Shaksperian interest is discussed. Theories are propounded, verbal elucidations given, sources examined, and historical questions debated. Texts of the plays in the original spelling and various sources were edited.

Furnivall always took a prominent part in the discussions, and frequently read papers.[1] The scholars whom he gathered round him in the Society, P. A. Daniel (artist and editor), Fleay, Brinsley Nicholson, Ingleby, Ingram, Lee, Spedding, Dowden, and many others, have made indelible impression on Shaksperian scholarship; and it is not too much to say that the modern school of Shaksperians began and begin their labours on the results obtained and the theories discussed by these collaborators of Furnivall and by Furnivall himself.

To one department of textual work Furnivall particularly devoted himself—that of metrical tests. In this he followed, to some extent, the lead of Spedding; but he worked at the subject systematically and, to a degree, thoroughly. His first presentment of the results obtained by metrical tests was in his Introduction to the translation of Gervinus's *Commentaries*,—that 'noble

[1] George Bernard Shaw was a member and also favoured the Society with papers and speeches. Those were the pre-Shavian days, before John Tanner and Captain Brassbound were born.

and generous book', as he called it. And he pursued the subject, not only in the work of the Society, but in the *Leopold Shakspere* and books which were to follow.

Furnivall's administration and method soon brought opposition. He rejected (perhaps with some forceful remarks) certain papers offered him by an unknown gentleman; and this worthy took revenge by putting forth a nonsensical and boisterous rhymed sketch, entitled:

Furnivallos Furioso! and 'The Newest Shakespeare Society'; A Dram-attic Squib of the Period. In Three Fizzes, and let off for the occasion, by the Ghost of Guido Fawkes!

The Ghost is identified in the British Museum Catalogue with John Jeremiah, of the Urban Club. The dramatis personae are interesting:

Furnivallos, surnamed Furioso, a great Critic, and Founder of the 'Newest Shakespeare Society'.

Tupperius, his Friend and A-bettor, Poet-critic, and 'Proverbial' Philosopher (in his own estimation).

Dixonus, Reviewer and Author in General. A great Admirer of—Himself, 'with scarce time to steal from Spiritual.'

Carlylus, an aged Philosopher of the Anglo-Saxon-and-Water-School.

General Members and Ass-ociates of the Society.

The main attack is on the metrical tests. Furnivall is represented as endeavouring to disparage Shakspere; and, to accomplish this, spans the bard's lines with a rule:

And now, to cap this great idea of mine,
I'll measure Lengths and Breadths of ev'ry line
Within my various Folios, old and new,
With this my Foot-rule.

This application decides the fate of the dramatist: 'His vaulted Plays are hollow as a Drum' (p. 9). Of the tests themselves Furnivall is made to declare that there are

> true tests, numb'ring nine—
> The Strong, the Weak, the Heavy, and the Light,
> The Middle, Muddle, Dull-style, and the Bright;
> But few of *those* are seen, then 'Central-Pause.'—
> (pp. 14–15.)

and the good work on the Sources is thus travestied:

> Nothing that Shakespeare wrote, came from his head,
> Which was a Warehouse stored with stolen goods.
> (p. 16.)

The Society, 'conceived like Pallas, out of Jove's great brain, or Furnivallos',' meets; the proceedings are exceedingly stormy, and end in Dixonus leaving the Society amid uproar, whilst he pours contumely upon its members.[1]

The work of the New Shakspere Society led Furnivall into conflict with Swinburne and Halliwell-Phillipps. The incident has been quietly forgotten by Furnivall's friends in their writings; but in accordance with his own principles, I cannot omit it here. The pamphlets are themselves still (and will always be) accessible to the student of literary history.

A controversy had already passed between Furnivall and Swinburne on the language of *Henry VIII*. Furnivall then castigated Swinburne in the *Academy* for some of his notes on Shaksperian criticism. Swin-

[1] Facetious notices from the *Crimes*, *Gaily Bellowgraph*, &c., adorn the paper covers.

burne retaliated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* with sneers at the 'Neo-Shakespearean Synagogue', and the statement that no understanding of the poetry of the Elizabethan Age was to be found in that body of 'sham Shakespeareans'. He then proceeded to pronounce (and erroneously pronounce) on certain Shaksperian words.[1] The reply came in the *Spectator*, on September 6 and 13, 1879. Swinburne's mistakes were used as a stick to beat him with.

Our newswoman here, says Furnivall, lets magazines for a penny a read. Thinking Mr. Swinburne's article might be worth that honest coin, I paid it, read the performance, noted its main mistakes, and noted there were others . . . This is what Mr. Swinburne calls genuine Shakspere criticism, as opposed to the 'sham' stuff that he, in such choice billingsgate, denounces.

Unsparing personalities are finally showered upon Swinburne, in terms probably unparalleled for utter lack of restraint, in modern English literature. Swinburne, on his side, was not incapable of holding his own in this verbose warfare.[2]

New trouble came when Furnivall learnt that the 'grossly insolent articles against us were to be reprinted in a volume, with some new matter, and that Mr. Hell-P. [Halliwell-Phillipps] had gladly consented to let the Reprints, &c., be dedicated to him'. Furnivall warned his old friend Halliwell, but the reprint

[1] An account of the early hostilities is given by Rolfe in the Boston *Literary World*, October 11, 1879. Furnivall wrote an account of them to the Birmingham *Weekly Post*, September 6, 1879.

[2] These Furnivall letters were reprinted in a pamphlet in 1879, entitled *Mr. Swinburne's 'Flat Burglary' on Shakspere.*

appeared, and the dedication; and Furnivall sought retaliation in various sneers against the members of the 'firm of Pigsbrook & Co.' (Halliwell and Swinburne) in the Forewords to the facsimile of the second quarto of *Hamlet*[1] (dedicated to Gladstone). Halliwell complained to Browning, the Society's President, of such 'coarse and impertinent language'. Browning regretted the occurrence, while declining responsibility in the gentlest terms. Halliwell replied with remonstrances and taunts on the Society; and obtaining no redress, published the correspondence in 1881. Furnivall pursued the matter with a further pamphlet of ridicule and denunciation entitled *The 'Co.' of Pigsbrook & Co.* (1881), which ends its text thus:

> What he [H.-P.] ought to do now, is clear: dissolve partnership with Pigsbrook, apologise to us all round, send the Society a cheque for £250 to pay for a Reprint, buy an English Grammar, and then I'll let him off turning teetotaller.

The *Athenaeum*, on Halliwell's behalf, uttered some very plain language in the matter, and the press, generally, made severe comments. A number of the Vice-Presidents of the Society withdrew, and some members resigned. To the latter Furnivall addressed a letter in which he remarked:

> I regard as an impertinence your intrusion of yourselves into a dispute declared by me to be private between Mr. Hl.-Phillipps and myself, and I am now glad to be rid of you, whose return for the faithful work

[1] The quarto facsimiles, while a private venture, were originally designed 'with the approval of the Committee of the N. Sh. S.'.

I have given you (and others), is this present censorious caballing against me.[1]

Furnivall's method towards his opponents was a method of pure provocation. He was never rancorous. To him the situation throughout never lost its humour. But yet it would be a breach of good taste to detail or to indicate the voluble abuse and ridicule which were poured forth in this distressing controversy, and it is unnecessary to notice all its turns. Still less is it my place to deliver censure, or to declare justice. The controversy constitutes the most unhappy public incident in Furnivall's career; and one would wish it had never been. But there it is, significant and revealing; speaking of the man as he was; not, therefore, to be ignored. One must set against it the noble and patient enthusiasm of Furnivall, exhibited in his Chaucer and Shakspere work proper. His issue of the quarto facsimiles and work therein, his splendid labour at Harrison, Stubbes, and the Old Spelling Texts, and his study of the earlier drama, speak for him too.

The Sunday Shakspere Society may be regarded as an offshoot of the New Shakspere Society. On the last Sunday of July 1874, Furnivall conducted a large party from the National Sunday League to Stratford-on-Avon; and there, in the Assembly Rooms of the 'Golden Lion', addressed the gathering on *Shakspere*,

[1] The last echo of this unhappy affair was a reprint by Halliwell-Phillipps of a letter by Furnivall, printed in the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, November 9, 1888. Ten copies were made for private circulation. Copies were also distributed in February 1889 by Mr. Baker, Halliwell's executor.

the Progress of his Mind and Art.[1] The various places of interest were visited (except New Place[2]); and the visitors, charmed with this novel method of spending Sunday, held an informal conference on the old Avon Bridge, and determined on following Furnivall's suggestion, and starting a Sunday Shakspere Society. The Society was established on October 18, 1874,[3] and continues its work to this day.

The scene in Stratford in 1874 is well depicted to us by Furnivall.[4]

Surely, as we looked at the house where perchance he was born, where certainly his boyhood was passed, at the school where he learnt, the cottage where his sweetheart lived, then at the empty space where stood the house in which he ended his days; when we gazed at the slab that covered his bones, and the bust which told us what manner of man he appeared in the flesh to the neighbours among whom he dwelt, there must have arisen in some hearts the desire also to follow the growth of the mighty mind he had. . . . The bright sun above us, the stir of the elms, had reminded us of the gladness of the boyhood the poet had spent; the still church stones, the Avon's quiet flow, its level meads, the gathering evening shade, had made us think of Shakspere's peaceful Stratford wherein he closed his days. Were these a type of his works?

[1] *Free Sunday Advocate*, August 1, 1874. See also *Morning Advertiser*, August 1, 1874.

[2] Which Halliwell closed against the party.

[3] See a notice of the first meeting, *Daily News*, October 19, 1874; also of the outdoor meetings, *Standard*, June 1, 1875.

[4] *Advocate*, October, 1874. Furnivall remained, to the last, the Society's President.

Did they too begin with playfulness and fun ; did they too end in content and peace ?

In his address to the Leaguers, Furnivall showed they did.

Apart from the invaluable series of quarto facsimiles and work at Harrison, &c., Furnivall's most important contribution to Shaksperian literature was his Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspere*.[1] What he fought for in that Introduction was the chronological order of the plays and the study of Shakspere *as a whole*; predecessors had looked on his works—

as a conglomerate of isolated plays, without order or succession, bound together only by his name and the covers of the volume that containd them. Whereas the first necessity was to regard Shakspere as a whole, his works as a living organism, each a member of one created unity, the whole a tree of healing and of comfort to the nations, a growth from small beginnings to mighty ends, the successive shoots of one great mind, which can never be seen in its full glory of leaf, and blossom, and fruit, unless it be viewed in its oneness.[2]

The complex evidence, internal and external, for this study, Furnivall handled as none had handled before him. The *Tempest* was shifted from its first place in the *Folio* to almost the last place in the Shaksperian canon. New links between plays were seen and

[1] He, who had spoken so strongly on flunkeyism and snobbery, was at the time much criticized for the naming of the volume after Prince Leopold, a patron of the New Shakspere Society; the truth is that Furnivall was much opposed to the title, and that the permission of the prince was obtained by a member of the publishing firm. The work may be regarded as, in some respects, an extension of Furnivall's *Introduction to Gervinus*.

[2] *Shakspere: Life and Work*, 60.

appreciated; and the different tempers of the four periods of work were brought out.

I claim, says Furnivall, that the method I have pursued is that of the man of science, comparison, noting of differences and identities of expression, subject, character, mood, and temper of mind.[1]

Answering a critic in 1877,[2] he said, moreover:

I only claim to be the last man who—with the special training that my Chaucer work has given me on this special question—has gone over all the evidence accessible; and I claim to have brought forward some fresh evidence on the subject which I believe to be specially valuable because it is undesigned. But I desire no acceptance of any scheme that is not the result of careful comparison and work. Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.

Furnivall had no great creative powers in literature;[3] his faculty was highly critical and comparative; but he did possess very fine visualization: and in none of his work is this so clearly evinced as in his Shaksperian. Writing of Shakspere, the boy, he says:[4]

So our chestnut-haird, fair, brown-eyd, rosy-cheekt boy went to school, and waited on his father and mother, and their guests. . . . Taking the boy to be the father of the man, I see a square-built yet lithe and active fellow, with ruddy cheeks, hazel eyes, a high forehead, and auburn hair, as full of life as an egg is full of meat, impulsive, inquiring, sympathetic; up to any fun and daring; into scrapes, and out of them

[1] *Life and Work*, 149. [2] *Daily News*, May 17.

[3] He did *once* attempt to put forth original work, a poem to a partner after a dance; but, being unable to find a rhyme to the first line, he gave up the attempt. [4] *Life and Work*, 17 and 24.

with a laugh ; making love to all the girls ; a favourite wherever he goes—even with the prigs and fools he mocks ;—untroubled as yet with Hamlet doubts ; but in many a quiet time communing with the beauty of earth and sky around him, with the thoughts of men of old in books ;[1] throwing himself with all his heart into all he does.

The learned critic may be aghast at this positiveness ; take it all, however, but for this, as akin in some respects, if not to Shakspere, yet to Furnivall, the boy and man.

The *Leopold Shakspere* Introduction made friends and correspondents for its author all the world over. It was much enlarged and published as *Shakspere, Life and Work*, by Furnivall and John Munro in 1908.[2]

The work of the New Shakspere Society led to the formation of a Society framed for the study and elucidation of Browning's works. In 1881 Miss Hickey expressed to Furnivall her admiration for the work of the noble Victorian poet ; he decided that she ought to know Browning, and accordingly took her to see him on July 3. She and Furnivall discussed the formation of a Browning Society, and mentioned the project to Browning, who did not refuse permission.

[1] Furnivall's note : 'I don't press the books point, except they were story-books such as then existed.'

[2] Cassell & Co. Corrected and reprinted, 1910. In 1876 Furnivall lectured to some young girl scholars on Shakspere. One of the essays written for him survives. 'I am glad,' says the essayist, 'that Bassanio married Portia, because I think he deserved it.' 'Why ?' says Furnivall, 'he'd been a spendthrift and a riotous fellow.' Further she says : 'I think that if Portia had not been so pretty and so clever, nobody would have married her' ; and he adds, 'Well, she had a *great deal* of money ; and I think that would have got her a husband.' Delightfully human !

The inaugural meeting was held on October 28, 1881. Speaking there, Furnivall said: 'It is for my generation and myself that I want the Society in being.' For himself and his contemporaries he wanted the works of Browning expounded. He paid his tribute of admiration to the poet. Browning of all the living was to him the Man of all men, the Poet of all poets. His societies had covered English Literature from the time of the Runic Cross to the golden age of Elizabeth; and it was natural that he should wish to come down to his own time.

Three hundred persons attended the initial meeting of the Society, and listened to Furnivall's panegyric and exposition of his ideas. He boldly said:

I do not affect to share Browning's religious views. Among our poets and men of the first rank in England, his 'note' in this regard is, his intense belief in a personal God—God in one person, *not* in three—and in the immortality of the Soul. The first I take as a hypothesis, the second as imagination; but though these beliefs underlie his whole work, I do heartily desire the spread of the study and the influence of Robert Browning; for having lived some years with Chaucer and Shakspere, to try and know what a Man is, and what a Poet is, I declare my conviction that Browning is the manliest, the strongest, the life-fullest, the deepest, and thoughtfullest living poet, the one most needing earnest study, and the one most worthy of it.[1]

But a Society for a living poet? It offended the susceptibilities of worshippers[2] at other shrines. It

[1] *How the Browning Society came into Existence*, 1884, pp. 2, 3.

[2] Indiscriminate admiration was deprecated in the Browning Society; and perfect frankness was asked for.

startled into coherent expostulation that section of us who habitually leave these (and all such things) to a distant and nebulous posterity. 'My dear Mr. Furnivall,' said a ducal correspondent, 'I think it is 300 years too early for a Browning Society.'

Furnivall's point, so far as posterity was concerned, was covered by a fine passage by Lowell,[1] which Furnivall copied:

Posterity, says Lowell, is no better than a Mrs. Harris. Why, we ourselves have once enjoyed this antenatal grandeur. We were Posterity to that Sarah Gamp, the last generation. We laugh in our sleeves as we think of it. That we should have been appealed to by so many patriots, philosophers, poets, projectors, and what not, as a convenient embodiment of the eternal justice, and yet be nothing more than the Smiths and Browns over again, with all our little *cliques*, and prejudices, and stupid admirations of ourselves.

Posterity should not laugh in its sleeve at Furnivall. He was certain of the immediate necessity of the service he desired to perform. Writing in 1881, he said:

I venture to say that in subtlety of intellect, manliness of nature, strength of character, and deep religious conviction shining through all his work, Browning is the Gladstone of poetry, the first of our nation, though he has not the great statesman's fire or clearness, and cannot move the heart of all like Gladstone can.[2]

[1] *Posterity* in *North American Review*, vol. lvi, p. 358.

[2] *Echo*, October 31, 1881. The use of *like* as a conjunction in this passage is a favourite one of Furnivall's. It led to an argument with Tennyson, who declared that the use was incorrect, and of recent origin, and that he had once corrected the Prince Consort in the Queen's drawing-room on the point. Furnivall declared the use was to be found in Shakspere, &c., and cited William Morris's emphatic utterances on the subject. See the Correspondence with Professor Tyrrell in the *Academy*, Aug. 25, 1906, and on.

It was partly on account of this charge of lack of clarity that the Society was formed. Its first publication was a reprint of the poet's essay written for the spurious Shelley letters in 1852,[1] and a *Browning Bibliography* presented and edited by Furnivall (1881), and 'Dedicated (tho' without his leave askt) to Robert Browning, "a Man" True as Steel, a Poet, Searcher of Men's Minds and Souls.' The *Bibliography* was compiled hurriedly, and has some omissions; but is a thoroughly good piece of work; and called forth much praise.[2]

During succeeding years the Society continued its studies, and printed its results in a series of valuable Papers. It turned its attention also to the performance of Browning's dramatic pieces. Having been persuaded by Furnivall to read through the plays for the purpose of selection, Mr. Charles Fry, then professional stage-manager of the Irving Dramatic Club, chose *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* for performance, and produced the play under the auspices of the Browning and New Shakspere Societies at St. George's Hall on April 30 and May 2, 1885. Browning himself was consulted on the performance, and after some persuasion,

[1] Written by a clever forger. The 'Shelley' letters were bought by Moxon; the 'Byron' letters by Murray. Their writer declared himself a natural son of Byron. White, a Pall Mall bookseller, bought the letters from a woman who declared herself this so-called Byron's wife, and sold them to the publishers. See White's pamphlet, *The Calumnies of the 'Athenæum' Journal exposed*, 1852.

[2] *Nation*, April 27, 1882; *Bibliographer*, December 1881, p. 29; *Echo*, November 4, 1881; *Boston Literary World*, April 22, 1882; *Critic*, August 12, 1882, &c.

induced to attend it, provided his incognito were kept.

Browning wrote to Furnivall on the night of the play, as follows:

Warwick Crescent,
Apr. 29, '85.[1]

My Dear Furnivall,

Before I go to bed I must tell you how more than pleased I was with the play this evening: all was done capitally—all that was requisite for getting a fair judgment of the thing: and when I contrast the pains which must have been bestowed on rehearsals, &c., by those kind and sympathetic amateurs with the carelessness and worse of Macready[2]—the purist and

[1] The date is one day out, the play having been represented on the 30th.

[2] Concerning the *Blot on the 'Scutcheon* and Macready, see Archer, *Macready*, 136. Mr. Charles Fry very kindly forwards me the following interesting anecdote on the matter: 'During my interviews with Mr. Browning he entertained me with many details of the original production of the play under Macready. An anecdote which indicates the autocratic character of the great actor-manager is of sufficient interest to print. "After the first few rehearsals," Browning informs me, "Macready took a dislike to the leading part, Treasham, and declined to play it, handing it over to Mr. Phelps. Shortly before the production I went down to the theatre and found Phelps pacing up and down in great agitation. He said, 'Mr. Macready has decided to play the leading part after all, and will not allow me to appear in it.' I replied, 'Leave it to me. I will see to it.' I went to Macready's room, and found the great man sitting *with his hat on*, surrounded by the members of his company, hat in hand. 'Oh, Browning,' he said, 'I have decided to play Treasham myself.' I did not like his arrogant manner, and placing my own hat on my head, said, 'Pardon me, Mr. Macready, but Mr. Phelps has taken great pains to study and rehearse the part and I wish him to play it.' There was of course an explosion from Macready, who, however, removed his hat; but finally, after a heated altercation, Phelps was allowed to retain the part. Very injudicious, wasn't it? But I felt it was only justice to Phelps. As a consequence, Macready took no interest in the production, putting the play on with old scenery and indifferent dresses, and it ran only a few nights." '

pre-eminently capable actor,—I feel very grateful indeed. I am glad I was persuaded by Mr. Fry to go: he kept my incognito faithfully: I saw you and Mr. Campbell,—didn't I just. Well, you were there, and want nothing from me but this assurance that I was highly gratified. So, good night from

Yours truly ever,
R. B.

The Return of the Druses was given in a dramatic reading by the Society in the Botanical Theatre, University College, on November 26, 1891. Besides these dramatic performances, Browning concerts were arranged, and some of the poet's songs were set to music, Miss Ethel Harraden becoming, at Furnivall's request, one of the composers. Needless to remark, the poet was much gratified at these efforts of his devotees. Furnivall also reprinted his *Life of Strafford*, and did much work at the poet's genealogy.[1]

Furnivall did not at once become President of the Society. The suggestion that he should do so came eventually from Browning himself. Furnivall appears to have replied in terms of self-depreciation: to which Browning's reply was this:

[1] *Browning Society's Papers*, 1889–90, p. 26. For a development of this, see *Academy*, April 12, 1902. A humorous Browning anecdote may perhaps be mentioned. A Girton correspondent informed Furnivall in 1886 of the circumstances of the winding up of the Girton Browning Society. He communicated to the *Academy* that 'the Girton girls have proved faithless to Mr. Browning. They have formally dissolved their Browning Society, and not only voted that the balance of funds in hand should be spent in chocolates, but have actually bought the chocolates and eaten them'. The climax was when *Funny Folks*, on March 27, 1886, pictorially commemorated the affair. A procession of three learned-looking ladies, eating chocolate, is seen emerging from a sweet-shop, while a lachrymose Browning stands and ruefully regards them.

29, De Vere Gardens, W.
June 27, '87.

My Dear Furnivall,

I am glad to hear that 'this'—(the proposal that you should become in word as well as deed President of your Society)—'this took you quite aback'—as a push forward to the proper place was calculated to do: indeed you have all along really 'presided', and any interloper would cut a poor figure in your visionary stead. Continue, I beseech you, to play the 'firebrand',—which warms one in cold weather,—and 'agnostic' who pleasantly reminds those who need it that they don't know everything,—and, above all, continue to be the good friend and kind helpmate of

Yours truly ever,
Robert Browning.

Of the value of the work that the Society did, there can be no question. It more than justified its existence; and Browning himself readily acknowledged the debt he owed it. Writing to J. T. Nettleship in the last year of his life he said:

When all is done, I cannot but be grateful for the institution of the Society; for to what else but the eight years' persistent calling attention to my works can one attribute the present demand for them.[1]

and to Furnivall, as early as 1882, he wrote from Isère:

Hotel Vivard, St. Pierre de Chartreuse,
Isère, France, *Aug.* 22, '82.

My Dear Furnivall,

It is always a pleasure to hear your voice and shake your hand across the distance. I think you overestimate the power in my poems to become popular:

[1] See Griffin and Minchin's splendid *Life of Browning*, p. 27.

to be sure, so much popularity as they have already obtained is a mystery to me—though nothing is plainer than that your helping has pushed them faster than, of their own force, they would have got forward. . . .

To the work of the Society Browning frequently gave assistance, and various anonymous notes printed in its transactions were by him or based on the information he supplied. His letters to Furnivall sometimes include invaluable discussion of his own work. In illustration of this I print the following remarkable letter on *The Ring and the Book*, written with particular reference to that culminating line in the speech of Guido:

Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

Furnivall has had his say on it;[1] and many another[2] his also. This is what Browning says:

19, Warwick Crescent, W.
Feb. 20, '83.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,

. . . There is nothing in any part of the 'Ring and the Book' that, properly speaking, is not wholly mine,—that is, my imaginary deduction from certain naked *facts* recorded in the original collection of documents. These stop abruptly (the official ones) before any judgment that must have been pronounced on the whole: and but for an expression superscribed on the last paper or two,—to the effect that they relate to the 'quondam' Guido,—I should never have known how the sentence really went, did not there follow the MS. letters mentioning that all the criminals had

[1] *How the Browning Society came into Existence*, p. 3.

[2] Sidney Lanier, for instance, *Great English Letter Writers*, ed. Dawson, pp. 136–7; and Esther P. Defries, *A Browning Primer*, p. 82, &c.

suffered the same day. I obtained, a long while afterwards, a MS. account of the story with particulars of the execution. That Caponsacchi and Guido severally were examined is certain from the reports of their evidence and statements: and, guessing at the way each may have spoken, from the facts undoubtedly in the mind of each, I raised the whole structure of the speeches, such as it is. For instance—in the last speech to which you refer—the fact is that the two ecclesiastics passed the night preceding his execution with Guido: and knowing as he did the innocence of his wife, what so likely as that, in his last utterance of despair, her name, with an appeal to it, should suggest itself? . . .

To the last Furnivall never tired of extolling the greatness of Browning, and of insisting upon his power and depth. In 1893, in his short Forewords to Miss Defries' *Browning Primer*, he wrote:

For myself, when urging on folk the study of Browning, I always admit his faults, his often failure in moulding his verse, his want of lucidity, his habit of going off at tangents, &c.; but I insist that for manliness, strength, vividness, penetration, humour, buoyancy, characterisation, insight into music and art, he has no equal in modern poetry. He is not for lovers of the commonplace, the pretty or the sentimental, for drawing-room misses or namby-pamby dawdlers. He is for men and women with the thews of mind and soul which move the world and raise their possessors to the highest level that mortals can attain (p. vi).[1]

And I well remember Furnivall's delight when

[1] Furnivall published *Recollections of Robert Browning* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 14 and 18, 1889.

Padelford told him how the robust youths from the western plains took to Browning on going to their American Universities, and made his poetry part of their lives. Furnivall's favourite verse from Browning is significant of his attitude in the many controversies in which he became entangled :

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids, nor sit nor stand, but go !
> Be our joys three parts pain !
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain !
> Learn, nor account the pang ! Dare, never grudge the throe.[1]

Apart from letters addressed by the poet to Furnivall, his regard for the latter is expressed in a letter written to Miss West (Mrs. Dowden) and printed by Mr. Minchin.[2] Browning there says of Furnivall : 'I think him most warmhearted, whatever may be the mistakes about me of which his head is guilty' ; and he then goes on to emphasize the debt of gratitude which he owed to the man who admired and loved him so devotedly.

In 1884, for his services to literature, a civil pension of £150 per annum was bestowed upon Furnivall by Gladstone's government ; and the letter from the great statesman announcing this still exists.[3] Other honours were given him : the Ph.D. of Berlin University—

[1] *How the Browning Society came into Existence*, p. 3.

[2] *Life of Browning*, p. 269.

[3] Mr. Percy Furnivall has it, together with hundreds of other letters written by most of the great writers of the middle and late Victorian age. They were stowed away and forgotten in the odd corners and attics of Furnivall's house. The pension, together with an income as trustee of one of the family estates, kept Furnivall during later years.

Germany's 'proudest academic distinction', as Schick calls it; and much later the D.Litt. of Oxford, and the honorary Fellowship of his own college, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His first impulse, on receiving the Ph.D. distinction, was to have retained his English 'Mr.'; but some of his German friends having represented to him that this course seemed a little ungrateful, he adopted the designation of 'Doctor'.

In 1886 Furnivall founded the Shelley Society. With curious Byronic minuteness (indulged in, perhaps, as Moore suggests, to form points of retrospect in after-life),[1] Furnivall declares, 'I resolved to found the Shelley Society—on the hill between Hendon and Hampstead, on Sunday, December 6, about 1.30 p.m.'[2] The Society had not long been in existence before its founder conceived the idea of arranging a performance of the *Cenci*, banned by the censor. Browning, years before, had asked Kean to stage the play;[3] Macready and Phelps had considered the possibility, and decided against it; and Geneviève Ward had seriously considered taking the rôle of Beatrice.[4] Where these had hesitated, Furnivall boldly stepped in. The play was privately produced at the Grand Theatre on May 7, and the audience was provided with the reprint of the *Relation of the Death of the Family of the Cenci.* Among

[1] *Life and Letters of Byron*, 30. Furnivall was much addicted to recording such minute particulars. He had a great love of detail. The *time* of the close of *Forewords* is frequently given,—and is generally somewhere about 1 a.m.

[2] *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 13, 1886. *December* 4 is a misprint for *December* 6.

[3] Ibid.

[4] *Daily Telegraph*, May 8, 1886.

the audience were Lowell, Meredith, Sir Percy and Lady Shelley,—and Browning, whose birthday it was. A prologue was written for the occasion by Dr. John Todhunter, and spoken by Mr. Leonard Outram, of which, for the sake of its reference to Browning, I reprint the conclusion :[1]

Ye shall see Beatrice, that sweet and strong
Nature, disnatured by unnatural wrong,
Avenging crime with crime—
O who durst weigh
Her guilt, her innocence? Who shall assay
Gold of such dreadful mint?
Hold thou the scale,
Manage the crucible, who has told the tale
Of Guido and Pompilia, weighing well,
With beam that mounts to heaven or sinks to hell,
Like the archangel, souls in thy balance true;
For thou, we know, art with us now, to do
Honour to Shelley, and we keep to-day,
Browning, thy Birthday on this Seventh of May
Which brings a Titan to belated birth.
But lo! the hour comes flying o'er the earth
Even to these gates—its advent-peal is rung,
Hushed be the babble of this faltering tongue,
As rills at thunderous rising of the sea—
'The Cenci!'

Hermann Vezin played the Count, and Miss Alma Murray, Beatrice. The result of the play was a fine advertisement of the Society; a howl of disgust from various critics; and a spirited controversy on the propriety of the play and Vezin's interpretation of his part, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some pointed words

[1] The Prologue is printed in the *Islington Gazette*, May 12, 1886.

and fiery epithets passed between Furnivall and his assailants, and the affair terminated on May 18, when the *Gazette* printed *Last Words about Dr. Furnivall*, containing a letter from Furnivall himself on certain anonymous critics (they were, of course, all anonymous); a note from 'A Constant Reader', who refers the editor to one of Furnivall's old mistakes;[1] and a letter from the *Pall Mall* critic whose article had begun the controversy.

After much service in Shelley biography, bibliography, criticism, &c., the Society was wound up in 1892 owing to financial straits brought about by a too expensive performance of *Hellas* at St. James's Hall. The visits of the poet to Furnivall's early home at Egham influenced him much in the formation of the Society. Writing to a correspondent in 1909 of his father's experiences with Shelley's wife Mary, he said:

When my father attended her in her confinement (with her baby girl) at Marlow, he was very indignant at her dictatorial ways with Shelley, ordering him about as if he had been a dog: Shelley, fetch that, do so and so, &c.

My father cal'd Mary 'a toad', and tried to make Shelley rebel against her dictation. He was master in

[1] The mistake was that Furnivall, reviewing Longmans' new edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* in the *Reader*, mistook the lexicographer's preface for a new one by Dr. Latham, complained that from it 'Dr. Johnson had altogether disappeared'; and said, 'We do not wish to kick a man when he is down, but we do beg Messrs. Longman to cancel this author's preface.' The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in consequence, printed an article on January 18, 1867, entitled 'Shocking Suicide of a Reviewer'. For the *Cenci* criticism, &c., I refer the reader to the *Daily Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, of May 8; *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 8, 10, 13, and 18; *Daily News*, May 10 and 17; *Islington Gazette*, May 12, &c.

his own house and wanted Shelley to be the like in his. Shelley asked him what he should do. My father said, 'Divide the house with her like the Irishman did: give her the outside and keep the inside for yourself.' Shelley laught, but did nothing. My father hated S's principles, but liked him; and tho he only paid my father 1 of the 7 guineas he owd him, my father always spoke kindly of S.

Once he found S., Peacock, and L. Hunt justifying suicide. He took out of his pocket the case of dissecting knives he had used in a post mortem on the way to Marlow, laid it on the table, and said, 'If any of you'd like to make the experiment, there are the tools'—which led to a change of the talk.

The last of the literary societies to be mentioned is the Wyclif Society. Canon Shirley had intended the formation of a similar institution in 1865, and printed a catalogue of the work the Society should undertake; [1] but the realization of the idea was left to Furnivall. Writing of the Early English Text Society's edition, by F. D. Matthew, of the unpublished English works of Wyclif, Furnivall claimed for it that it was

a simple act of duty to Wyclif's memory. Not till 1880, 406 years after his death, 403 years since Caxton printed Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, will the 'Nation of Shop-keepers' have thought fit to complete the Works, in his mother-tongue, of their great Reforming countryman, who sowd the seed that Huss and Luther ripend, the harvest of which has so enricht the world, and given to England all that is worthiest in its life and faith.

[1] *Early English Text Society's Report*, 1879, p. 9. Of the sixty-five English works in the catalogue, T. Arnold printed thirty-three. Six pieces were wholly or in part spurious; and the remaining twenty-six were edited by F. D. Matthew for the Early English Text Society in 1880.

This covered the English works; the Wyclif Society was founded in 1881 for the printing of the reformer's important Latin manuscripts, and is still printing them.

During these years of literary activity, the river did not lose its charms for Furnivall. The Working Men's College had several successive Rowing Clubs, of all of which he was President. But Furnivall most of all favoured sculling.[1] In 1883 or 1884 he conducted experiments to prove the superiority of sculls to oars;[2] and as a result of his exertions the London Rowing Club tried the experiment, and proved, like him, the sculls' superiority. In 1885–6 he issued a series of pamphlets descriptive of these experiments, and appealed for help[3] to buy sculling fours and eights for the Maurice Club. He addressed letters to the press on the same subject.[4] Writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* he hoped that his proposed change would prove

> the inauguration of the substitution in boating of the handier and better tool, a pair of sculls, for the clumsier, less level oar. . . . Had the rowing mind been as alert as the cycling mind, the change would have been made two or three years ago, when our Maurice Club trials conclusively proved the superiority of sculls to oars as racing implements. . . . But on the river, prejudice in favour of old ways prevails. Men right and left know as well as we of the Maurice Club that

[1] In sculling a pair of sculls is used; in rowing each member of the crew has only one oar. I may be pardoned, by those who know, for this explanation.

[2] Furnivall umpired the races on horseback. Dr. Korster, of the German army and Heidelberg Rowing Club was present.

[3] Browning was one of the first subscribers.

[4] *Daily News*, March 13 and 14, 1885.

sculls have beaten oars, and will beat them again whenever they are tried against them, fairly level crews changing boats. But the sturdy old Tories of fours and eights declare their fathers always rowed with oars; God forbid that they should change the good old stupid ways! Why, the Thames might dry up in indignation at such newfangled notions.[1]

The 'good old stupid ways' still obtain upon the river; and Furnivall, for all his insistence, expected little else. Writing of sculling and other reforms (sadly needed) in the rowing world, he said:

When do I expect any of these things to happen? Blessed is he that expects little, for he shall not be disappointed. It took the Universities some 300 years after the Reformation to get partly out of their mediaeval system of education—deducation, it really was—and in England we know Reform comes slowly in all things. Still, the Tory rowers may soon find a Disraeli or a Randolph Churchill to make the pace for them, and bring them along. I hope they will.[2]

He, anyway, henceforward to his life's end, stuck to his sculls. He frequently raced himself in the club's crews. In October 1884 he stroked the winning four (oars) in the mile scratch race.[3] In 1886 he sculled 3 in the winning sculling four[4] (at the age of 61). In 1891 he raced in the scratch fours, but lost.[5]

In 1891 Furnivall took up the National Amateur

[1] May 7, 1886. For a note on some of Furnivall's remarks in this letter see *Wheeling*, May 12, 1886.

[2] *Sculls or Oars*, first and second issues, p. 6.

[3] *Maurice Club Annual Report*, 1884–5, pp. 5, 21.

[4] *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 10, 11; *Sporting Life*, May 11, 1886.

[5] *Referee*, April 5, 1891. I do not profess to have searched for these sculling records. There must be many others.

Rowing Association—and in appealing for subscriptions for challenge cups for it, attacked the exclusiveness of the self-styled Amateur Association. He cited two of its rules, which declared that no person should be considered an amateur who had ever been employed in manual labour for money or wages, or who was a mechanic or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty. This aroused his ire.

> We feel, he said, that for a University to send its earnest intellectual men into an East-end or other settlement to live with and help Working-men in their studies and sports, while it sends its Rowing-men into the A.R.A., to say to these same Working-men, 'You 're labourers; your work renders you unfit to associate and row with us,' is a facing-both-ways, an inconsistency and contradiction which loyal sons of the University ought to avoid.[1]

The N.A.R.A. pamphlets and campaign, in which he was throughout supported by Propert and Fennell, and his long letter in the *Cambridge Review* (March 12, 1891, p. 266), were of great service to the Association, of which he became President.

But of all Furnivall's achievements and successes, of all those institutions which owed their existence to his ingenuity, his darling was the Hammersmith Sculling Club for Girls and Men. Here the happiest times of his later life were spent. He founded it in 1896, in the unshakable belief that the exclusion of women from aquatic sport was pernicious. At first girls only were admitted; but men were seen to be necessary in

[1] *National Amateur Rowing Association*, a pamphlet, February 1891, p. 2.

handling the heavier boats (*not*, necessarily, in sculling them), and they were admitted, first as honorary, then as ordinary members. Merry hours on summer Sundays were spent by Furnivall on the bright waters and green islands of the Thames with the Club's young people. He joined in their dances and their songs. He entered into the distresses and successes of their private lives. He paid from his own pocket £40 a year (except for two years) for the rent of their Club House, and collected from his friends various sums to defray what their subscriptions could not. On every winter Sunday, even to 1910, whatever the tide or the wind might be, he sculled with them in their light boats a distance of fourteen miles to Richmond and back. The accounts of these expeditions he himself wrote every week to the *West London Observer*. The beauties of the earth and sky still delighted him. He writes on one occasion :

> When the boats were sculling down the sunset was very fine. As the sun sank below the horizon a broad gash of blood-red appeared in the sky, and then gradually tinted the upper clouds till it faded in their gloom.[1]

He was to all his Club-people as a father and a friend. He got them to help him in frequent treats to poor children (wherein, sometimes, dressed as Father Christmas, he distributed the toys) and to the aged poor. In the laughter and happiness which he found at Hammersmith, lies the secret of that youth which was his while life was.

[1] *West London Observer*, December 7, 1906.

It was his wish that the Club-house should be purchased, and that the Club should be perpetuated. When in the sad hours before he died, I asked him, at request, if he would favour a system of English Scholarships, or what not, to commemorate him, he was firm on one thing : 'I want the Club.'

The illness of which he died, cancer in the intestine, is a long and painful one. Happily he was spared the worst suffering. He knew how near death was, and met it, bravely and unfalteringly, on July 2, 1910, true to those principles he had advocated, thoughtful and kind to the last.

He was cremated on July 5, at Golder's Green, where there stood around the catafalque representatives from the many learned bodies with which he was connected, friends, relatives, and distinguished folk, and a few from that little world at Hammersmith, where his name will always be revered and his memory kept green.

On his table I found a quotation from Xenophon, copied not long before his illness, which so far expresses, to me, his standpoint in regard to life and thought, that it has been printed under Mr. Lobley's portrait of him. It runs as follows :

There is no ignorance more shameful than to admit as true that which one does not understand : and there is no advantage so great as that of being set free from error.—SOCRATES.[1]

All his life Furnivall worked in the cause of truth, alike as to literary facts and as to social relations.

[1] Cf. *Memorabilia*, III. 9. 6 (?).

He never understood, or attempted to understand, the quality of tact. It was a species of dishonesty. What he held to be true, was to be enounced in the face of all opposition, with unfaltering directness and clarity; what he held to be false was to be denounced with Athanasian intensity and resolution. Criticism never deterred him. Obloquy never shamed him into swerving aside. Rank never overawed him into silence.

He never degenerated into the ordinary devices of the literary man—the cultivation of style, the assumption of an ostensible impersonality, the adoption of a sort of oracular infallibility, the study of a perpetual reserve—these things were altogether alien to him. The manner of his writing—his style, as it might be called—something above mere stylism—was the manner of his life and thought and speech; the visible and lasting expression of his own unstudied frankness, his defiance of control and convention, his sterling truth, and his invincible moral courage—it was, in fact, the natural and uncalculated outpouring of his own warm heart. Impersonal he never was, and could not be: the seal of his personality is set indelibly on every line he penned; and the very trick and accent of his voice are audible in the silence of the cold printed page. He seemed sometimes, to more guarded people, rash and intemperate in expression; but even these occasions are a measure of the fearless frankness which never deserted him. Reserve there was none: all his loves and his hatreds, his sports, his friends, and his labours—these he made other men's, as he freely made other men's his own. He held back nothing, not even

his own shortcomings. He made mistakes ; he acknowledged them, and asked for pardon. And through all, he kept his eye on the goal he had set before him, service to the country of which he was proud to be a son. He may have been—sometimes he was—mistaken ; but there is no example, in the annals of the world's literature, of a man who worked for truth more wholeheartedly, and studied his own fortune less. It is probable that £500 would be a large estimate of the total sum earned by his pen in the course of his amazingly long and tireless literary career.

The man whom he made his, he made his with no barrier, no reserve, no question. Neither rank nor money counted, nor age, nor sex. He gave of all that he had, without exception, to his friend, watched his interest, thought for him, worked for him and with him, and stood by him. In others the dictates of self intervened, faith grew weak, and distances became wider ; but, whatever the world did, *he* never failed those who kept true.

I knew him, and loved him.

John Munro.

MEMORIES OF F. J. FURNIVALL

I

This sunny day in a Suffolk garden has set me thinking of Doctor Furnivall, who a couple of years ago was sitting in this same garden, keenly watching the tennis, talking of boats with a young aspirant for the blue, and of 'when I was at Cambridge . . . in 1845'. For all the astonishing phrase, he was the youngest man on the lawn, and by far the most attractive. He was staying at Southwold at the time, and to ride out on a hired horse was, I believe, his daily habit.

He was so keen about all bodily exercise. (I have seen him interested in ping-pong even!) It was part of his intense vitality. His work for English literature was fine; his work for the life of Englishmen perhaps finer; but his essential greatness was in his personality, inseparable from it. He was not a great writer. He was a great man; and in taking him death has done more devastation than in taking one who has put the best of himself into his work. Furnivall's zest of life was so wonderful. He never lost his delight in the way of a man with a maid, and he was the prouder of his club at Hammersmith because it had been the means of bringing about several marriages. For marriage was the proof of vitality and the promise of more life to come.

The last time I saw him was at a meeting of the Philological Society, three weeks before his death,

when he resigned the secretaryship he had held so long. It was an unforgettable sight; to see this old man, who knew how near death was, listening to the paper with the zeal of one who had years of study still before him. He was terribly changed from the Furnivall of a year ago; his cheeks were sunken and colourless; his feet moved painfully; yet life burnt in his eyes with a vehemence that was almost dreadful. Infirm as he was, no one dared offer to go home with him, and he made the journey to Primrose Hill alone. He had promised to take my wife and myself up the river this summer, and before he left he apologized in his courtly way that he could not keep his promise. He never forgot his kindliness.

That must have been the greatest grief of his last days: that the river was forbidden him. And it is on the river, perhaps, that he will be most missed. He was probably the best-known figure on middle Thames. Boat after boat would greet him as he rowed up on a Sunday morning. Liberties were allowed him which would have been quickly resented in any other. Patience was not among his virtues, and I have known him be the first through a crowded lock at which he had been the last to arrive. The prods of the boat-hook with which he accomplished this extraordinary feat met with few but good-humoured remonstrances. Not that it troubled him when, here and there, an angrier voice was raised. He laughed merrily.

They were very delightful, those Sundays on the river. The gathering at Richmond station; the quick walk through the town, the Doctor leading, laden with

bags and baskets which he scorned to render to younger hands. Then the boat, a gift from admirers on his seventy-fifth birthday. It would hold, I think, eleven people, and it was always a disappointment if it was not filled. For weather-excuses the Doctor had the greatest contempt, and when rain kept away even the most stalwart, he still rowed alone. And wet or fine he always rowed all day. Others might take turns, feeling the need of rest, but Furnivall went on for ever. They said that in later years he did not pull so strong an oar as formerly, but the tireless energy lasted to the end. To row with him was something of an ordeal. His habitual frankness was never more in evidence. I remember my indignation, as a not very athletic small boy, at the ceaseless and apparently wrathful criticism that my bungling efforts evoked from the old man in the bow. Later I learned that I was not the unique object of his objurgations. He spared neither sex nor dignity, and more than one young woman has abandoned the art of sculling, offended by his free-spoken coaching.

Doctor Furnivall was no eclectic. There was no selection about his parties. University professors were expected to fraternize with girls from the tea-shop; and, under the spell of their host's personality, they did fraternize. Possibly there was a certain stiffness, a difficulty of conversation, just at first. But by the time the island and lunch were reached, perfect harmony was invariably established. Every one was helping with the preparations for lunch; cutting up cold meats, ladling out the invariable stewed goose-

berries, uncorking gingerbeer and lemonade. But, here too, it was Furnivall who worked the hardest. Only after the trestle-table over which he so jovially presided had been cleared did he lay him down beneath a tree to gather fresh energy for the homeward row.

Between meeting and parting, the hands of the clock had usually completed their circuit, but the Doctor's pace was brisk as ever through Richmond streets, slackening only at a certain little shop, where it was his custom to regale his guests with chocolate and lemonade. Then the good-byes, and the pleasant sensation of having spent a day with a man who mattered.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

II

WHEN, twenty-five years ago, I met Furnivall for the first time, nothing could have seemed to me less likely than that I should one day count him amongst my dearest friends. Although I valued his great services to the study of English literature, I had heard so much of his bitter quarrels with men with whom he had once been closely associated, that I had formed the impression that, while perhaps it might be interesting to know him slightly, any intimate acquaintance with him was not to be desired. For a special reason, also, there seemed to be very little prospect of anything like friendship between us. It had happened that certain actions of mine which seemed to me very innocent had incurred his strong displeasure. I had received from him one or two sharply-worded letters, and from

several persons I had heard that he had expressed his opinion of me in very unfavourable terms. More than one of my friends, indeed, had thought it necessary to warn me that I had made an implacable enemy. I believed the warning, but did not feel greatly disturbed.

However, when I introduced myself to Furnivall at a meeting of the Philological Society, his demeanour showed no sign of the hostility I had been led to expect. At first he seemed a little cool, but soon became more genial, and when we parted he said,—'Look here, come and have tea with me to-morrow, and we'll have a good talk.' I accepted the invitation, and in spite of my prejudices found myself strangely attracted by his personality. We met frequently after this, and he began to give decided indications of friendly feeling. I remember now, with some compunction, that for a considerable time I continued to regard his advances with distrust. But I gradually came to see how deep a concern he felt in the troubles of his many friends and how untiringly he exerted himself in furthering their interests. Busy as he always was, nothing was ever allowed to stand in the way when it was a question of doing a service to a friend who needed it. I came to know also of remarkable acts of kindness that he had done to people of humble station, who had no claim on him but that of undeserved misfortune. And so, though only by degrees, the conviction grew in my mind that although Furnivall might be a 'good hater' (no merit in my eyes), he was a true man, and that there was much in his character that deserved admiration and love.

Whatever Furnivall may have thought of me in the early days of our acquaintance, I never had an unkind word from him from the time of our first meeting to the end of his life. We often differed in opinion, and sometimes I protested emphatically against what I thought his unjust judgements of people whom I respected; but he was never irritated by my disagreement. He would sometimes freely criticize my work, as he did that of most of his friends. His unusual frankness in this respect led to many lasting estrangements, of which he sometimes spoke with a degree of surprise that was rather amusing. But unlike most people who are given to candid criticism, he did not, as far as I knew him, resent the same treatment when applied to himself. Of this I had an instance in 1888, when I had anonymously reviewed his edition of *Robert of Brunne*, speaking pretty freely of the defects of the work. When I next met him he remarked,—'I have been getting a fine dressing down about my Robert; the worst of it is I have nothing to say for myself; the man seems to be right all through. I wonder who it is that writes these things. Is it you?' When I acknowledged that the article was mine, he said,—'Well, I could see that it came from a friendly hand,' and he gave me to understand that he thought much better of me for not having hesitated to criticize him outspokenly.

In 1892, when I was disabled from work by ill health, Furnivall's kindness surpassed all that I could have believed possible. For many weeks not a day passed in which he was not busily engaged in efforts to promote

my recovery, and to relieve the anxieties of my family. The amount of letter-writing that he imposed on himself in my interests would have seemed to any ordinary man a formidable addition to his daily work.

After my health was restored, I for some years saw more of Furnivall than of almost any other friend. We both worked in the library of the British Museum, and nearly every day we discussed together the problems in which we were severally engaged.

His interest in the Dictionary, as most of his friends knew, amounted to a passion. Any new point in the history or meaning of words that came to light in the course of my work was sure to delight him, and his help in difficulties was always cheerfully rendered. Often, when I mentioned that I had failed to obtain information on some knotty point, he would go home and write several letters to friends who he thought might be able to help me. I often joined with some of my children in his river excursions, and he was a frequent and welcome visitor at my house. After I left London for Oxford, my opportunities for meeting him were rare, but correspondence between us was constant until the last few months of his life. I do not remember that he ever delayed to answer a letter that needed reply. If I required to know the correct reading of a passage in a MS. at the Museum or in any London library, I always wrote to Furnivall, and the next day but one the needed information came. He several times visited Oxford, to the great joy of my children, who in their London days had named him their 'fairy god-

father ', and in all whose concerns he always took the keenest interest.

In April 1909, when I gave my annual report on my dictionary work to the Philological Society, I spent the evening and the following morning with him, as I had done for several years past. He showed no sign of the failure that was so near at hand. He discussed the Piers Plowman question and many other matters of literary controversy with all his old eagerness and no abatement of mental vigour. He inquired about all my children, reminded me of the last news he had had of each of them. We spoke of many old friends, and he was able to tell me of their latest successes or troubles. He bespoke my good offices for several scholars who were likely soon to visit Oxford, giving me an account of the researches in which they were engaged, and suggesting ways in which I might be able to help them. He also talked more than I had ever known him do, of the recollections of his past life, and of the men of a former generation whom he had known. I came away full of wonder at all this strange vitality in a man more than eighty-four years old, yet I could not but think sadly of what a very few years at most must bring. There were some indications of failing energy when I met him later in the year, and now and then his letters mentioned that he had not been well. When April came round again he asked me to stay with him as before. I promised, but an attack of influenza prevented me from going to town. He wrote expressing his great disappointment, and was full of concern about my indisposition. About the middle of the same month

I received a letter from him saying that the doctors had given him less than six months to live, and that he was busy ordering his affairs so to leave no needless burden for those who should take up his work. He ended with a touching reference to our long friendship, and the wish that I might enjoy many happy years. On the 6th of June he sent me a post-card asking me to give some information to one of his friends. Of himself he said only that he had had a bad day. Less than four weeks later, I heard that my friend had passed away. It was a comfort to know that he had been spared the long period of helplessness and dependence which he would have found hardest of all things to bear. He had had a long life, but he never grew old. There was no chilling of his affections; scarcely, till his last illness, any lessening of his abundant activities. To the end his strongest sympathies were with youth.

Furnivall had faults, as we all have, and he concealed them less than most. Where he thought he saw empty pretence of knowledge, hypocrisy, or selfseeking under the mask of zeal for scholarship, he could be a bitter enemy; and his harsh judgements were not always just. Sometimes he espoused his friends' quarrels with a fierceness which passed all reasonable bounds. Many who knew little of him saw in him only a man of extravagant animosities and unbridled violence of expression. To me and to many others his name stands for an ardour of unselfish kindness and a laborious helpfulness to which we have known no parallel.

HENRY BRADLEY.

III

EVERY German student of English who came to do research work in England made the acquaintance of the man with the bright eyes and the wonderful powers of work to whom ten Brink dedicated his *History of English Literature* as 'the unselfish promoter of German co-operation'. Even after his eightieth year he was to be seen every day at the British Museum, white of hair, brisk as a youth, and always with half-corrected proof sheets. Any one who wanted advice or an introduction, in order to do better work in the wide field of English philology, could command his knowledge, his time, and his influence with his friends. Furnivall was always ready to help, solely *in the interest of the cause*, without a trace of insular prejudice or exclusiveness to hold him back. Any specially pertinacious visitor would further be invited to 3 St. George's Square, to enjoy over a cup of tea or a simple lunch a conversation with a host whose width of reading and quick sympathies were never marred by vanity or selfseeking. In addition to all this, when at last he went away, he might take with him a present of valuable books.

When I first made Furnivall's acquaintance, in 1879, he was one of a circle of scholars who regularly met at the Philological Society: Ellis, Morris, Murray, Sweet. Unlike these latter, he was not a philologist of thorough linguistic training: I should not even care to assert too positively that he could conjugate an Anglo-Saxon verb. But his other qualities compensated amply for such shortcomings. He was before all things a lover

of the old poets. In 1842, when he was seventeen, appeared the volume of Tennyson which contained the 'Morte d'Arthur', the first specimen of the *Idylls of the King.* I have it on Furnivall's authority that this beautiful fragment, the true centre of the Arthurian epic, first kindled in him the flame of his enthusiasm for the older literature. His practical-minded father would have had the young romantic go into the law. This left him unsatisfied, but he owed to his legal studies an intimate acquaintance not only with old customs and notions of law, but with the archives and the ways of scribes and copyists, which stood him in good stead later on. His first editorial work was done in connexion with an old manuscript in which Lovelich Skinner was reported to have written down the whole story of Arthur. Furnivall heard of it and did not rest until he had got hold of it, copied it, mastered its meaning, and printed it for the Roxburgh Club. The work was, of course, in some ways disappointing: Lovelich was no Tennyson, and Furnivall felt as if he were working on the coarse cloth under the velvet pile. But this only increased his enthusiasm for other old writers. With Chaucer he literally lived on terms of personal friendship: Chaucer's character, indeed, was perhaps most closely analogous to his own. Of Shakspere he used to talk as if he had known him. Lydgate was for him a worthy neighbour, always industrious and always duly reverent towards his master Chaucer—which last quality sufficed to entitle him in Furnivall's eyes to the privilege of a separate society for the printing of all his works, though this society never materialized. In

this way, Furnivall, tireless worker and lively observer that he was, gradually grew thoroughly familiar with the ancient texts, until his help was valuable to the trained philologist even in dialect research and glossary compiling.

Another of Furnivall's qualities, which greatly increased the scope of his activity, was his inborn capacity for asking questions and for seeing the essentials of a scientific problem. Without having ever been to a *seminar*, he yet guessed instinctively the necessity for obtaining all available manuscripts of a given work, printing from the best, and carefully sifting the errors of the various groups. How angry he could be and what bolts he would hurl in his Fore-words at the luckless editor who chanced to base his text on an inferior manuscript! Moreover, he well knew that in literary research it is essential to separate the original from the second-hand, and therefore he insisted on the investigation of the sources. He appreciated the importance of homeland influences on a poet's work, and laid great stress on the elucidation of all such elements. The productions of conscious poetic art naturally obtrude themselves on every one's attention; Furnivall never overlooked popular poetry, which often flows underground for centuries, fertilizing the soil. For this reason he himself edited Laneham's Letter concerning a collection of folk-poetry (1575) and appended to it an indispensable commentary.

His gift of asking questions enabled him to organize his text societies in such a way that they did, in point of fact, unearth much material for the study of

older English literature in the shape necessary to make English philology a prosperous branch of learning. At the same time he was furnishing a training for collaborators, who were at first naturally scarce in a country unprovided with *Seminare*, and even without a system of modern philological instruction. I have more than once heard him take in hand some ingenious novice, whose only incentives to editorial work were a love of poetry and Furnivall's example. In half an hour he would give him information enough to produce useful work; leaning against the catalogue desk in the Museum reading-room, or seated at an A. B. C. table, or even in the street, he would fix the necessary questions in the young man's mind—all quite conversationally and with smiling appeals to simple common sense. Of gentlemanly manners and without a trace of pedantry, he was yet a scholar with a wide range of vision, and an excellent example of those strong personalities which in England make up for the national lack of adequate system. Because he saw the essentials of every problem, and taught others, too, to see them, Furnivall developed, with no regular training, into a prolific scholar and, with no professorial post, into a successful teacher.

Furnivall became a good friend to us Germans when he saw the zeal of our workers at the Museum and our readiness to further his text societies in every way. Most of all, perhaps, he appreciated Professor Zupitza, who, like himself, was always cheerful and copying fresh manuscripts. Zupitza, too, was the means of obtaining for him an honorary degree from Berlin University, which Furnivall valued not as an external distinction

but as an expression of comradeship in research. They were not always of one mind. Zupitza insisted on critical editions, and Furnivall would not hear of them —'doctored editions' he called them. Zupitza was mainly concerned with accuracy of text and rhyme-investigations, Furnivall went mainly for the human and sociological interest of the matter. But both were thoroughly in earnest, and so any small differences served only to make their friendship the warmer. Zupitza's regard was most cordial and occasionally found expression in philological assistance, and was shared by all students without exception who, after unpleasant experiences in English private libraries or commercial circles, had been received by Furnivall with open arms and assisted with encouragement and useful introductions. In Germany there was unanimous admiration of Furnivall and gratitude for his kindness, and he was perhaps more famous in German universities than at Oxford and Cambridge. These happy relations were somewhat clouded when Zupitza died, and six months later, in January 1896, the Kruger telegram appeared. Furnivall answered it by a post card breathing threats and slaughter, as if I had myself been the author of the message, and for many years he lost no opportunity of giving me to understand that he considered the Germans as cousins only, but the Americans as brothers. This feeling ebbed away in course of time, and in 1909 he made his peace by a charming act of courtesy, when he once more nominated a German to a vice-presidency in the Early English Text Society. The last personal com-

munication I had from him took the shape of a kindly suggestion for the *Shakspere-Jahrbuch*, together with the announcement of his approaching death. He died heroically in harness, surrounded by proofs of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, for the inception of which he had striven manfully in the Philological Society thirty years before. No one has done more than he did by his text societies to bring it about that we can to-day study and enjoy in comfort the older literature of the most widely spread of Teutonic peoples; he was a pioneer of English philology and a never-failing friend to its votaries.

All honour to his memory!

ALOIS BRANDL.

IV

To Dr. F. J. Furnivall, 1900

Dear Furnivall, whose happy age is strong,
Like some red oak in autumn which the storm
Knits faster; may all elements perform
Their duty to thee; may thy life be long.

Thou hast been friend and gossip of the dead,
Whose singing made our country like a wood
Peopled with nightingales—a passionate brood,
Whose pain and joy the heart of England fed.

Chaucer thou knewest; Shakspere owned thy care,
We know them better for thy faithful love;
The men from England over-seas who drove
Their plough and sang, and those who made the air

Of rough Northumbria sweet with tuneful noise,
Live in thy labour. Nor didst thou forget
That age when Norman, Celt, and English met,
And built Romance. These were thy friends and joys,

And thou hast made them ours. For this thou hast
The praise of scholars and the thanks of all,
Who, listening, love the tuneful swell and fall
Of England's singing now, and in the past.

Take then this shred of praising verse, and live
Happy by all the gratitude we give.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

V

SCHOLAR, social worker, and athlete, and, as was once charmingly said of him, an athlete who combined gallantry with his sport,[1] Dr. Furnivall was a man of such striking character and of so many fields of activity, that an adequate conception of his life and worth can only be formed by those who knew him and had the privilege of rubbing shoulders with him. Happily these were many, for he was accessible to both young and old, and his principle was that every man should be treated as an equal and a friend, until he showed himself unworthy of the trust.

He was the friend of many notable men of his day, among them being Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson, and Kingsley; and some years before his death he was

[1] A reference to the Girls' Sculling Club, by the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

persuaded to talk to a students' and teachers' meeting of the Working Men's College about 'Some famous men I have met'. The room was crowded, and the Doctor chatted away merrily for an hour or so, casting interesting and amusing sidelights upon men in the world of literature and art. Shelley was, he said, the first poet he knew of. When he was a boy, his father, George Furnivall, pointed out to him the little cottage at Bishopsgate by Windsor where Shelley at one time lived, and which was so small and unimportant that it was not put on the rates. Shelley afterwards removed to Marlow, and it was there that the Doctor's father made his acquaintance, and they became great friends. George Furnivall was a surgeon, and Shelley, who loved the river, used to pull up to old Windsor, put his boat up, and walk across Runnymede to the surgeon's house, where he would sit on the counter and chat, while the Doctor's father made up his pills. 'My father,' continued the Doctor, 'knowing Shelley to be a vegetarian, always delighted in pressing him to have a cut off some cold mutton, but Shelley would have nothing more than a dish of milk and bread.' On one occasion when the surgeon called upon Shelley, he found him with Leigh Hunt and others discussing the morality of suicide. George Furnivall hated the idea of suicide, and having his dissecting instruments with him, he placed the case upon the table and said, 'Well, gentlemen, if any of you would like to try the experiment, there are the tools!' 'This,' said the Doctor, 'closed the discussion, and Shelley laughed heartily at the joke.'

George Eliot once asked him what poets had become famous after their death, and he was greatly amused when he recollected that her recent poems had been unsuccessful.

Wordsworth he described as a lean gentleman with a very long sheep's nose. Of George Meredith he said, 'His great delight was to tell an old lady friend of his all manner of ridiculous stories.'

'In 1867,' continued the Doctor, 'I made the acquaintance of Tennyson, of whom I was a great admirer. He was then living in a house just out of Park Lane, and I first met him in connexion with the Chaucer Society. We had been getting Chaucer's poems into order, so that we could understand his development; and we had then just printed the six best manuscripts of them. Having traced the development of Chaucer, I commenced to work out the chronological order of Shakspere's plays, and after working at them for a fortnight, I began to see how splendidly they dovetailed into one another. I recommend every one to follow out for himself, as well as he can, this growth of Shakspere's mind, so that when any one comes along talking about Bacon having written the plays you can say to him, "What nonsense you 're talking!"'

'It was not until the year 1881 that I made the acquaintance of Robert Browning, and of Mrs. Browning, who was the most beautiful soul I have ever met. I was tremendously fascinated by Browning's books, and I suggested the Browning Society. The idea of establishing a society for a living poet rather startled

people, and I was ridiculed a good deal about it; but the reason for it was that Browning was very hard to understand, and our fascination for his books was so great that we wanted him to be more widely taken up. The result of the society's work was to bring the public round Browning, and this before his death.' Here the Doctor told of a joke played on Browning, for which he himself was responsible. One day, while talking to Browning, he found he was not at all acquainted with one of his own books, so he suggested to the Browning Society that they should present the poet on his birthday with a set of his own works, which they did, accompanied with the following note:—

To
Robert Browning
on his seventieth birthday,
May 7, 1882,
from some members of the
Browning Societies
of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Bradford,
Cheltenham and Philadelphia,
with heartfelt wishes
for his long life and happiness.

These members, having ascertained that the Works of a great modern poet are never in Robert Browning's house when need is to refer to them, beg him to accept a set of these Works, which they assure him will be found worthy of his most serious attention.

He was at first much taken with Tennyson's works, thinking at one time that Shakspere was nowhere beside him. Afterwards he thought Tennyson sacrificed virility to polish, and that Browning was more really

English in his ruggedness and strength than any other poet of his age. Henry Irving had sent him some tickets for the stalls to see *Othello*, and the Doctor had criticized his elocution in the way he spoke the words ' Put out the light '. ' I told him he said them in a slovenly way, and the consequence was I got no more tickets for the stalls.' ' About 1852,' continued the Doctor, ' I was introduced to Mrs. Ruskin and also to John Ruskin, who was a slight fellow, rather stooping, with rough hair and red whiskers. When the Working Men's College was started, in 1854, I sent him a prospectus, and he offered to take the art classes, which were a great success. He was also instrumental in bringing to the college Rossetti, Millais, and Burne-Jones, and we were all very happy together. Ruskin was one of the most generous and honourable of men, with the most pretty manners and delightful ways, and I retain of him recollections more pleasant than of any other man.' Among others of his friends whom the Doctor also mentioned were Kingsley, William Morris, James Russell Lowell, and Mrs. Gaskell.

He concluded by welcoming the new students, hoping they would enter into the life of the college, put their backs into whatever they did, and remember that its object was not only to instruct them, but to make men of them, so as to enable them to think for themselves, and not to be led by tradition in politics or religion, or the dogmas that some people tried to thrust down their throats. They must use their own brains and recognize that truth in all things was the great thing to aim at.

He obtained at one time a ticket to admit ' Dr.

Furnivall and Party' to the South Kensington Museum before it was officially opened; the idea being, of course, that the Doctor and some of his eminent friends would like to visit the new building. The Doctor, with his usual confidence, invited any of the college students who cared to go. The door-keeper was staggered as the procession filed in, and was told by each man in turn that he was one of Dr. Furnivall's party. And so they passed in to the number of 150. The funniest thing of all was when the Doctor, determining that the 150 men must have tea, piloted them to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, which was quietly slumbering the afternoon away, and the 150 men followed the Doctor and tried to get into the shop.

The Annual Old Students' Supper at the Working Men's College was invariably attended by the Doctor as one of the founders of the college. His speech on these occasions was always racy and unconventional—a source of anxiety to the authorities, but of unmingled delight to the students. 'He was born a rebel, and he will die a rebel,' said G. P. Gooch of him some years ago. Two subjects there were on which it was always possible to 'draw' the Doctor. He never made an after-dinner speech but that somehow or other there came a slashing reference to the House of Lords; and he was a fearless and enthusiastic advocate of woman suffrage. His ardent democracy could tolerate nothing short of adult suffrage; and those who suggested the exclusion of a sex fared as ill at his hands as those who would shut out any class from the rights of citizenship. In almost the last of his speeches he said that the happiness of the

poor children's treats at the college had only been achieved through the help of the girl members of the Sculling Club, which only went to show that the girls should be admitted to the college and given an equal chance with the men. He hoped to have a good many years yet, sculling on the river with his girls. The happiest thing connected with the college was the mutual help and sharing of knowledge.

When the foundation-stone of the new Working Men's College was laid by the present King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, the Doctor, as one of the founders, had a place on the platform, where his presence caused no slight trepidation to the college authorities. He enlivened the proceedings by handing round to the august councillors of St. Pancras, and other exalted personages present, his favourite summer sweet—a bag of acid drops (the Doctor, by the way, always carried a packet of bull's-eyes in the winter and acid drops in the summer, which he distributed to children and grown-ups alike)—and during a halt in the ceremony he was seen talking of his Sculling Club to the Prince and Princess, and handing them a copy of his annual report. He afterwards regretted that one of his lady members had not been near enough to admit of her being introduced to their Royal Highnesses. The introduction would doubtless have been extremely racy, for what it lacked in formality it would certainly have gained in descriptiveness. The Doctor's introductions were often thumb-nail biographies, and each of the parties concerned learned something of the other's character or pursuits. One of his greatest

charms to his admirers was the frankness and freedom of his conversation. He had a wonderful memory and a power of picturesque narration, and his talk was full of reminiscences of the artistic, as well as literary celebrities of the last century. He detested conventionality, and never, unless compelled, wore a dress suit, although in his early days he wore corduroy trousers so as to make his working-men students feel at home with him. It was characteristic of him that he had no false modesty in his pride, and it was curious that he was prouder of his smaller achievements than of those which had carried his name all over the world. He was evidently quite conscious and proud of his personal appearance and wonderful health, and although latterly he became shortsighted, he very seldom used the pince-nez he always carried. The Doctor was closely associated with his tie of pink ribbon. Once saying how seldom he could tie it to his liking, he related with the utmost glee how he overcame the difficulty. He first of all tied it to his liking, and then got his housekeeper to cut it at the back and stitch it together. 'Now,' he said triumphantly, 'all I've got to do is to pin it on.' For his great delight was in little things and his frank way of talking about them. He hardly ever talked shop, either at the college or club, and when he did talk of literary matters, it was often to tell some anecdote about 'my friend so-and-so' rather than about his work.

Once he started talking the difficulty was to stop his flow of speech, as many a chairman found to his dismay. He was irrepressible. Relevance never troubled him.

He was not often among the official speakers at the Working Men's College functions, but used to get up at the first opportunity, or when called upon by the younger members of the audience, and whatever the nominal subject was, sooner or later he would touch upon the college life in the fifties, and if near Christmas, proceed to the children's treat, go on to talk of open-air sports, camaraderie between men and women, the Sculling Club, women's suffrage, and perhaps finish by warning his hearers against the slavery of tradition. As a chairman himself he was unique, and in consequence the annual general meetings of the Sculling Club often bordered on the burlesque. Everybody could and would speak at once, and all as often as they liked, subject to cursory remarks from the chair. A speaker once objecting that certain remarks were illogical, was interrupted from the chair with 'Oh! damn your logic'. Once, after a very long discussion, the meeting gave its vote contrary to the wishes of the chairman. It was a question of the cost of some repairs, so finally he calmly said, 'Well, I'm the tenant of the house, so I shall do as I like and pay the cost myself.' Democratic and radical as he was in his opinions, he was autocratic and obstinate in personal matters. The committee and members by a large majority once decided to expel a member. The Doctor thought they were wrong, so he said, 'All right, if you do, I shall invite the member to use the club as my personal guest. I pay the rent, so you haven't the power to stop me.' Expert advice never prevailed against his obstinacy. Biffen's boatmen and

many club members once tried to dissuade him from venturing on the river one very foggy Sunday morning. He had made up his mind to go to Richmond as usual, so he started. He said afterwards that, pulling as he thought towards Barnes, he came rather quickly to a bridge, so he called out, 'What bridge is this?' A voice from the fog called back 'Hammersmith!' 'Well then,' he said, 'I thought it was time to come back.' His luck under similar really dangerous circumstances was remarkable, and he probably ventured the oftener because of his pugnacity and pride in little things, for he was fond of mentioning the incidents afterwards and chaffing the members for not going out. His greatest characteristic was undoubtedly his keen enjoyment of life, and his constant effort to make others share that joy with him. He was never happier than when trying to make others happy, and his greatest regret was that his means did not allow him to do more.

His knowledge and abilities were always at the disposal of his friends on the condition that they shared their good things with one another. His creed was that all could and should help to make the lot of others happier and brighter, and it found its most successful expression, and he the greatest satisfaction of declining years, in the Hammersmith Sculling Club.

J. C. Castell.
C. F. W. Mead.

VI

To have been able to approach Dr. Furnivall man to man, to tell him how I admired his noble character, the extraordinary alertness of his mind, and the greatness of his learning, has been one of the keenest desires of my life, an aspiration which I cherished for a long time and only abandoned when the venerable figure of the great master passed away. Fortunately, however, I can boast of being one of the very many who loved him unseen, although they only knew him from his writings, through which all his sincerity and simplicity shone forth.

His lovable nature always showed itself in his letters to those whom he honoured with his esteem and friendship.

The first time—I treasure the memory of the day—and I remember how shy I felt—that I ventured to write to Frederick James Furnivall to ask for some date out of his store of knowledge, I was a young university student. Naturally at that time I knew but little of his manifold literary work. I was studying the *Canterbury Tales*, and I soon learned how greatly his zeal had furthered Chaucerean studies. He had been working at them since 1868, when he established the Chaucer Society and published the six-text edition. At the same time I wrote to ask him for a few publications of the Chaucer Society in which I was particularly interested, and I wanted to consult him as to a good complete edition of Chaucer's works. I feared I had presumed too much, but the answer came fast enough,

and I, a young and unknown student of Chaucer, obtained much more from his boundless good nature than my fondest expectations. And he sent me, not only the publications of which I had need, but also valuable advice and suggestions; and encouragement, in lively and affectionate terms, to go on with these studies. From that happy day onwards, my literary correspondence with the great master continued, and later on he honoured me with the title of friend. Often indeed his exquisite courtesy anticipated my demands, and more than once he sent me of his own accord articles and books which might interest me particularly.

Even before Chaucer introduced me to Furnivall I had been acquainted with him and learned to hold him in high esteem. My father had for some time had relations with this great *littérateur*, and had sent him a copy of his poetry, not so much for the sake of his original verse as for his translations from Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne, and on this occasion my father had been able to avail himself of Furnivall's knowledge in writing his *Studi Shakespeariani*. Furnivall then sent him in exchange an interesting little book published in memory of Miss Teena Rochford Smith, one of his pupils and fellow workers.

At about the same time, besides his letters, which in themselves sufficed to give me an instantaneous photograph of how kindly, gentle, and generous he was, I chanced to see a picture of him in one of these books. I saw in his face a combination of good nature and austerity, and vigorous and exuberant youth.

As an erudite, Furnivall takes a very high place amongst his compeers. He was without doubt *princeps ingenii et doctrinae.* He succeeded in uniting two signal qualities: thorough knowledge and gifted writing. He also possessed a natural critical acumen, sharpened by his lifelong studies. The zest he showed was almost that of a boy's, with an element of fun in it which colours his treatment of grave problems. His zeal never wearied, and throughout his writings one sees evidence of a man thoroughly enjoying his work.

In him the erudite's seriousness was not inimical to the artist's spontaneity. For Furnivall was without doubt an artist, and this aspect of him is visible in his original style, in his interpretations of the greatest poets, ancient and modern, whom he loved with all the power of love of a lofty spirit.

His shrewd and wide knowledge and his sympathy put him in a position to reconstruct Shakespeare's life with an artist's creative instinct. In fact, he summoned up the past from the shadows with a stagecraft effective and delightful. And his study of Shakespeare's youth in *Shakespeare, Life and Work* is evidence enough of his gift. The brief chapter in which he describes the school to which Shakespeare went, his family life, the family table, his boyish sports, is full of generous charm and profound knowledge. I believe I can see there, perhaps better than elsewhere, peeping out behind the hood of the scholar, the features of Furnivall, the real man. And the only picture I can form of him is as of a man forbearing, kindly, fond of children, a lover of

everything noble and fine, sociable, tactful, possessing that fascination which every man of superior intellect possesses who is also kind and great.

As a writer and an artist when dealing with literature and poetry Furnivall is most akin to Augustine Birrell. There is the same simplicity and lively style, the same depth of thought, and I fancy Furnivall himself must have been fond of Birrell's work.

His long active life ranks Furnivall amongst those fortunate men who had as a natural gift what Charles Lamb calls ' the sanity of true genius '.

Almost to the very end his vigorous health enabled him to work day in day out at the British Museum, and to show a young man's strength at the Sculling Club he founded and loved so dearly.

Such is my mental picture of the man as I see him at this moment of deep grief in which I dare not realize my loss. His friendship was one of the greatest honours I have received in my life.

CINO CHIARINI.

VII

WHEN I took a studio at No. 4 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, the outgoing tenant said, ' Let me introduce you to Dr. Furnivall. He will ask you if you can scull. If you say " No ", he will take you up the river to teach you. If you say " Yes ", he will take you up the river to keep you in practice. He will take you, anyhow.'

I well remember my first impression of the Doctor—

his keen eye, large brow, and militant moustache. He seemed to look me through almost at a glance, and to give me my particular place amongst his acquaintances.

I could not help smiling as, after a little inquiry about my work, he asked, 'Can you scull?' When I answered 'Yes', his whole face beamed. 'How jolly!' he exclaimed. 'I hope you will often come up the river with us.'

A few days afterwards he asked me to join his party on the following Sunday. I met him shortly after nine o'clock on the appointed morning, as he was coming out from his house. Two large string bags were slung over his left shoulder—one hanging in front, and the other behind. These, with a third bag in his right hand, were all full of good things to eat. For this great-hearted host would not let any one give or pay anything when with him up the river. His only desire was that you should be bright and happy, laugh and sing and eat. Few people would have known that some of the greatest living scholars were often in the Doctor's boat, as we sculled up from Richmond to Canbury Island, near Kingston-on-Thames. Here we would have lunch under the trees; and after lunch came 'washing up', at which we all assisted, the Doctor superintending the while. This done, the Doctor generally rested for about an hour on the grass, whilst the younger members of the party sculled the boat on either side of the island—sometimes sending a friendly call to him as he lay near the water's edge, to which he would respond by shaking his foot in the air.

Later on, he would beckon to the boat, which pulled

in and took him across to the cottage, where we took in great teapots full of tea, and jugs of milk, and brought them over to the island. Some of the party meanwhile had spread the cloth, cut bread and butter, opened pots of jam, and divided the cakes. The 'club' girls from Hammersmith arrived about tea-time and the island was gay with fluttering dresses, white flannels, table-cloths, and bright boat-cushions, whilst the air was full of chatter and laughter and the pleasant sound of tea-things.

The central and beloved figure amongst us all was the Doctor, seeing that we all had more than enough to eat, running across from one party to another and popping down a dish of fruit or a tart, or slyly feeding some stray dog with slices of cold lamb left from lunch.

I shall never pass Canbury Island without seeming to see my old friend, in his grey flannels and pink tie, under the trees there, his hair gently lifted by the summer wind—for the Doctor scorned a hat when on the river. I have met him quietly walking along bareheaded, reading a book, even in all the bustle of Oxford Street.

These evenings on the river, especially if there was a moon we dropped down towards Teddington, singing most of the way, till we heard the distant roar of the weir. Arrived at the lock, our host, boat-hook in hand, began to navigate us through. Here a little, there a little, he nosed his somewhat large boat in amongst an apparently impenetrable crowd of punts, skiffs, canoes, and launches, hooking on to those in front, the occupants of which were generally too surprised

to stop him. Never! never! must it be said that the Doctor's boat was not first out of the lock! He was deaf to expostulations, threats, warnings, jeers, everything! until he stood triumphant with the bow of the boat wedged against the middle of the slimy oozing gates waiting for the first opening movements, when he would shout, 'Now.' Woe betide the unhappy individual amongst us who bungled his or her sculls in the rowlocks, as we prepared to dash out into the river again. As we passed Twickenham I would sing 'Twickenham Ferry' at the Doctor's command, and he would join in the 'Hoi ye ho!' at the end of each verse. Back at Richmond the club boats went on to Hammersmith, but the Doctor would take his party to the station by queer narrow back streets, in one of which there was a quaint little 'tuck-shop'. Into this he would suddenly disappear, and those of the party who did not know that the floor of the shop was two steps below the level of the street, literally dived after him, till the low-ceiled little shop was filled to overflowing. Here he called for ginger-beer, chocolate, biscuits, anything there was to eat, in case any of us might feel hungry before we got home.

Doctor Furnivall always kept up the wonderful camaraderie of the river, even in the overcrowded trains home. If our carriage, holding already about fourteen persons instead of ten, were suddenly invaded by a breathless mother with two or three children, he helped in the children or panting mother, squeezed up everybody, and soon had a child on his knee, an orange or piece of chocolate in its hand. The little face,

Photograph by the Sport and General Illustrations Co.

THE CLUB EIGHT
COXED BY
DR. FURNIVALL, 1907

however cross or grubby, would give first a look of wondering inquiry, then would smile up at this summer 'Santa Claus'; and the mother, who had boarded us with a look of half-defiance, would be telling him bits of family history. Consequential folks who had glared indignation at the disgraceful overcrowding of railway trains had to join in the general courtesy, nay, even laugh, when a jolt would mix us up and the Doctor would cry, 'Now, now, you are all on the wrong knees.'

The Doctor had decided views on dress. The ideal dress for a girl up the river was a serge skirt, a light loose blouse, and a plain sailor's hat, if a hat be worn. He deplored the lace finery and easily spoilt dresses that girls wear now when on the river. 'But then,' he would add gently, 'they look pretty at first, and they are going to meet their sweethearts.' To the Doctor 'sweethearts' were as much a matter of course as youth and the river. In his clear-eyed yet kindly presence, they were not ashamed but proud of each other, and many a love-story must have been told to him.

However much Dr. Furnivall might want things altered, he always looked for the best in things as they were, especially in human beings. Nevertheless, I noticed people for whom he seemed to have little mercy—a lazy man or woman, a drunkard, or a 'whiner'. His views upon the spoiling of children would cause consternation to many a father and mother. To him the troublesome mischievous boys were the hope of the nation, so long as they were not 'mean'. As he watched boys scrambling, shouting, or tumbling, he would also watch the nature of their scrambling,

shouting, or tumbling, and class them as clever, stupid, daring, or nervous boys. His whole teaching to children was to be ‘jolly’. That somehow ruled out of court whining and selfishness, because opposed to ‘jolliness’.

In the Girls' Club-room, upon the last Sunday he spent there, I was with him. He said to me, ‘I may last a week or two yet,’ much in the same tone of voice that he might have used in speaking of an old coat. At tea he strongly recommended a new kind of jam which he had brought, and could not be satisfied till the two-pound jar was empty. After tea, one of the girls sang a popular song for him, and we all, including the Doctor, joined in the chorus. He sat by the window, from which he could see the river—the river upon which he would never scull again—until darkness closed down upon it, and hid it from his eyes. His boys and girls sang and played for him with very brave faces, but very, very sad hearts. To me, that last Sunday afternoon tea-party was more eloquent of true bravery and affection than tears or mourning could have been, though to a casual passer-by there was the sound of a song.

England—the Doctor's beloved England—for he had great belief in England and the English—owes infinitely more to the influence of the man than to the scholar, great though that debt may be; for he was the friend of little children, the working girl and man, as well as of the great and learned, and not the least of his knowledges was his knowledge of humanity.

JESSIE CURRIE.

VIII

My friendship with F. J. Furnivall dated almost from my boyhood, and never knew interruption or cloud; but our opportunities of meeting were few, and our correspondence was in the main confined to subjects in our common studies; as these were present or absent it became frequent or for a time dropped away. I have therefore little to say which others will not say better of the friend whose sympathy and help were much to me. Probably I first made his acquaintance when I desired to become a member of the Philological Society, of which he was secretary, and desired also to become a reader for the society's projected English dictionary, now the *New English Dictionary* of Sir James Murray and his coadjutors. At a somewhat later date he entrusted me with the quotation slips for the letter O, on which I was to go to work as a so-called sub-editor, but for such a task I was ill qualified, for my philological lore was small, and the mere attempt to reduce the slips (to which additions were constantly being made) to alphabetical order consumed a great part of my available time. When, in my twenty-fourth year, I went for reasons of health to spend a winter in the south of England, I owed to Furnivall the pleasantest introductions to friends who made the months pass happily. Later he was for some days my guest in Dublin, and a more genial guest could not be found. On that occasion he delivered two lectures on Chaucer in one of the halls of Trinity College,

Dublin—lectures which were in the highest degree illuminating and stimulating. I remember that he was surprised, and for a moment disconcerted as by something unintelligible, when he learnt that some of his harmless words on mediaeval pilgrimages had—as it was represented—offended the susceptibilities of a few persons in his Irish audience. From 1886 onwards we were directly opposed to each other in our views of Irish politics, but this never caused an alienation between us, so manifestly disinterested and genuine was his zeal for what he believed to be right. I ran the risk of his disapproval when I declined to join the Browning Society, but he generally sent me publications of the society, and once placed me in the chair, if I remember aright, on an occasion when Browning's friend Milsand happened to be present. I always felt that whatever he looked at with those swift, vivid, penetrating eyes was seen in a way of his own that led to discovery. Perhaps when the *New Shakspere Society* was founded Furnivall was not a fully-equipped Shakspere scholar; his work had been more in the age of Chaucer and in other earlier periods than the Elizabethan. But how quickly he discerned what work in connexion with Shakspere was still to be done! how spiritedly he worked himself and set others to work! Some men in their literary tasks are solitaries, but he was pre-eminently social. He had a wonderfully keen eye for talent of every kind, and an unstinted recognition of good work that was not his own. He could afford to be frank with us, even when we could not agree, so abundantly did he make us feel his good-

will and generosity. If, as happened on some rare occasions, he said or printed a word which might be cause for regret, we remembered that this was the error of one who was ardent in feeling and prompt in action. When he had in a large measure withdrawn from his earlier labours, and was resting—if indeed that was possible with him—I incited him to put together a volume of reminiscences; he replied that he had been invited to do so, but that his memory was not of a kind that qualified him for such a task. His true monument stands in every great library of the world where the language and literature of our country are valued aright. The last occasion on which we were fellow workers was one of the happiest; we had a common interest in presenting to the Prime Minister a memorial which sought to obtain a Civil List pension for a scholar of high distinction, whose labours, though of rare literary value, could not be remunerative from a financial point of view. Furnivall took the matter up, though his strength was then failing, with his characteristic promptitude and zeal. His letters or post cards flew, I am sure, in many directions, and in each case with the best aim. I acknowledge a debt of personal gratitude for his energy in this good cause. The next tidings of Furnivall that reached me announced his death.

E. DOWDEN.

IX

When in the early part of 1906 I went to London from Oxford with a transcript of certain songs, carols, and other poetical pieces from a sixteenth-century commonplace-book, intending to submit them for publication to the Early English Text Society, it was not without some natural timidity that I applied for the favour of an interview to the society's illustrious director, whose name I had constantly met with in all domains of English Philology. Dr. Furnivall's answer dispelled all shyness at once. Written on a picture post card, it ran simply thus :—

'Dear Sir, come to tea with me to-morrow, Thursday, at the A.B.C.—Aerated Bread Company's Shop, 66 New Oxford Street, first floor, at 4 o'clock. My clever and nice American friend, Dr. Edith Rickert, is coming at 4.30, and you can stay till 5. Truly yours, F. J. F. F. 2, 1906.'

Ever since that delightful tea we had there with the American lady doctor—herself a collaborator of the Early English Text Society and editor of ancient Christmas carols—Dr. Furnivall's acquaintance became to me an inexhaustible source of manifold help and kindest encouragement in my study of English literature as well as English social life.

He showered upon me cards of invitation to meetings, lectures, and debates; the best friends I have in London I should never have met but for him; in his company I went both to the monthly sessions of the Philological Society, where he introduced me to the

first scholars of the country, and to the Working Men's College, where he brought me into personal touch with the social forces that determine the destinies of the nation, and made me share that affection and esteem for the English working man which was the key-note of his life. I became a member of his sculling club at Hammersmith, and many a merry Sunday afternoon did I spend there, always admiring the Doctor, both for strenuous work on the river in the dullest winter weather, and for frank and youthful gaiety in the bright circle of his young friends. He not only at once accepted my beginner's piece of work for publication by his society, but he undertook to give it an early place, since he knew what it was for a young philologist to win his editorial spurs; and, as he kindly said to me, 'he always liked to give a young man a lift.' He did more than that, for he took my MS. from my hands and spent part of his summer holidays in 'touching it up for the printer'. This is what he termed a careful revision, of which almost every page bears valuable traces.

During the summer that followed, when I was staying in my native country, and preparing for the year of military service before me, I received a letter from Dr. Furnivall which I reproduce in its entirety, as it gives a better glimpse, than could any anecdotes, of his kindliness as well as his untiring intellectual and social activity. On the cover of a nice little album of Felixstowe views he wrote thus :—

'6 Queen's Road, Felixstowe, Suffolk. 11th Aug., 1906.—Dear Dr. D.,—I am glad to hear that you are

at last making holiday, and I hope you'll soon get rid of your proofs. I am at the seaside, tho' in too warm a place, and am reading novels and doing dictionary work. I have brought your copy down with me, but haven't touched it yet. I've sent your message to the club to Jack Munro, and told him to read it to the girls, as they'll like it. Mrs. Frances Campbell has written a very flattering article on us which is to be in No. 9 of the *Throne*. On Bank Holiday—Saturday to Tuesday—Jack took up 10 in my boat, weekending at Molesey, and there were twenty more in other boats. On Monday next the Captain and three other girls are to go up the river in one of our boats. We've had some very pleasant parties this season. Tho' we haven't as fine scenery as you, we are fond of our quiet flat land. I hope you'll find some literary and pleasant companions in the regiment you join, and that you'll have courteous drill serjeants and officers. The year'll be an unwelcome break in your life of culture, but in a country like Austria, every man must be a soldier. I did 12 years' volunteering here. With all good wishes I am, sincerely yours, F. J. F.'

If this shows us the Doctor as the ever watchful patron of his club, anxious to arrange pleasant holiday excursions for its members after their week of dull work in offices, shops, and counting-houses, the next communication I quote transfers us as vividly into the midst of his troubles as manager of the Early English Text Society, always eagerly desirous to bring more and more relics of England's ancient literature to light. This is what he wrote to me on the appearance of vol. ci of the E. E. T. S.'s Extra Series :—

'14th March, 1908. Dear Dr. D.,—A sample copy

of your edition of the Songs and Carols etc. of Ric. Hill's MS. has just come, and I congratulate you on the appearance of this excellent piece of work that you have produced for our Society and for which we are all greatly indebted to you. I trust that before long we shall be able to ask you to make us another volume of the rest of the things in Hill's MS., for we must have it all sooner or later, but for the next two or three years our list is full as we must clear off three or four volumes of Lydgate's genuine and spurious works, besides the other works in hand. If only some capitalist wd take pity on us and give us a few thousands, we cd get on. Now we are hampered every year and scholars are too poor to contribute to us. Please tell Clay whether he is to send your editor's 50 copies to you in Vienna. Sincerely yours, F. J. F.'

The modern Englishman's Imperial patriotism was certainly not wanting in Dr. Furnivall. I remember him presiding at, and most warmly addressing, a meeting of the British Empire Shakespeare League in 1906. On that occasion, when he asked Professor Schick, of Munich, to speak on Shakespeare in Germany, he manifestly showed that an ideal still nearer and dearer to his heart than the material extension and consolidation of the British Empire was that even more ample and splendid intellectual empire of England, for which new provinces are conquered by every lecture on English literature and every lesson of the English language given in any part of the world. Accordingly the cordial and most encouraging reception he had given to my German book on Tennyson (1907) was followed up by an equally hearty missive of congratulation and advice on hearing of my appoint-

ment to a lectureship of English literature in the Polish University of Cracow, which had not possessed a chair of that subject before. He wrote on October 21, 1908:

'I'm very glad to hear that you are settled at Krakau, and I wish you all success there. Make friends with your students. Get up walks and meetings with them and ask 'em to tea. Kölbing does this at Freiburg, and it is much liked. I hope the Government pays you a decent salary. Fraternize with your friend Dziewicki [lector of English in the University] who helps us so well with our Wycliff Society . . .' [After some personal news on English and American friends, he goes on in reply to a request of mine]: 'I've askt four or five booksellers to send you catalogs, and I'll try to recollect to post you some that reach me. We have begun our winter season at the Sculling Club but not many men and girls come out; two fours and one pair, and two singles are about all. Professor Manly of Chicago who made the great Piers Plowman discovery, is here now. Good luck to you! Yours, F. J. F.'

The promised catalogues came in numbers; I refer to the circumstance as but one example out of many of the truly astonishing punctuality with which Dr. Furnivall managed to dispose of correspondence like this with hundreds of students in all parts of the world. Throughout my military year of isolation from literary work he had the incredible kindness to keep me informed, by many post cards, of the main events in the field of English studies; and even a month before his death he fulfilled a long-cherished wish of mine by sending me a large photo of himself, directed in his own hand.

I saw him a short time before his death. The calm fortitude with which he faced the certainty of approaching departure has been one of the sublimest lessons within my life's experience. We transacted some business concerning a proposed new contribution of mine to the Early English Texts, and it was to discuss matters connected with this that we met for the last time. The place was the same as that of my first meeting with him—his well-known tea-shop in New Oxford Street. After chatting most cheerfully on sundry matters, he referred to the fact that he had only a few months to live, and added he was grateful to the doctors for telling him, as he thus had time to arrange his affairs. He went on to speak of my proposed work, of which he had kindly revised the introduction; he answered some questions of Munro's concerning his biography, and he replied to Professor Wetz's admiring homage to his life's work for English Philology, in these most significant words: 'I never cared a bit for philology; my chief aim has been throughout to illustrate the social condition of the English people in the past.'

We accompanied him to the British Museum, which he used still to visit every day, as he had done for more than half a century. I could not forbear at parting to stammer a few inadequate phrases, of how great a blessing for my whole life I counted it to myself to have known him; he replied by a smile and a few kind words, then disappeared in the haze of the evening up the steps of the Ionic Temple.

R. Dyboski.

X

My acquaintance with my old friend Dr. F. J. Furnivall was a sort of by-product of a furious controversy that arose between him and my then partner Walter Rye, the well-known Norfolk and general antiquary, about the exact significance of which I am very uncertain, if I ever knew anything of it at all.

I have an idea it related as to which of two or three equally apocryphal cookshops (or their equivalent in those times) were 'used' (as they say of tap-rooms) by Chaucer and his intimates, in the city of London. But whatever the subject was, it resulted, after much heated contention, in cementing the friendship between Furnivall and Rye, and led to my becoming acquainted with the former.

I may remark here how vividly that bygone conflict over the Chaucer cookshops (or whatever it was) illustrates one of the Doctor's most distinctive characteristics. We all know what a hard hitter he was, and with what hearty goodwill he would belabour an adversary; but there was never the slightest malice in it. I don't believe there was even much of a desire (as there is with most people) to get the best of his opponent; at least nothing equal to his enthusiastic aspiration, that, what he believed to be, the truth should prevail.

Rye was at that time on the staff of the *Athenæum*, while Furnivall ruled the (antiquarian) roast of the *Academy*, from the columns of which two journals

many shrewd knocks were interchanged. But after the conflict mentioned, they used, I think, when anything of doubt or controversy was in the wind (*re* Chaucer or Shakespeare or other matters, in which they took a common interest), to meet and have a friendly discussion with a view of either diverting, or narrowing down hostilities.

Now and again, they found themselves in perfect agreement; and then, it was generally made very warm for somebody else.

I don't know whether anybody remembers a genealogical controversy that arose when the eldest son of a certain Colossus of (rail) roads, himself a Liberal statesman of no mean ability, was awarded a peerage, and supplied with a pedigree, through the instrumentality of some eager antiquarian friend.

What there was in this pedigree that so terribly excited my two friends I am unable to say, but no thousand red rags ever, I should think, had so terrible an effect on any bull (either of Basan or otherwise) that ever existed.

Through the Doctor's frequent visits to Rye, he gradually took notice of me, and, finding that we were of kindred sentiments, as regarded the river Thames, and how it could be utilized for the benefit of working-class youth, he was good enough to introduce me into the Maurice Rowing Club, which he had started among the members of the Great Ormond Street Working Men's College, and ever after we remained in close touch with each other.

The Doctor was then a youth, not much over fifty,

strong, wiry, and up to any amount of work in a boat, though I do not think he had a whit more enthusiasm and general 'go' in him then than he had last winter (1909–10), when I do not think he ever missed sculling from Hammersmith to Richmond and back every single Sunday, whatever the weather might be; and it certainly was not delectable as a rule.

I remember one fearful day, with a bitter north-east half-gale blowing, and frequent storms of snow and sleet. I had heard in the morning that he had made one of a crew that had gone up to Richmond, with the prospect of coming back against wind and a strong flood-tide. I went down in the evening just before dark, in some anxiety as to what might have befallen him, being rather doubtful whether the light-hearted young people accompanying him sufficiently appreciated the severity of the task before them.

They had gone off to Richmond with a leading wind against a very slack ebb-tide, and, knowing that the Doctor would rather die over his sculls than let the elements get the best of him, I felt I must get down to Hammersmith, and learn how he fared. Just as I got down to the rafts, a furious storm of mingled sleet, snow and hail burst upon the water, striving against which appeared out of the gloom the light sculling four of the Furnivall Club, with the Doctor's well-known figure at bow, manfully battling in over the last hundred yards of water that separated the crew from their landing-stage.

It was really a marvel to see how he threw his weight into each stroke after the tremendous work he and the

whole crew must have had over the seven miles they had just completed against wind and tide.

I was in some fear that he might collapse, when they stopped; but not a bit of it. Certainly, he had to be lugged out of his seat, on to the raft, but directly he found himself on his feet he was all right, and utterly declined to go into the Club House, until he had done his share in carrying in and housing the boat, and making everything shipshape and snug. At tea afterwards he was just as usual, and really seemed the least fatigued of all the crew, who had that day done such a rare hard bit of sculling merely for the love of the thing.

But this is getting a little too far ahead. In 1881 and 1882 I suppose Dr. Furnivall rowed as strong an oar and could stay as long as any man of his weight (or say seven pounds or so beyond it) in the Maurice Club; and they had some pretty good men too in those days, all of whom gave up the game long before the Doctor's last illness, which alone cut him off from his beloved river.

At that time (the very early eighties) I was just finishing up my own boat-racing career in the Thames R.C., and for some years did very little rowing except in up-river pleasure-boat trips, from which I was ultimately choked off by the enormous increase of the riparian 'smart set', and their admirers and imitators (just as numerous as those ashore, if not more so), who made the passage of most locks a nuisance, and turned all the quiet little riverside inns, at which one had been accustomed to do oneself very well for about eighteen-

pence, into varieties of embryo, or sucking, Metropoles and Grands, where (like the hotel at Rochester Mr. Jingle did *not* patronize) it is 'half a crown to look at the waiter', with extra, proportionate, charges for anything to eat or drink.

But in about 1887, or thereabouts, I again betook myself to the tideway, and ever after that the Doctor and I were constant companions of the oar, and the towpath, and possessed of a common interest which never cooled or slackened.

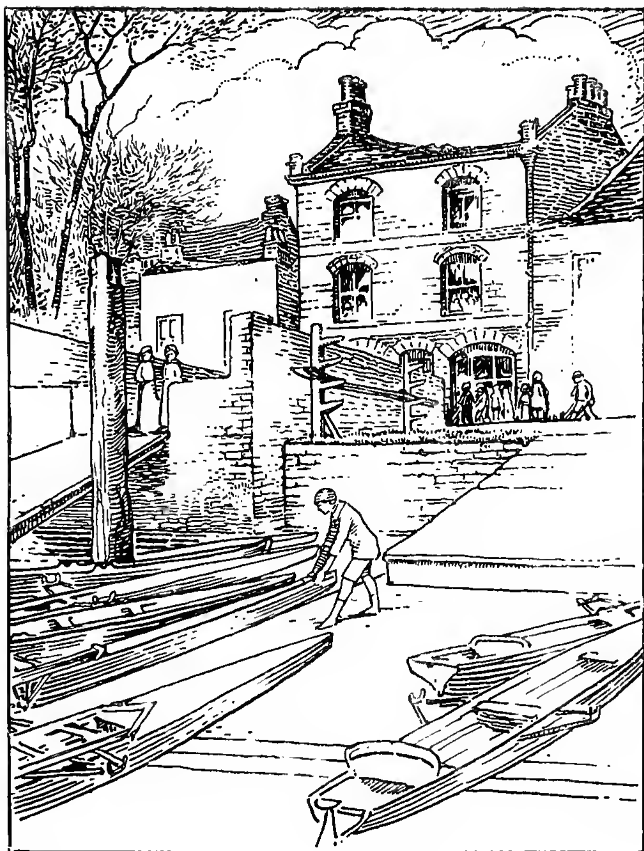
I remember seeing him take part in many races of the Maurice, in the late eighties and early nineties—one particularly, when three fours finished under Hammersmith Bridge, within two or three feet of each other. Furnivall was No. 2 of the winning crew. I was in a sculling-boat close to the finish, and well recollect the dash and power he put into his last few strokes.

I think he used to scull in all the races he could without troubling about training; but then his constant exercise and abstemious living kept him pretty well always in condition.

After the Maurice came to an end, the Doctor became a vice-president of the (Regent Street) Polytechnic Rowing Club, and introduced me to a good many of their fellows, who have ever since been my valued friends.

And it was really wonderful to see how he attracted them.

They, like the Maurice fellows before them, and the Furnivall Sculling Club members after them,



THE FURNIVALL SCULLING CLUB
FROM A DRAWING BY
JESSIE CURRIE

seemed to delight in doing anything at his request. Now and then I wanted men to help me with various water-parties of children, and others connected with certain London City Mission outings, of school children and workers, and the Doctor always provided me with crews, coming himself whenever he could, and doing all possible to make every one thoroughly enjoy the day.

I remember one big affair of the kind we had one Whit Monday, when four or five very large treble scullers carried our party from Staines to Richmond, with a picnic dinner and tea by the way, and a stop at Hampton Court for a ramble about the beautiful palace garden and grounds. The Doctor showed the greatest solicitude that all the engaged, or 'on liking', couples should be allowed to pair off in various directions, without the presence of any third party, only remarking in rather a loud voice, as if to himself, as they passed him, the time at which the boats ought to start away. There was always a mother or two, or an aunt with various small children to be bothered with, on such occasions, and to the amusement of these he would devote himself, while the Amaryllides and their swains sported in the shade. Of a truth he understood human nature, and what was best in it, and *for* it.

But great scholar, and strenuous and enthusiastic athlete, as he undoubtedly was, I really think he showed to the best advantage when successfully pulling through one of those most difficult things for any middle-aged or elderly people to conduct, namely, a town children's school treat.

I am afraid I used to come on him for that sort of thing, somewhat unduly, but he always took up the work with alacrity, and seemed to revel in the happiness and enjoyment he always brought about.

He was a wonderful man, by the way, for doing this sort of thing on the cheap—a most desirable accomplishment where money is scarce, as it always was with me, and my lot. He would bring us no end of good things at an absurdly small outlay. He had so many friends to come on for this and that, and to boil and bake and concoct for him.

I remember once when we took two boat-loads from the club at Hammersmith up to Kew Gardens and back one Saturday afternoon, when the tide served both ways.

We had two large waterman's skiffs packed with children, with I think four girls and two or three youths who had come with the children, but nobody who could do anything in the boat.

Consequently, he alone had to scull and manage one boat, and I the other, getting such help as we could (or the reverse) from volunteering boys, splashing about with odd sculls, through the unoccupied row-locks.

I was not a little nervous that day, as he was always so engrossed in his contemplation of the fun and talk of one or other of the youngsters in succession, that I am certain a good many of them might have tumbled overboard and gone under without his ever being aware of the fact, so that I had to keep my boat close to him, and be continually on the watch. I had

had a pretty hot time of it, also, in the same way at Hammersmith itself.

I got down there a little late and found the Doctor busily engaged in packing away, in different corners of the boat, the hard-boiled eggs and cakes and fruit which he had bought (or 'cadged' from his friends) for the occasion, having drawn up the school children on a raft which kept continually swinging out into the strong flowing tide. He seemed to imagine that they would stand still till he had completed his arrangements, but of course they were all running about the raft, and jumping from it to the other rafts, at the imminent peril of tumbling into the water, then about ten or fifteen feet deep, with a current which would have swept them away under a lot of moored barges. I really believe we should have had some fatal accident if I had not devoted myself exclusively to preserving the lives of the children until we started off, while all the way up and down it appeared as if one was bound to exercise the most constant vigilance to prevent some or other of them going overboard.

But the Doctor laughed at my fears, said he was thoroughly used to taking children such trips, and had never had an accident.

This I believe was true, but it only shows that (despite his abstinence) he had undoubtedly acquired some of that peculiar faculty which always enables a drunken man to run across crowded street traffic, tumble off 'buses, and fall down in front of motor-cars, without sustaining any injury.

In the Gardens it was delightful to see him arranging

games for the children, allowing himself to be lugged hither and thither, scrambled over with muddy shoes, and generally treated pretty much as a Teddy Bear is, when coveted by three powerful urchins at one time.

Anon he would escape from the more turbulent youngsters and induce three or four of the elder girls (generally the best looking in company ; he always had an eye for that) to take a stroll, and receive information as regarded the more rare and beautiful flowers, shrubs, and foliage in which he thoroughly delighted, or to listen to his stories of the royal, and popular, doings at Kew and Richmond langsyne. And so he would keep at it the whole afternoon, never for an instant appearing to desire any rest or quiet for himself, so long as he could see all happy around him.

All the way home he was making up and telling stories, while they all hung about him, and impeded his sculling as much as possible, and when at last we had got them all safe back at Hammersmith he would not let them go until he had showed them everything that there was to be seen in the club-rooms, and given each a parting piece of cake and an orange to sweeten the journey home to the purlieus and back streets from whence they had come.

All children such as those I am describing—who sleep with their parents five or six together in one room, but live most of their time (winter and summer) in the open streets from year's end to year's end, seeing nothing but the pavement and the traffic, except on such rare occasions as I have mentioned—delight, when they get into the country, in gathering not only flowers,

but anything in the nature of leaves, plant, or herbage generally that strikes their fancy.

I remember once his helping me with a party of, I should think, over twenty, in his well-known big treble sculler at Richmond. We paddled them up to Teddington Lock, stopping at intervals on each side of the river, and landing small parties of them to pick flowers, or rushes, or anything else that attracted them.

It was delightful to see how interested the Doctor became in each child's collection, and how he would take immense trouble, and get wet up to the knees in finding them sow-thistle and dock, and other large leaves, which could be used to bind them all up into a shapely nosegay.

The children never seemed to tire him out, and undoubtedly he took the greatest pleasure in seeing that each small urchin went home full of pride at being the bearer of a floral tribute to its parents.

W. H. Eyre.

XI

C'est à Oxford que je vis le Docteur Furnivall pour la première fois. L'université anglaise célébrait la longévité radieuse de son incomparable bibliothèque. Nous étions réunis, quelques centaines d'invités, dans le hall d'Oriel College. Furnivall se tenait au milieu d'un groupe d'amis, écoutant de cet air recueilli qui lui était habituel une conversation animée, et aussitôt il s'imposa à mon attention, tant il semblait réaliser le type classique du savant. Ses cheveux longs laissant

à découvert un front élevé, sa barbe blanchissante éparpillée sur sa poitrine, ses traits réguliers, calmes, nobles et harmonieux, la lumière qui se jouait dans ses yeux perçants, tout en lui disait la splendeur d'une vie passée en des travaux austères, l'affinement d'un esprit en perpétuel contact avec l'idée. Il n'était pas jusqu'à sa robe doctorale qui, en ajoutant une sorte de consécration officielle, ne vînt donner à l'homme la valeur d'un symbole.

J'aime à évoquer cette impression première pour mieux faire saillir, par un effet de contraste, toute la beauté du véritable Furnivall. Car cette image, quelque séduisante qu'elle soit, n'a avec le portrait exact de notre grand ami qu'une ressemblance tout extérieure et presque trompeuse. Qui voulait connaître le savant dans l'intimité de son être devait aller le contempler dans l'A.B.C. de New Oxford Street devenu, en ces dernières années, le lieu de rendez-vous préféré du ' Docteur '. Dans ce cadre modeste, presque populaire, il exerçait sans faste, humblement — mais avec quelle noblesse ! — les lourdes fonctions de grand maître de l'érudition anglaise. Tous les jours, vers quatre heures et demie, il était là, assis devant une tasse de café et quelques rôties, le dos tourné à la fenêtre, prêt à accueillir les innombrables visiteurs qui venaient le consulter de tous les coins du monde. Rien n'égalait alors la simplicité de son abord. Dès qu'au sommet de l'escalier en vis émergeait une silhouette connue ou attendue un sourire de plaisir tenait lieu de civilités. Un petit geste familier vous engageait à prendre place et, aussitôt, sans vaines cérémonies, c'était l'intimité la

plus cordiale, un abandon sans réserve. Tout autour la vie fiévreuse battait son plein ; les tables voisines se garnissaient et se dégarnissaient de consommateurs — *city men* affairés, ou maîtresses de maison courant les grands magasins. Mais lui tout au plaisir d'avoir retrouvé un ami ou retenu par l'espérance d'un service à rendre, il laissait couler les heures, oubliant presque son activité pour prêter une attention inlassable même aux questions les plus triviales. Insoucieux de l'autorité que lui conféraient d'innombrables publications et une compétence universellement reconnue, il déposait volontiers sa supériorité et prenait les allures d'un disciple aux premiers jours de son initiation. Il écoutait avec patience, presque avec déférence, ses interlocuteurs développer leurs théories, dire leurs espoirs ou leurs trouvailles. S'il discutait, c'était timidement et entre deux affirmations d'ignorance. Ce qui ne l'empêchait pas, d'ailleurs, d'entr'ouvrir à la fin les cachettes de sa mémoire ; rarement il quittait ses invités sans les avoir rapprochés du but poursuivi, soit en leur indiquant le livre à consulter, soit en leur donnant le nom de l'homme à aller voir. Que de fois même n'a-t-il pas mis sa joie à abandonner des matériaux qu'il avait patiemment accumulés ! Car il avait du travail littéraire une conception rare et noble. Il n'attachait aucun prix aux satisfactions égoïstes que peuvent procurer les découvertes retentissantes ou les ouvrages qui font époque ; ce qui lui importait, avant tout, c'était de voir la science poursuivre sans interruption sa marche vers le progrès ; la recherche individuelle n'avait de valeur à ses yeux que

parce qu'elle ajoutait à la somme des connaissances. Et c'est pourquoi toute sa vie, d'un geste large et auguste, il distribua à tout venant et sans espoir de retour les richesses amassées par son labeur.

Cette modestie et ce désintéressement, joints à une grande bonté et à une tendre sollicitude pour les humbles, étaient les qualités les plus charmantes du ' Docteur ', celles qui lui valaient tant de marques d'attachement, aussi bien aux réunions de la ' Philological Society ' qu'en ces journées du dimanche sur la Tamise où il assemblait autour de lui jeunes gens et jeunes filles de la Cité pour leur donner un peu de joie et attiser en eux la flamme de l'idéal. Mais ce qui séduisait peut-être le plus en lui c'était son inaltérable optimisme. De nombreux déboires et l'échec des rêves les plus chers n'avaient pu diminuer la confiance qu'il mettait en la vie. Il n'était pas de ces vieillards maussades qui jettent obstinément des regards éteints vers leur passé. Il savait suivre avec intérêt les efforts de la génération présente et découvrir sous les théories les plus aventureuses la part de bien qu'elles peuvent contenir. S'il a souffert de voir notre pauvre monde moderne se tordre dans sa géhenne, il n'a pas cessé d'espérer en la délivrance et, pour sa consolation, il a su trouver jusque dans les spasmes les plus douloureux la promesse d'une harmonie rétablie par les calmes futurs. Car il croyait fermement à la perfectibilité illimitée et aux ressources inépuisables de la nature humaine.

A cette conviction le Docteur Furnivall a dû l'allègre et active sérénité de sa vieillesse. Jusqu'à ses derniers jours il a voulu contribuer à ce progrès qui était pour

lui la raison d'être et la beauté de la vie. A un âge où la généralité des hommes ne songe qu'au repos et au recueillement il a entrepris des œuvres colossales capables de faire reculer des jeunes gens. A cet optimisme large et agissant il a dû aussi de voir arriver la mort avec tranquillité, comme un événement nécessaire, venant à son heure, nuit et repos après une journée bien remplie. La nouvelle qu'il était terrassé par un mal inguérissable le laissa en effet calme et déterminé. Il semble même avoir éprouvé une certaine volupté à parler du moment où il allait entrer dans le grand inconnu. Le 16 avril dernier, ayant vu dans un journal du soir l'annonce que sa fin était proche, il m'envoya l'entrefilet après avoir souligné d'une main ferme le passage annonçant à ses amis qu'ils devaient perdre tout espoir. Peut-on imaginer mouvement plus sublime dans son inconsciente simplicité? C'est ainsi que, dans les temps lumineux de la Grèce antique, les sages se préparaient avec allégresse au passage fatal et s'endormaient dans un sourire.

ALBERT FEUILLERAT.

XII

THE name of 'Dr. Furnivall' had been familiar from annotated editions of Shakspere and Chaucer even in one's school-days. But the first time I got any clear idea of the man—and more especially of his power of controversy—was from a lecture by Henry Morley, delivered, I think, in 1887. Morley told the story of the New Shakspere Society with his characteristic kindness, and in doing so drew a very clear picture of

Frederick James Furnivall. Not long after it was my good fortune to be introduced to the Doctor at the tea-shop, hard by the British Museum, where he and his many protégés foregathered towards the end of the day's work.

A new recruit for English studies, however young and untried, was a cause of joy to Furnivall's heart. He must be encouraged, must come to the meetings of the Philological Society, must undertake a piece of work and report the result of it to the society. And then he would talk on, drawing out the novice by his own unaffected learning, telling of the early days of his many societies and of the work that still needed doing—with a playful note of warning, 'But you'll only make bread and butter out of it, my boy, if you do that: it's worth doing though.'

He was always at his best at the meetings of the Philological. There were first those wonderful minutes, written by his own hand, containing a faithful record of the proceedings of the previous meeting, with now and again a sly hit that often summarized his criticism of the paper at that meeting. His questions and criticism following the evening's paper generally stood out as the feature of the evening: the pleasure of them was all the greater as one watched his enjoyment of the coffee and cakes that 'I have ordered for my young friends'.

What can the Philological be without him? is the question that inevitably comes to one's mind.

'You fellows do so many other things.' That was the way he summed us up, and truly too. As a con-

sequence of the many other things I had seen little of him during the last few years.

The presentation on his seventy-fifth birthday, and his speech after it, linger in my memory, not in detail, but as a sort of summary of him. There was more than one touch of the old love of controversy, mellowed and almost hidden up by the human touches shown in his joy over the boat, and how good it would be for the Hammersmith Girls' Club, followed up by a rambling talk in which there came many things, foremost among them 'English' and the Working Men's College.

The freshness of the man remained to the end: he was ever ready to consider a new view, often to accept it, and never did he discourage a new venture, even though it threatened to take energy from one of his. His hearty welcome and sudden acceptance of new views about *Piers Plowman* was one of the most striking examples of the former: the help and encouragement he gave to the founding of the English Association of the latter.

T. GREGORY FOSTER.

XIII

I FIRST made the acquaintance of Dr. Furnivall at a performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* by the Irving Dramatic Club, of which I was then the professional stage-manager. At that time Ben Webster, Hayden Coffin, and several other now distinguished artists were members of the club. Dr. Furnivall, who

was an honoured guest owing to his enthusiastic interest in all Shakespearean work, displayed a vivid interest in the production, and his clever criticisms, even when not altogether favourable, were highly appreciated, by none more than myself, to whom the encouragement given by a man of his remarkable personality and keen observation was an incentive to further efforts. A subsequent performance of the *School for Scandal* so highly interested Dr. Furnivall that he wrote to me :—

'I must try hard to persuade you to take up one of Browning's Plays, *Strafford*, or the *Return of the Druses*, say. We Browningites are all very anxious to see a play of his on the boards again. A performance of one would draw every dramatic critic in London. . . . Will you kindly read Browning's plays if you don't know them, and tell me under what conditions your company would play one next autumn or spring, and then I'll see whether they can be met. I should immensely like, and so would Browning and all his readers, I am sure, to see a play of his in your company's hands. Pray do think the matter over and help us if it is possible.'

There could be only one reply to so flattering a request, and the result of the Doctor's enthusiastic interest was the performance of Browning's tragedy, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, which was given, together with Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, under my direction and under the auspices of the Browning Society and the 'New Shakspere Society' at St. George's Hall on April 30 and May 2, 1885. Dr. Furnivall's prediction was verified, and lengthy criticisms appeared in all the

leading papers, though I must honestly confess they were by no means altogether favourable, except as regards the enthusiasm and ambition which led to the production. It is fair to add, however, that the performances were the means of reviving an interest in Browning's plays, as not long after the same play, and I think *Colombe's Birthday* and *On a Balcony*, were given by the Dramatic Students' Society, while I believe it was at the same period that the O.U.D.S. produced *Strafford*, with Mr. H. B. Irving, who was then at college, in the title-part.

Dr. Furnivall was particularly anxious that Mr. Browning should be consulted about the production, and with this object he kindly gave me an introduction to the poet. I shall never forget the impression created by his genial personality, and the heartiness with which he welcomed me at his house in Warwick Crescent. At this first and many subsequent interviews I was struck with the unaffected simplicity of his manner and the warm-hearted interest he took in the production of his play.

I ventured to make an earnest appeal to Mr. Browning that he would honour the first performance with his presence. He at first declined, saying, 'I should much like to come, but I am afraid my enthusiastic friends of the Browning Society will want to drag me before the footlights, and I cannot bear the idea of a public demonstration. Subsequently, however, his kindly nature induced him to give way, and he said, 'You have shown so much interest and enthusiasm over my play that I must accede to your request if

you will guarantee that my presence is not known to the audience.'

I need hardly say that I gave this guarantee and arranged that Mr. Browning should be admitted by the stage-door, and he witnessed the performance from a stage-box (covered in with muslin curtains). He afterwards came on the stage and thanked the actors and myself, expressing his great pleasure at the representation. So well was the secret kept, that not only were the audience ignorant of the fact, but even Dr. Furnivall himself was unaware of it, and it was not until after the poet's death that I related the circumstance to the Doctor at an accidental meeting.

My association with Dr. Furnivall in the above production and in other matters will always be an extremely pleasant memory. His kindly and courteous manner, coupled with his great literary knowledge, and enthusiastic interest in Shakespeare, Chaucer, Browning, and other great poets, inspired and compelled a corresponding enthusiasm in others with whom he came in contact.

CHARLES FRY.

XIV

MY first meeting Dr. Furnivall was, I remember, characteristic. It was about thirty years ago. I was going to the British Museum one hot early summer afternoon. He was coming away. His jacket was off and carried over his arm, and his hat was in his hand. People turned and looked after him, but he walked on

unconscious of their gaze. As he said, 'it was too hot for coat and hat, therefore he took his off. Why not do the same?' It was his unconsciousness of doing anything remarkable that made him so lovable—this and his capacity for 'giving'. When he entered a room he seemed to me to 'give' something of himself to those present. If he only said 'good-day' I always realized that a wish for a 'good day' had actually been given.

This power of 'giving', together with his love for those who needed help, his straightness of thought and word, would have made him remarkable apart from his power of acquiring knowledge and using it.

He never suggested the learned man who condescends to impart knowledge. He delighted to help, to be of use, as he put it. He never either suggested 'man' the superior to me, a woman, and inferior; but was a friend and equal from first to last. He raised people to his level, never condescended to theirs. He drew people to him by his sincerity, sympathy, and personal magnetism, and he possessed that power of making every one feel at his or her best. One felt one could *do* something when with him. He was enthusiastic and others became so. He was a leader.

As president of the London Shakespeare League he showed that thoroughness and simplicity which characterized him in other ways. Always attending meetings of committee and other functions, it was his desire that the people should benefit by being brought into closer touch with Shakespeare by getting to know how and where he lived, what he did and said in

ordinary everyday life, and not merely as the great poet and dramatist, what Shakespeare owed to London and to the men and women he met there, and what London owed to him.

Up to the last he attended every meeting, and when after his attack last spring I asked him whether he would prefer not to attend the Mansion House conversazione and the supper at the 'Cheshire Cheese' he said at once: 'As long as I am president I shall do my work, and I shall only stay away if you wish me to and if you think I am not equal to doing it.'

He gave one of his most charming little speeches at the Mansion House on the 22nd April, 1910, when thanking the Lord Mayor for his kindness in receiving the members, and at the 'Cheshire Cheese', on the 23rd April, said 'good-bye' to the members present and thanked us all for our goodness and kindness to him in allowing him to be our president so long.

He was in all things a good citizen. He believed in the people. He felt their need of greater facilities for recreation. He believed in the open spaces, commons, and the river, in music and dancing by the people themselves.

He was a man who did great good, and he has laid all who knew him and all who profit by his work under deep obligations. To those who loved him, and they are many, he can never be replaced.

ALICE B. GOMME.

19 Warwick Crescent
W. Feb. 5. '85.

My dear Furnivall,

I could not divine—what the Berlin people have so properly commemorated—that yesterday was your Birthday: well done of Berlin! and ill done of me if I ever henceforth forget to congratulate you and myself on its occurrence! All good wishes to you from yours, always gratefully and affectionately

Robert Browning.

BROWNING'S LETTER OF CONGRATULATION TO FURNIVALL ON HIS BIRTHDAY AND HIS BERLIN DEGREE

XV

It was early in May 1884, when visiting a friend next door to my old home in Hampstead, that a message was brought to me that Dr. Furnivall wished to see me, and would I return at once. I did so, and found that Dr. Furnivall had already settled down quite comfortably with the family, which consisted of my father and my mother and two sisters. This was his first visit to our house, but he might have been a friend of old standing, so pleasant and cheery were his manner and bearing to us all. When he learned that I was Ethel, he made it clearly understood that his visit was entirely to me.

'Look here,' he said, 'I have heard that you write songs, and I want you to write some music to some of Browning's poems. I have brought a whole lot of volumes with me—here they are. I want you to choose anything you like out of them which you think would set to music well. We are going to have a Browning concert in connexion with the Browning Society, which I founded, you know; and as there is so little music written to his poetry, we must begin to make it at once, and so we are inviting several composers to give us musical settings of any of those poems which may appeal to them.'

Of course I felt very much honoured, but I told him to my shame that I had not read any of Browning's works.

'I know it is very shocking,' I said, 'but it is true. I am afraid you won't think anything of me when you hear this fearful confession.'

But he only laughed in his hearty way and said:

'You must read 'em at once: I feel sure you will soon find something which will make you want to write.'

His eagerness and enthusiasm dispelled any diffident reluctance, for he had the power of making people feel that they wished to do things and were able to do them. He had evidently made up his mind not to leave the house until I had found a poem which would appeal to me, for he spent the whole evening amongst us; and whilst he was happily engaged in talking with my father, I shut myself up in my own room and made a dash into those fifteen volumes! Fancy making your first acquaintance with Browning in this fashion! Well, by a piece of good luck I landed on the first stanza of 'James Lee's Wife': 'Ah, love but a day and the world has changed.' I believed I could write a setting to that. Dr. Furnivall was pleased with the choice (by the way, he would persist in calling it a section of James Lee's Wife, much to our amusement!), and we arranged that when I had written the music he would take me with it to see Mr. Browning.

So that same night I set to work whilst the spirit of his encouragement was upon me—and the music came. And one Sunday afternoon—a memorable day I shall never forget—Dr. Furnivall took me to see the great poet, and I had the honour of singing the song to him. He seemed much pleased with it, and made me very proud by accepting the dedication. I remember that he appeared to be greatly gratified at hearing of the

doings of the Browning Society, and most appreciative of Dr. Furnivall's eager services on his behalf.

My next Browning song was ' I go to prove my Soul ', and this was followed by a part song for male voices : ' Over the sea our galleys go.' Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Cécile Hartog, Edwin Bending, and several others also wrote songs later on for the society. Dr. Furnivall's activity in this matter testifies to his remarkable power of throwing himself into a strange set of circumstances ; for he was really not at all musical, and we often teased him about it in our family circle.

We had all become very much attached to ' Ferney ', as we had learnt to call him. He would bear and give any amount of chaffing, and I remember one solemn function in our garden, when, having decided in secret conclave that all his old ties were beyond human wearing, we buried them in the ground, whilst he looked on, a little uneasy at first at seeing his treasures disappear, then gradually reconciled, and finally delighted with the fun and frivolity of the proceedings. Peals of Furnivall laughter completed the ceremony.

In one's almost forgotten memory of things, the attempt at recalling the events of the past brings to reawakened life so much fun and kindness and helpfulness which Ferney scattered everywhere. I shall ever bear gratefully in my mind and heart all that he did for me.

ETHEL HARRADEN GLOVER.

XVI

The first letter I ever received from Dr. Furnivall contained a little woodcut of Chaucer and the following lines :—

'Although I am not a Greek root or a 'cello, and am therefore unworthy of your regard, I propose to come and drink a cup of tea and have a slice of bread and jam with you this afternoon.'

This was the beginning of a long friendship with Ferney, as we always called him, which continued for about twenty-five years, with an interruption in the middle; and I shall never forget the delightful way in which the renewal of our old intimacy took place. It was Christmas Eve, and it was snowing hard. We were giving a children's party, and there was a Christmas-tree, and much fun and laughter. Suddenly, in the midst of our revels, a loud knock came at the front door, and my father exclaimed: 'God bless my soul! I think that 's Ferney's knock!' We all rushed to the front door and opened it. There stood Ferney, bare-headed, with his cap in his hand, and covered with snow.

'Mr. Harraden,' he said, 'I cannot stand this any longer. I have come back. Will you have me?'

Then we hauled him in and welcomed him with delight; and after that there were no more interruptions.

In the early days he used to come to our house for tennis every Saturday afternoon, bringing with him various interesting and delightful young men, who, like himself, became *habitués* of my father's home.

Sometimes we went for picnics to the farm where my mother stayed during the summer months, at Ayot St. Peters, near Welwyn. On one celebrated occasion, never forgotten in the annals of fun, there was a terrific thunderstorm, and all of us, except Ferney, fled into the farm-house. When the storm was over, we went out and found him sitting quietly under the table, eating strawberries, at full speed.

'What duffers you have all been!' he said. 'I have had a splendid time under the table, eating up the strawberries.'

He remembered that episode to the end of his life, and only a few weeks before he died, when he and I were talking of old times, he said: 'Do you remember how I ate up the strawberries whilst all you duffers were sheltering in the farm-house? By Jove! they were good too!'

Then came that burst of hearty boyish laughter, characteristic of the Doctor up to the end. He was greatly amused when I reminded him, in connexion with these picnics, how he used to chaff one of the young men—an Irishman of a somewhat methodical disposition—who always labelled the hampers which he contributed to the feast as vol. i or vol. ii.

'Come on, Lecky,' the Doctor used to sing out, 'we have eaten up vol. ii. Isn't vol. iii published yet?'

This was the gay and merry side of acquaintanceship with Ferney; but along with the fun and the heartiness, which never failed as the years wore on, went the other real things, which also never slackened with time: the interest he showed in one's work, the willing help

he always gave, and the spirited encouragement which bounded out of his sympathetic heart and his vitalized being. If you felt flat and depressed, all you had to do was to go and call on Ferney at the A.B.C. tea-shop, or write and ask him to come and have some cocoa and some bread and jam in your own home. Before you had been five minutes in his radiant presence, you felt yourself capable of every effort, every achievement, and ready for every joy which life might have to offer you.

Ferney always passed his friends on to others, making a bond of camaraderie between them all which nothing can sever. He knew so many different kinds of people that he could always give a letter of introduction to some one who would help you in your work, answer some inquiry, or correct some mistake for you.

The person that you went to, usually loved the Doctor as much as you loved him yourself, and so there were never any preliminaries nor any barriers. You felt certain that your arrival had been heralded by the traditional post card which stated your wants with due publicity. You probably saw the post card waved before your eyes as a welcome, and you settled down to the company of your new friend as though he were your old friend on whom you had a definite and undisputed claim.

Only a few months ago this was my happy experience with an importer of diamonds in the city. I wanted to learn something about precious stones, and was sent by Ferney to one of his friends, who received me with the greatest kindness, gave up time and service to me,

showed me all his treasures, and poured cascades of rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds before my enchanted vision, so that I seemed to be living in one of the chapters of the Arabian Nights.

On another occasion I went to Oxford to the headquarters of the great Dictionary; and there, as always, a post card had been duly received, stating my wants and disclosing with unguarded truthfulness the plot of my story! Some of the complications and secrets of dictionary-making were unfolded to me with a willing generosity which I shall never forget; and off I went, armed with fresh knowledge and with new friends.

This desire to share with others was one of the dominating impulses of Ferney's unselfish and unworldly nature. I have never met any one so unselfish and so unworldly. He was always eager to 'give some other fellow a chance', whether in work or in play, in pleasure or in scholarship; and the greatest charm and beauty of his character lay in the fact that he was entirely unconscious of the kindness of his acts, which were really the direct outcome of his temperament and were called forth by no thought of reward, either here or hereafter. To him the words had no meaning: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days,' or 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life'; for he had no so-called religious faith, and no belief in a future life. All the more beautiful, therefore, were these promptings of his own spirit.

Not so long ago I said to Ferney: 'Why don't you write your life? You have known so many fine people

and had so many interesting experiences, that it would be packed full of interest.'

He answered : ' If I wrote it, I should have to write a truthful one and put in all the things I was ashamed of ; and I do not think I should like doing that. But at the same time, I should not like to leave 'em out.'

I have quoted his words because I feel sure that he would have wished me to do so, and because they sum up his sincerity and truthfulness. He hated all pretence and misleading sham. No whited sepulchre was Ferney. His faults and weaknesses, which he took no trouble whatsoever to hide, were equally well known to his friends, who loved him dearly, and to his enemies, who, to their great deprivation, saw only the failings and none of the greatness. They are indeed to be pitied ; for to have missed the true greatness in a great man is, to go away empty-handed, instead of laden with golden grain.

But most of us are laden with the golden grain which the Doctor gave us so freely : joyous courage to go on with our work and our play : abiding lessons of selflessness and unworldliness : and a determination never to let the spirit of true comradeship die down in our hearts.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

XVII

APPEARING side by side with the affectionate tributes of intimate friends and grateful disciples, the impressions of one who had not the fortune to enjoy more

than occasional meetings (although these were spread over a length of years) with Dr. Furnivall must needs seem lacking in warmth and in knowledge. But it does not seem possible to go entirely astray about a man who gave of himself so freely, frankly, and readily even to a chance-comer.

I met him first when I myself was a boy. He took a morning walk of fifteen or twenty miles in order to lunch with my father (then head master of St. John's School, Leatherhead) one Sunday, and strode in at the big school gates just as we came out from morning chapel—his well-known cap on his head and his coat trailing across the stick which he carried over his shoulder. I talked to him for the last time a year or two before he died, when he came to tea at my house, on his way from the Museum, and gossiped delightedly with my little children. The passage of years seemed to change him less than it changes most men—even in appearance, as I fancy, and certainly in essentials. His was, I imagine, a very constant character, firmly and broadly based on a stable and abiding foundation of enthusiasm and simplicity. His enthusiasm was not of the soft and dreamy order—and was even more remote from gushing. It was bold, masculine, on occasions (perhaps not rare occasions) aggressive and combative. And it was entirely natural and unconscious—natural because he was not a man of doubts or reserves as to either causes or persons; unconscious because his simplicity not merely forbade artifice, but seemed to make any self-analysis foreign to his temper, a thing which would be likely to present itself to him as rather

a waste of time in a world where there was so much work to do.

A man of this nature, endowed, in addition, with a physical vigour capable of responding to every call made upon it by an ardent spirit, will do much and get much done. Directly and indirectly—by his own labour and by his influence over others—Furnivall did much for the two things which he had most at heart, sound learning and human happiness. As his writings spread knowledge, so his presence diffused the enjoyment of life. In both causes he poured out all that he had. This, again, it came natural to him to do. He achieved reputation, though I do not suppose that he ever sought it; he reaped affection and love, but probably it never occurred to him to ask even for gratitude. He worked and played because he liked the work and the play and the people he worked and played with; and what he liked he did with all his might. So he passed through a life prolonged beyond the span allotted to most men; happier too—we may rejoice in feeling sure of this—than falls to most men's lot. Young in body and mind, delighting in young people, with a spirit always full of youthful fire and a heart whose sunshine defied the shadow of years, untouched till the end by lassitude, melancholy, or decay, at last he fell asleep, leaving the world the better for his life and troops of friends to hold his memory dear.

ANTHONY HOPE.

XVIII

My first introduction to Dr. Furnivall was about three years ago, when I obtained a post in the A.B.C. as waitress in their new Oxford Street dépôt.

The Doctor was a regular customer at tea-time only. He was very plain with his food, merely ordering very weak coffee, rusks, and butter. We always took the same to him, very rarely asking him if he would like a change. He would invite friends to tea, and could always be found there every afternoon at 4.30 and always had a cheerful nod of recognition for everybody.

He was one of the kindest gentlemen I have ever met. No matter what was asked him, or who asked it, he was always willing to give advice or enlightenment. Customers would often inquire who the old gentleman was that came so regularly, and when informed would very often seize the opportunity for a chat with him.

He took a great delight in giving pleasure to others, as I have no doubt hundreds could testify; and I am sure that everybody who met him went away delighted.

When he entered the shop, he would bound up the stairs two at a time, as if he were quite a young man, which attracted general attention.

Occasionally during the summer he would invite several of us girls to a picnic up the river. They were glorious days. We would meet him at Richmond and would get into his boat, and were then pulled by him and his friends to Canbury Island near Kingston; and this in itself was a great feat for a man of his age. There we would partake of a very nice lunch, which we did

justice to. Afterwards we were dispatched with the young men of the party to spend the afternoon on the water learning to scull, while the Doctor had a rest. When we returned we all helped to get tea. After tea we would all go for a ramble round the island and then prepare for home. The Doctor would accompany us to the railway station and we would proceed our various ways, thus ending a most enjoyable day.

The last picnic he invited us to was in the early part of this year; but I am sorry to say the Doctor was not there, as he was very ill. He wrote a card saying he was very sorry he could not accompany us and that his friends would take care of us. Although we had the same routine and the same enjoyments we did not enjoy it nearly so much. The leading spirit was not there, and the thought that he was at home very ill cast a cloud over the whole day's enjoyment.

Besides inviting us to picnics, the Doctor would often bring to the shop little presents for us, such as small trinkets, fruit, or flowers; the flowers were principally violets. I think they were his favourite flower, for he was often seen with a bunch. We still have two books that he gave us—one a copy of Tennyson's poems and the other a book called *A Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, which we have had since 1907. About twice a year he would leave a parcel for us, which on being opened was found to contain two pairs of stockings for each of us.

The last time we saw him was when he came to give us the invitation to the picnic; he seemed very ill and could no longer bound up the stairs as he used to. He

seemed to have aged all at once, and one could see it was very hard work for him to get up the stairs to his accustomed seat at all. He did not seem to take the same bright interest in his surroundings as he used to, but sat very quiet and dull, presenting a very pathetic contrast for those who knew him. As I have said, that is the last we saw of him, and a little later it was with great regret we heard that he had been called away.

Through his kind acts and benevolent ways, he had so worked his way into our hearts that we cannot think of him as a customer, but rather as an old friend, and as I have said, we were very deeply grieved to hear of his death.

About a year before he died he presented me with a signed portrait of himself, which is now one of my greatest treasures.

BLANCHE HUCKLE.

XIX

My first impression of the late Doctor Furnivall was his great personality. He was quite different from any one I had ever come in contact with ; there was that about him which commanded respect, but at the same time the most humble could be sure of his attention.

I joined the sculling club of which he was the founder and president about nine years ago, and one only has to look back over that period to realize how much pleasure and healthy enjoyment he has brought into the lives of business men and girls, who have been and are now members of the club.

The club was started for girls only, who, in the words of the Doctor ' in other clubs were allotted one day only in a season for sculling '. This he thought somewhat selfish, hence his reason for confining the membership of his club to girls.

The Club-house was at Lower Mall, Hammersmith, and has continued to serve the club's purposes to the present day. The hard work of launching boats, &c., necessitated men being admitted, and the club is now open to both sexes. The girls maintain their supremacy in club affairs, a girl captain being elected, who is responsible for the indoor property of the club, whilst the boats and outdoor property are under the charge of a man who fills the office of boat captain. Members enjoy sculling all the year round. During the summer season the boats make frequent excursions to Richmond and Kingston. The latter place was the ' rendezvous ' of the Doctor and those club members who were, with the assistance of a good tide, able to reach as far. The Doctor and his boat were a feature of Canbury Island on Sundays. His boat was always kept at Richmond, from which place to the island he sculled without a change.

The Doctor once installed in the bow seat could not be prevailed upon to have an easy. ' No, my boy, I am quite all right,' was always his reply to any one who offered to give him a rest. To see the Doctor struggling to get his boat through the lock, despite the warnings, and even orders, from the lock-keeper, was truly amusing. He would be first if possible. On arriving at the island he was again to the fore, and assisted in preparing the

dinner which he always provided. His first summer party, weather permitting, was in May, and his committee always went to Canbury Island with him then ; other Sundays found him with different crews, sometimes the girls from the A.B.C., others his own personal friends, but whoever were invited found the same genial host in the Doctor, who possessed the happy quality of making one feel at home. His great aim was to take as many people as possible, and he set aside two Saturdays in every year to take as many of the poorest children of Hammersmith as the club's boats would accommodate to Kew and back. On these occasions he always performed his share of the work, sculling both there and back. Disembarking at Kew, the Doctor, children, and scullers went to the Gardens, where the Doctor caused much amusement by encouraging the children to paddle in the ponds, in spite of strict orders from the keepers to the contrary. At these times he was quite a feature of the Gardens, walking along accompanied by a small crowd of children, apparently as young and happy as any of them. After several skirmishes with the gardeners, the party returned to the boats, and great excitement prevailed on the return journey, as to which crew would be the first to reach the club. The Doctor joined in these little 'dusts-up' with as much zest as though he were sculling in the 'Varsity race. Arriving at Hammersmith the children were provided with a substantial tea ; afterwards games of various kinds were indulged in, in which the Doctor joined, and appreciated 'Oranges and Lemons' as much as the most enthusiastic child there. About nine, each

child was presented with a little gift and some sweets, provided by the Doctor, and they returned home looking very happy, which was quite reward enough for their benefactor.

Through the Doctor, several of his personal friends have invited the club members to their houses to garden parties. This occurred two or three times a year, and many pleasant hours have been spent on these occasions.

The Doctor was very keen on sculling, both as a sport and a healthy exercise. The club regattas were a source of great pleasure to him, especially when the list of competitors was a lengthy one. He was especially partial to the girls' races and encouraged light boat-sculling for both sexes. The great feature of these regatta days was the distribution of prizes. The club possesses several trophies, one of them being the Barber Cup, so called because it was presented by a former member of that name, the others being provided by the president. To these were added the Doctor's 'special prizes', which were typical of him, comprising small articles of jewellery for the girls and books for the men. The presentations were followed by one of the Doctor's usual happy speeches.

Although racing with outside clubs was not a practice, an annual race with the Polytechnic Rowing Club was arranged over a distance of two miles, terminating at either boat-house in alternate years. It was a race of oars versus sculls, the Poly using the former, and that club has had more than its proportion of victories. After a strenuous race, the competing crews and

DR. FURNIVALL IN THE
FORECOURT OF THE
SCULLING CLUB

'others' were met by the Doctor, who asked them to help themselves from his bag of acid-drops. Needless to say, this was complied with promptly. After the race the visiting crew, with friends, were entertained by the other club, where they had tea and spent a social evening. There was no trophy attached to this race, but the Doctor always gave each of the winning crew a present of books, followed by a speech containing a rather severe criticism of his own crew.

In 1904 the Doctor purchased from New College, Oxford, a best rowing eight, which was converted into a sculling eight for the use of the club. This boat created quite a sensation on the water-side when it was first launched, being the only sculling eight in existence, and the Doctor's great ambition was to have it out as often as possible. Many journeys to and from Richmond were performed, before the memorable occasion when it was manned by eight girls, with the Doctor as coxswain. This took place after a race between two girls' fours; the competing crews disembarked from the boats in which they had just raced and took their places in the eight. The trip performed was only a short one, but was sufficient to prove that the girls were capable of its management, and showed watermanship equal to any previous crew. This, needless to say, filled the Doctor with pride, and nothing would satisfy him but that they should appear again.

The next time they were afloat they were exposed to a battery of cameras belonging to the various newspaper reporters, with the result that photographs of the girls' eight and their president coxswain, together with

articles by the latter, appeared in all the daily papers and weekly newspapers. By this means the girls' eight became quite world-famous. The Doctor claimed it as the only sculling eight, which caused the girls of an American college to send over illustrations of their eights; but their style proved to be rowing, and so the Doctor's contention was maintained.

The sculling that was enjoyed during the summer months did not lose its interest in the winter season. Trips were made every Sunday to Richmond in light boats, in one of which the Doctor always had bow seat. His appearance in such boats caused comment and interest along the river-side, and in time he became well known. This was the Doctor's regular Sunday programme, in spite of inclemency of weather, all through the winter. Lunch was partaken of at Richmond, after which a short rest was indulged in and the boats returned to the club, where tea awaited them, which had been prepared by the caterer and members of the committee.

Another special day in the annals of the club, and one on which it was always *en fête*, was the celebration of the Doctor's birthday. It was generally held on the Sunday following the actual date, unless it fell on a Sunday. The usual tea was supplemented by a huge cake, which was adorned with as many tiny candles as the number of years of the Doctor's life. When these were lighted great enthusiasm prevailed. A large number of the Doctor's personal friends were always present at his birthday party, and, naturally enough, paid him many deserved compliments, in the little

speeches they made, but the Doctor repaid them with interest in his reply. It was customary on these occasions for the members to present him with a little birthday gift. Subsequently it was discovered the presents received were either good-naturedly given away, or else put to the use of the club. This being by no means the intentions of the donors, they afterwards made certain that their gifts were of such a nature that these could be of no use to any other person.

In 1908 the Doctor celebrated his birthday by giving a supper to about fifty of the oldest and poorest inhabitants of Hammersmith. The district surrounding the club was canvassed by a few members, and invitations were issued to those who were thought qualified. On the evening of the feast, the club was converted into an impromptu restaurant, members assumed the rôle of waitresses and waiters, and the Doctor acted the part of host to perfection. He personally welcomed the guests, many of whom were considerably older than himself. During the supper the Doctor made a little speech, calling attention to the manner in which his birthday was being celebrated and the pleasure he had in being among them, and expressed the hope to see them all again. The remainder of the evening was devoted to music, contributed by the members and their friends, and at the close each guest was the recipient of a parting gift from the Doctor; the women each received a pound of tea and each man a quarter of a pound of tobacco. They departed showering blessings on their host, who looked as though

he were already in receipt of them. The 'old people's supper', as it was called, was repeated in 1909; and it is hoped that the club will see its way to perpetuate the Doctor's memory by making it an annual occurrence.

The birthday celebrations of 1910 were particularly brought before the public notice; the fact that the Doctor, despite his advanced years, was going to perform his customary trip to Richmond and back, caused him to be interviewed by numerous newspaper reporters, and the articles that were published showed that they had been successful in obtaining some rather interesting information with regard to his mode of living and his life's work.

Quite a fleet of boats accompanied the Doctor from Hammersmith, including an eight from the Polytechnic Rowing Club, of which the Doctor was one of the vice-presidents. At Brentford he was saluted with guns, and a decorated boat manned by the Thames watermen waited there some hours to present the Doctor with an address. Unfortunately they were doomed to disappointment, as he was quite ignorant of their intentions, and passed them. More honours awaited him at Waite's boat-house at Richmond, where the landing-stage was decorated. Congratulations were showered on him as he landed, and photographs were taken. The restaurant at Richmond presented an animated scene when the Doctor arrived, the proprietor giving him a bouquet. On returning to the club there was the usual tea, and 'the cake' with its additional candle. During the tea a flashlight photograph was taken showing the Doctor in the act of cutting the

'birthday cake'. Even at tea-time he was not immune from reporters, who persistently sought interviews, which he was not loath to give, as he considered it an advertisement for the club. At the close of this strenuous day everybody remarked on the Doctor's weary looks, which were only to be expected; but they little thought it would be unnecessary for him to go through the ordeal again.

This was the first intimation club members had of his failing health, and his subsequent inability either to scull or coxswain a boat made everybody realize that it was no ordinary indisposition.

In spite of this he commenced his summer programme. He was only destined to make up two or three river-parties, the last of which was confined to club members, the writer being amongst the number. During the day of this party he was visited by many people, whom he prepared for his end by openly discussing his decease, but refused to allow any one to grieve over this, and spoke with his usual cheerfulness on other subjects.

An instance of the activity of his brain at this time was shown during tea, when he reminded one of the party about a small sum of money that he (the Doctor) owed him.

This was the last occasion I saw the Doctor, but there are several incidents connected with him I shall never forget, that throw a light on his personal character, one of which is worth relating.

One Saturday afternoon, when several crews, including the Doctor, had returned off the river, I happened

to be the only girl at the club, and was asked to get tea. Being practically a new member at this time, I was rather reluctant to do so; nevertheless, I did the best I could, and presided at the tea-table. On the following Monday I received a short note from the Doctor, in which he thanked me on behalf of the fellows and himself 'for looking after us so nicely on Saturday' and enclosed a packet of post cards, their number corresponding with the number of fellows at the table. This was only a little gift, but the Doctor's greatness was shown in these little ways, and his thoughtfulness more than rewarded me for the little work done.

I shall always be proud of the fact that I was personally acquainted with Dr. Furnivall, and can also truthfully say that some of my happiest days have been spent at the club he founded; and can only hope that the efforts the club members and others are making to fulfil his wish that the club should continue after his death will be crowned with success.

GWENDOLINE JARVIS.

XX

A PORTRAIT of Dr. Furnivall—signed and dated February 6, 1901—is before me as I write. His fine, clear, earnest, kindly features look out at me from under the dome of his splendid forehead. What can one say of him, except what Ruskin said of William Morris—'He is beaten gold'? A more sterling man never breathed. To meet Furnivall was to be purged for the time of all cynicism and littleness.

I was introduced to him nearly thirty years ago by my dear life-long friend, Emery Walker. Through all those years I had a constant and cordial, but too intermittent, friendship with him; and no friendship that I have had has honoured me more.

In the early days of our acquaintance he twice took up his pen to defend plays of mine that he too readily, perhaps, considered had not been fairly treated; battling for them as sturdily as if they were masterpieces of English drama. No friend of his ever had a doughtier and more whole-hearted champion in time of need.

Twenty-five years ago, when he was over sixty, he stayed with me a few days in the pleasant little Buckinghamshire village near by the cottage where Milton finished *Paradise Lost.* He had the spirits and temper of a boy of twenty. Early one morning we had the horses saddled and rattled over twenty miles of hard road in a little over two hours. When we came back he said: 'We have had a splendid ride, but is that the way you treat your horses?' I said: 'The horse was made for man, not man for the horse; and no horse of mine could be better employed than in carrying you.'

I remember him constantly at the delightful receptions our friend Walker annually gave at his house on Hammersmith Terrace on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race day. Here he was in his natural element; bright, keen, active, constantly interested and interesting in all topics, whether it were aquatics or Shakspere.

One of his memorable activities was the organization and production of Shelley's *Cenci.* The Censor, with even more than his ordinary instinct for making a stupid

blunder, had banned this fine tragedy. Furnivall instantly replied by arranging a performance at the Grand Theatre, Islington, under the auspices of the Shelley Society. The part of 'Cenci' was played by Herman Vezin, who sustained it magnificently throughout, and in the curse scene, which is about three times the length of that of Lear, rose to a sublime height of tragic grandeur and defiance. Of Vezin's acting in this scene it can only be said that he stood equal with his author. It was on the whole the greatest delivery of a great speech that I have heard on the English stage. The result of the performance was another deep disgrace to the Censor, and an honour to English literature, to English drama, and to Dr. Furnivall. After the performance there was a dinner, at which he made one of his hearty, fluent, natural, characteristic speeches. I gratefully remember that at this performance he introduced me to Robert Browning.

When he founded the Browning Society, Furnivall had to submit to much chaffing criticism from many who had never done anything a quarter so worthy themselves. But it must be remembered to his honour, that the Browning Society was the beginning of Browning's wider popularity in England. After the Browning Society was founded, Browning's poems began to sell for the first time.

Every now and then he dined with me and went to the play, or had a cosy evening with me at the fireside. Every word, every feeling, every instinct of the man was sincere, fearless, right, and radiant with his own life-giving energy. His public speeches were quite un-

prepared, natural, and colloquial; he simply talked to his point without the least effort or the least hesitation.

The last time I met him on the platform was on the birthday celebration of his Shakspere Society, at King's College, last April. Not altogether, I fear, for the intellectual and bodily good of the society, he had asked me to give a short address on Shakspere in place of the ordinary annual dinner—a truly Lenten way of celebrating Shakspere's birthday. Furnivall was as bright and easy and energetic as ever, and gave off a delightful, genial, easy speech, which at any rate provided one good substantial dish for the banquet.

I will say a word or two upon his attitude towards the modern English drama. He differed from most modern Englishmen of letters in rendering it a high esteem. He never treated it as something unworthy the attention and serious interest of a scholar. Men of literature, not knowing our difficulties, are too apt to write and speak disdainfully of the modern English drama. Not being willing to study the infinitely difficult craft of playwriting, or the peculiar conditions of our theatre, they write plays which may be suitable for the study or the closet, but which fail on our actual stage; they then become envious and contemptuous of the modern acted drama, and hold aloof from it, thus widening the already too wide gulf between English literature and English drama. No man who attempts to write plays should speak disrespectfully of modern playwrights until he has had a successful play produced, and can claim that he has faced and conquered the conditions and difficulties of the modern stage.

Furnivall's attitude, if it was sometimes too generous and too enthusiastic towards modern playwrights, was yet, I maintain, the wisest and the most helpful to the actual English drama. I should be glad if I thought that English men of letters would from this time try to adopt his attitude towards the English modern drama.

Farewell, great scholar, ceaseless worker, true man, firm and constant friend.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

XXI

So long ago, that I can scarcely remember the brown-haired young fellow that I must have been, on a wet afternoon of May, 1878, I called for the first time at a house that was to be for me a place of pilgrimage each time I afterwards visited England, the house, No. 3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill. Carrying as a passport a letter from Guillaume Guizot, I knocked, and my first impression of the inmate was from a large frame in the hallway where the Canterbury Pilgrims were represented, plus 'A would-be Pilgrim', F. J. Furnivall.

I had spent, before that, a year in England, as a student, having then for chief friend and confidant that incomparable one the British Museum, such a good friend too that the outcome of the first visit had been the writing in a notebook of this solemn aphorism, 'A library like this is enough to make a City lovable.' Now I was going to find that there was better still.

Led upstairs, I discovered the would-be pilgrim in a book-lined study, among a number of tables overloaded with papers and pamphlets. The room looked very strange, as, on account of soot and smuts, the tables were wrapped with grey linen covers, concealing books and all. When the lord of the place wanted to write, he pushed back the mound of prints, and, using the tiny space thus made free for a time, wrote on any scrap of paper that was at hand.

More comforting, indeed more delightful and cheering, than a visit even to the British Museum was one to that living and talking library, F. J. Furnivall. Any one with a sincere interest in the questions he had at heart was, as I experienced, sure of a welcome. Accomplishments, talents, work already performed, and services rendered might be of help, I suppose, but they were not needed. To be earnest in the search was the one necessary qualification. As for the questions apt to create such bonds of friendship, they were innumerable, and ranged from problems connected with the English language to those concerning human progress. Earnestness was the free pass giving access to the home and hearth, and even securing unwonted indulgence when the guest might be so bold as to differ on points held vital by the host. An ample privilege this, as, to the wonder of our sedate age, most points were vital in the host's eyes, so ardent were his beliefs. The passions of Elizabethan days were indeed in him, though the objects of the passions were not exactly the same; and it was not without apprehension as to the consequences that any of his

friends could be so audacious as to risk, for example, writing 'Shakespeare' the name of the great bard, a problem about which, it is true, no passions at all had been displayed when 'the imperial vot'ress' was living, 'In maiden meditation, fancy free.'

The first interview of years ago, begun in the afternoon, was prolonged late into the night; a wonderful treat for an unknown youngster of no account, and a rare delight it was to listen to that evocative voice, the voice of a man who had, it seemed, personally known Chaucer, had heard Wyclif's sermons and John Ball's harangues, and had leaned, too, over the vicar's shoulder, when the four words of such import to the world were being inscribed on the Holy Trinity Register: 'Gulielmus filius Johannis Shakespeare.'

Something of the magician, nay of the wizard, was in him, a benevolent, but not, to be sure, a goody one. His creative power even surpassed his evocative one, witness the numerous societies which he beckoned into life; sometimes a real, lasting, vigorous life, sometimes a fitful and spasmodic one, such sorts of lives as a magician would impart. Peace to the dead; not one of those societies that did not do something of use during its period of transitory activity; gratitude and good wishes for the surviving ones whose members will continue the attempted work, for in no better way can the memory of the departed leader be honoured.

From place to place, across various seas, his faithful friendship followed the visitor of 1878. Many letters and notes were exchanged, all his animated by that unconquerable youthful fire which was the dominant

characteristic of everything he did, animated also by that sense, so pronounced in him, of the continuity of history and of the lessons to be drawn from the past for the benefit of the men of to-day and of future days.

A letter came in January last, one of many dealing with the *Piers Plowman* controversy (in which we were fighting on opposite sides); it ended thus: 'On December 19th I turned giddy on the top of some stairs at a Richmond Restaurant, fell down, and cut my head open for an inch; but luckily took no harm. I was able to scull home, and the wound has healed nicely.'

This was the first intimation that the time was coming when youth would leave him. It might almost be said that he was one of those happy few whom, after an unusual number of years, youth and life leave on the same day. Between that moment and the first knock at his door with the letter of Guillaume Guizot, thirty-two years have elapsed, thirty-two years of increasing admiration for the work done and gratitude for the help conferred.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

WASHINGTON.

XXII

IT is not possible for me to say anything about Dr. Furnivall which has not been said already, and I write now only that I may have a place among those who remember him, and who would do what they can to honour his memory.

His work as a student was another example of what is fortunately not rare in England, the pursuit and the diffusion of knowledge, apart from any elaborate organization of research. Much of the best historical work in England has been done by unprofessional hands, and Furnivall worked as an independent adventurer. No doubt his work had many of the faults which are prevented in the best regulated schools, but it had always the spring and energy of a life unimpeded by routine. The singular thing about it all was that the strict and well-trained academic scholars, instead of being jealous and looking with suspicion on this privateer, were among the first and the readiest to applaud and thank him. Witness the dedication of ten Brink's History, and all the tributes paid in the Miscellany volume, ten years ago, from Germany, France, and America.

Those who saw him as he drew near the end of his voyage are glad to think of him as unconquered, retaining to the last all the devotion to learning in which he had lived, and all his confidence in the regard of his friends.

W. P. Ker.

XXIII

My memories of Dr. Furnivall cover a period of more than thirty years. I met him first in the spring of 1880, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford. The earliest article I wrote on a Shaksperian theme was just published; and it impressed him favourably. He quickly enlisted me in the service of three of his

societies—the New Shakspere, the Early English Text, and the Browning Societies. To his genial commendation of my early efforts I owe much. I recall how in the autumn of 1882 he urged me to compete for the sub-editorship of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which was then in process of organization. I saw Dr. Furnivall and corresponded with him more frequently during the first ten years of our acquaintance than in the last twenty. But until his death there was no prolonged pause in our intercourse, and in spite of occasional post cards which seemed to me more impulsive than discreet, his personal greeting of me never lost its original note of kindliness and cheeriness.

Through all these thirty years Dr. Furnivall betrayed no change in temper or habit of mind. Although age of late told on his outward appearance his thought retained to the end the alertness of youth. He never lost a boyish frankness of speech, a boyish curiosity, or a boyish love of fun. There was no sign of waning in his active sympathy with any youthful endeavour which gave good promise. New views or discoveries which were propounded with ability could always count on a warm welcome from him, even if they proved himself in error. He was so anxious to encourage honest and thorough work, and had so firm a faith in the progressive tendencies of knowledge that he was perhaps prone on occasion to accept new and plausible suggestions before conclusive proof was forthcoming; but his influence always tended to encourage movement in study and to discredit stagnation or reaction. When accepted custom or opinion was in question he

was often more outspoken and defiant in opposition than conventionality approved. His uncontrolled scorn of class distinctions and his avowed impatience of religious orthodoxy alienated some who acknowledged virtue in his aims elsewhere, yet his unfaltering sincerity atoned for most of his rashness of utterance. His main enthusiasm and energy were centred in such beneficent causes as the equal distribution of opportunity, scholarly research, the even cultivation of mind and body. To these causes he devoted himself unsparingly, and with a disinterested zeal which must always be rare. There were, I think, limitations in his critical outlook on literature, but the thoroughness in literary research, which he practised as well as preached, has yielded enduring fruit. He was the warm and unselfish friend and champion of all men and women who worked hard and well.

SIDNEY LEE.

XXIV

FOR nearly sixty years one of the main interests of Dr. Furnivall's life was 'the College'; and to his influence may be traced in great measure the spirit of hearty good fellowship which throughout has been one of its best and most strongly-marked characteristics.

An outgrowth of the Christian Socialist movement, the college was founded in 1854, Dr. Furnivall appearing among its first teachers in company with the first Principal (F. D. Maurice) and such men as Tom Hughes, Vansittart Neale, Ludlow, Westlake, Ruskin, D. G. Rossetti, and Lowes Dickinson. The object of

the college was not merely to place a liberal education within the reach of working men, but also to unite together men of different classes by associating in the common work of teaching and learning the students with members of the universities and of the professions. This was a novel doctrine in 1854; and if at the present time it reads as commonplace, this change of feeling has been largely the work of the college and of Dr. Furnivall.

From the first start of the college 'the Doctor', as he was of late known to the college men, took a main share in the social life. 'I used to give five nights a week to college work, examining and welcoming new-comers, introducing them to earlier students, and advising them as to the classes they should join. It was a new and agreeable experience to find oneself trusted and looked up to by a set of men, many double one's own age, knowing more of practical life, and having different traditions and opinions to mine; and I well recollect the pleasure I used to feel as I walked about the college rooms and saw face after face light up as I greeted its owner. My principle was that every man was to be treated as an equal and a friend, and to be trusted till he showed himself unworthy of trust. This latter event never happened.' Such is the beginning of the Doctor's own description, in the history of the Working Men's College, of the part he took in its early life. And to the day of his last appearance there the faces of the college men lit up as the Doctor spread genial good-fellowship around him.

In furthering the social life of the college the

Doctor's activities were diverse. Sunday rowing and walks on an heroic scale brought men into close intimacy. Walks of forty miles or more, and spells of rowing from Hammersmith to Richmond without a single easy, left memories that lingered long. Geological and botanical walks, or excursions to Snowdon, and to North Devon, gave new interests to the life and studies of the college men. In the formation of the Rifle Corps he took an active part, becoming himself a captain, whilst a member of his grammar class was appointed adjutant, and subsequently rose to be a major. Of the present college clubs nearly every one owes much to the Doctor's interest and encouragement. The cycling and the sculling clubs bear his name. The Shakspere readings create and keep alive an interest in the Doctor's own special study. In the dances organized from time to time by the students one of his favourite aims finds concrete shape. Cricket and chess were amongst his earlier loves. In the Debating Society he took part almost to the last. In the earliest days of the college he started 'a general ninepenny tea on Friday nights upstairs, followed by songs and recitations,' and 'urged every teacher to have his class to tea at his own rooms, if possible, and if not, in the college'. The tradition of gatherings of this kind still flourishes at the college, and even in the changed conditions of to-day it is difficult to over-estimate their value. An unexpected experience of his own is given in this connexion by Dr. Furnivall in the volume referred to above. He was talking to one of the student teachers at the college, who thirty-five years before had been

a member of his own grammar class. In the vein of reminiscence the old student informed the Doctor: 'I was in your class at the college, and you asked me to tea with some of the others. I'd never been in a gentleman's room before, and when I came out, after seeing your pictures, books, and chairs, I said to myself, "I'll have as good a room as that." And now I've got a better.' A subtle compliment to Dr. Furnivall's influence!

It was this social geniality and kind-heartedness that made the Doctor an object of such affectionate regard to college men in general. But to many of the more promising students he gave in addition a rare encouragement in their work, especially if their labours were in the field of English Literature. His mind was quick to detect signs of literary talent; and he could, and did, give good help to men of this kind, in advising them as to their reading, in making them known to fellow-students in the same field, and in placing his great experience freely at their service.

Of such a kind was Dr. Furnivall's contribution to the formation and growth of the Working Men's College. In doing so much to promote what may be summarized as the 'common-room life' of the college he worked in essential harmony and co-operation with the great men who founded and developed this institution, though this essential co-operation may have been temporarily overshadowed by the clouds of controversy that from time to time arose. It takes men of many diverse gifts to keep the life of a college quick and active; and it is not always possible for strong

men with different views of life to see eye to eye in all things. But under the care of its many great men, some known to the outside world, some unknown, the college has been fortunate enough to maintain a many-sided development. Its present buildings in St. Pancras are a model of educational efficiency, with the magnificent library, great hall, common-room, laboratories, and gymnasium. For this excellent material equipment the college is indebted primarily to its business members, many of them old students themselves. In the numerous classes, the scope and liberality of the teaching carry on the traditions of the great men of the past, a past which includes amongst the art teachers alone such names as Ruskin, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Stacy Marks, Burne-Jones, Val Prinsep, and Lowes Dickinson. In the academic and business sides of the college life Dr. Furnivall did not perhaps take so prominent a part. There was something of the fanatic in his nature; and this rendered him less suited to the solution of the problems that necessarily arise in an institution numbering over a thousand members. And yet the work of the builders and lecturers and administrators would have lost much of its value had it not been for the Doctor's winning charm, the genial sympathy, the light-hearted enthusiasm that made the new and shy student at once at home in the common-room; that helped to form lifelong friendships among the students; that aroused their interest in problems and questions of every kind; and that was continually suggesting to them ways in which they might extend to others, less fortunate than themselves, some of the

happiness that they had found at the college. In one respect Dr. Furnivall's aims failed to win recognition either by the council or the students. He had always hoped to see the day when the classes, and perhaps the common-room too, might be open to women on equal terms with men. 'More Tory than the House of Lords' was the description he once hurled at a gathering of college men when he found that there was only an insignificant minority to support him. This throwing-open of the college to women on equal terms with men may or may not come in the fullness of time. But in the work actually accomplished Dr. Furnivall has left a rich inheritance to his successors. Graduates fresh from the university soon find that they have more to learn at the college than to teach; raw students full of preconceived ideas strongly held soon learn that there are facts and principles not taken account of in their tenets. And between these men of different views, different trainings, and different employments a hearty spirit of sympathetic co-operation produces an eagerness to learn and a close bond of friendship. Not again will the Doctor's heart-cheering laugh be heard in the common-room; but may its echoes reverberate in each generation of students as long as the college lasts! [1]

A. S. LUPTON.

[1] The present writer has been much indebted to Dr. Furnivall's chapter on the 'Social Life of the College' in *The Working Men's College, 1854–1904*, Macmillan & Co. Ltd., 1904.

XXV

To one at least of his admirers the fascination of Frederick James Furnivall consisted in a rare and delightful mixture of the savant with the plain man of democratic instincts. As a veteran he was handsome. But it was not this charm, any more than his characteristic manner, that made him what he was. Except during the last year of his life, when age began to tell, he always seemed youthful in body, and probably this was owing to his youthfulness of mind. He was so cheerfully unconventional; so genuinely adaptable.

Not even small personal details of the past escaped him. His New Shakspere Society I had joined when a boy, and he reminded me of a trivial matter that had left my recollection, a year or two ago when, one summer's night, we had a long pleasant talk in Regent's Park. As I write, memory brings the scene before me. I see his vigorous figure, often appearing taller than it actually was, habited in the close-fitting light-coloured frock coat he loved as much as he abhorred evening dress; though that evening, for once, the red tie he also loved was absent. There had been some acting; and in a pleasant, though terse way, familiar to those who knew him, pleasant though not without an undercurrent of sarcasm, he had commented on this acting.

Another and a later occasion comes into my recollection. We were both leaving Mrs. (now Lady) Laurence Gomme's bright, hospitable house in Dorset Square, in the dusk of a raw, foggy November. We were both walking; he all the way to his home, I to

Baker Street station. He was so buoyant, so alert, so careful for the comfort of his fellow wayfarer amid the darkness, that it was a solace, almost an inspiration, to be with him. To an imaginative person, lovers of cold matters of fact (or ' factologists ', if I may quote, from the phrase of another learned man, a word not yet in Sir James A. H. Murray's *New English Dictionary*) are tiresome, very often ; *he* was never tiresome.

It may be permitted to another food reformer, from a somewhat different standpoint, to remark that Furnivall always sought to live the simple life ; better is it to live the simple life than to talk about it. Nowadays, no cant is more boring in conversation than the cant about the simple life. Just now I have said that Furnivall was a lover of cold matters of fact ; but there is another, and a very true, sense in which such men or women build up the imagination of their country. For nothing can more truly build up legitimate fancy respecting the past than, for example, Furnivall's philological researches as to the English of Chaucer. Probably, as Time separates more and more from the living personage, his real greatness, almost grandeur, will be discerned more fully. If genius be rightly defined as ' a capacity for taking pains ', then who shall say that Furnivall was not a man of genius ? Nor let us forget, when we are honouring him, to honour likewise the humble virtues, exemplified anew in him, of tireless patience and ceaseless industry. Many brilliant Shaksperians are left ; no Shaksperian is now with us who combines his varied qualities—qualities in the aggregate of almost encyclopaedic knowledge—with

his own especial outlook, an outlook always rare, and, in epochs such as ours, where immediate result receives too great attention, destined perhaps to become still rarer.

One who, like the present writer, holds dogmatic faith, and observes the motive and the zeal which such faith sometimes bestows, is somewhat apt to feel that Furnivall's mental attitude towards social problems lacked warmth. But were this really so it would only be another reason for praise of Furnivall. Whatever the vicissitudes of his very long career, whatever his natural and increasing craving for rest amid unceasing labour, he never forgot to work for the poor in the way, and under the somewhat original and novel conditions, he had laid down for himself. The members of the sculling club he founded will miss him as keenly as any of his intellectual compeers. Surely to say this truthfully is to say much.

MACKENZIE BELL.

XXVI

I REMEMBER hearing Dr. Furnivall's name from my childhood, for my father, Alexander Macmillan, had known him in his undergraduate days in Cambridge, when, as he laughingly used to say, Furnivall was a modest young man, and later both belonged to the group of Christian Socialists which gathered round Maurice and Kingsley, and so took some part in the foundation of the Working Men's College. That Furnivall's zeal then, as later, sometimes outran his discretion, and led him both to say and do things which did not always please his associates, may well be

supposed, and it must have been some such differences which, after those early days, created a certain coolness between my father and Furnivall, though they remained at bottom good friends, and my father certainly appreciated, and did what he could to help, Furnivall's admirable work for the Early English Text, Shakspere, and Chaucer Societies.

My own recollection of Furnivall dates from the negotiations which took place about 1874, between my firm and certain representatives of the Philological Society for the publication of the *New English Dictionary*, which was ultimately taken up by the Oxford University Press. The first proposal for the dictionary came from the firm of Harper, in New York, and my father, when invited to co-operate, at once advised that steps should be taken to acquire the use of the material which it was known that the Philological Society had been accumulating for some twenty years. This brought Furnivall upon the scene, and active negotiations, both by letter and interview, went on for some months, until it was found that the views of the publishers and of the philologers respectively, on practical questions of scale and price, could not be reconciled, and relations were broken off. I can remember some pretty stormy passages between Furnivall and my father while the business was under discussion, for both men held strong views and could express them strongly; but I do not think that we had any reason to regret that the enterprise passed out of our hands into those of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press; and we certainly do not grudge

the University either the honour or the expense which it has brought upon them.

It was not, however, until some years later, when, in 1884, I paid my first visit to Danby in Cleveland, which has ever since been my summer home, that I first became personally intimate with Furnivall. Hearing that I was going there, he sent me a letter of introduction to the vicar, the well-known scholar and antiquary, Dr. J. C. Atkinson, and this introduction not only led at once to an intimate friendship with Dr. Atkinson, but also, after our return to London, to Furnivall forming the habit of dropping in upon us occasionally to supper on Sunday evenings, which I am glad to say that he maintained to the end of his life.

The first time he came, while we were still living in Earl's Court Terrace, Kensington, he was full of inquiries about all the Danby folk, for he had spent a summer there a year or two before, and, as usual, had made friends far and wide in our scattered moorland parish. It was extraordinary how he remembered in detail the characteristics and circumstances of people, young and old, among whom he had after all moved only for a few weeks; but, as all his friends know, it was this power of sympathy and of living in the lives of others which constituted his peculiar charm and gave him such beneficent influence.

For some years Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson used to pay us an annual visit in London during the winter, and Furnivall always came to meet them at least once during their stay, and so kept in touch with Danby gossip. I need hardly say that when I tried to persuade

our learned vicar to put on record some of his remarkable experiences and observations during his long residence at Danby, Furnivall warmly seconded my efforts; and no one was more delighted than he at the ultimate appearance and success (in 1890) of the volume entitled *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, which carried the writer's fame far beyond the limits of Yorkshire and even of the United Kingdom.

We look back over more than a quarter of a century to those Sunday evenings when he would drop in upon us, generally without warning, and nearly always on his way back from the river; and can recall no occasion on which we did not feel refreshed and stimulated by his coming. There was something so breezy and unconventional about him, such vitality, such eagerness to hear of all that we had been doing, or seeing, or reading, or to talk of his own multifarious activities, that the time came only too rapidly for his return to Primrose Hill. During this long period of our friendship he saw our children grow up into maturity, and took them also into the circle of his friends, following all the incidents of their career with the liveliest interest. When one was taken from us while yet a boy he showed the truest sympathy in our loss.

Naturally we did not always agree in our opinions, for in some points, both political and social, his liberal views went a good deal beyond mine, but there was never any rancour about him, and the discussion, if eager, was always friendly and good natured. One constant subject of chaff between us was the respective claims of classical and English studies, and he would

express humorous indignation that I could get about a thousand supporters for the Hellenic Society, while the membership of the Early English Text Society scarcely reached five hundred. I pacified him by agreeing to join his society, but on the express condition that I was not bound to read its publications, which to me were far less intelligible than Greek.

I have never taken part in a more congenial undertaking than when I acted as treasurer of the committee to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday, and the cordial appreciation of his work shown by English scholars, both old and young, as well as by colleagues on the Continent and in the United States, must have given at least as much satisfaction to his old friends as to himself. The dinner, presided over so ably by our friend, W. P. Ker, was one of the most delightful gatherings of the kind I ever attended, and Furnivall's speech was, like himself, full of youthful vigour.

It is hard to think that one will never again look upon his genial features, or hear his hearty laugh, but the last time he came to see us, not many months before his death, we could see that even his wonderful vitality was beginning to fail: and indeed he had played his part to the end, so there is no need for vain regrets. Rather one may rejoice in the memory of his bright and eager personality, and the privilege of association, however occasional, with one who had done such yeoman service to his country's literature, who was so full of human kindness, so ready to hold out a hand, or to say an encouraging word to all who needed help.

We may say of this incurable optimist in the words of his favourite, Browning :

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake !

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

XXVII

IN the biography to come, much, no doubt, will be written on Dr. Furnivall as a scholar, as the Shakespearian critic who first upset the traditional order of the plays, and put *The Tempest* last instead of first. These appreciations will come from the four quarters of the reading world and bear erudite signatures, and yet, somehow, they will miss the mark ; he was all the man, so little the work. I, like so many of the younger generation, knew him only in his last years ; but his eternal youth seemed to exact a tribute from those younger men, in whose company he took most delight, and even in converse with men of sixty or seventy, who all seemed much older than he, he could not deal with them except as his boys ; and when he talked of his Shakespearian shiftings and researches, there was in his tone something of the jolly sandboy. He built his castles very firmly, but it was the fun of it that exuberated ; it was all a game.

So, too, it was in his politics. His youth—passed

in times which to all of us sounded dim, unknowable, recondite history—showed him the ardent Radical and Reformer, the forerunner of the great movement of sympathy with, not for, the working classes; and, in those few conversations I had with him at the A.B.C. (which he converted into an eighteenth-century coffee-house of wits), it was he who reproached those who might have been his great-grandchildren, with being crass, and hopelessly out of date. At that same A.B.C., where his memory should surely be preserved by some inscription, it was he who was the light-hearted boy jesting with all around, making all, attendants, jaded young artists of the newest school, learned lady antiquarians, American scholars brimful of the latest earthquake in archaeology, all form one harmonious company, and all this motley varying host of friends—scholars, boating-men, professors, and attendants—mingled together for a while in true fraternity of jolly comradeship, under the unasserted presidency of this diffident boy of eighty-two.

For, above all other qualities, his modesty was the most astonishing. At the last tragic meeting of the Shakespeare League at the 'Cheshire Cheese', he was the gayest of the company, and yet bravely, unfalteringly told one and all of his approaching death, and when one speaker, in terms of affection under which he almost broke down, proposed what every one knew must be the last vote of thanks to that learned personality who had fore-lived and founded the society, the Doctor replied in those invariable expressions: 'He was a very ignorant fellow; he didn't know why

they all made such a fuss about him ; he hadn't really done any good ; it was all his learned friends : but they all ought to study Shakespeare, it was such fun and so real, for Shakespeare was a real Englishman and loved the river—anyhow, he thanked them all very much for their kindness and hoped he might some day do something to deserve it.' And the ring of his voice, genuine, simple, and strenuously sincere.

So, too, as the fifty-year secretary to the Philological Society he was always the keenest, never bored by anything, making notes of every lecture and never missing any, criticizing with a sometimes ruthless boyish ingenuousness, and every single time proudly recording something he had never known before in his life. When the paper was over, the same young zest in the joy of service was shown in a new guise. He used to dismiss the waiters and himself officiate, handing round the coffee and cakes—especially the sweetest and most sugary—to his friends and their guests, whilst he partook of them himself with the greatest gusto and evident enjoyment. No one liked offering a hand or coming between him and this act of happiness.

He had all a boy's keenness and exuberance. The more novel an idea the more it attracted him, and he devised several new orthographies and also used them, with that same eager solemnness in which work and play are inextricably and happily twinned.

His great work was his life ; many have been privileged to see a little of it and to have felt something like a touch of spring come over an unhappy self-conscious-

ness, too prevalent just now. The memory of that long white beard, the deep-set twinkling eyes, that instinctive gaiety, should be preserved as long as possible. It is a sin that this man who lived so hale, so well, and so truly, should have had to pass away.

LEONARD A. MAGNUS.

XXVIII

So far as I can recall, Dr. Furnivall was the only man I ever met who was exactly as I had expected to find him. Usually the men of whom we have heard much and whom we have long wished to see, turn out, when we see them, to be wonderfully—sometimes even fantastically—different from the image we had formed. Even if the previous sight of a picture has given us their face and figure, there are a hundred little details of gesture and manner, of speech and intonation, that come upon us as surprises—often so as to require some notable readjustment of our ideas, some re-imaging of the whole personality. It was therefore no little surprise to me, when I first met Dr. Furnivall, in September 1908, to find him exactly as I had expected to find him. From this first meeting until our separation in December I can recall no aspect of him, no mood, no tone, no movement, no decision, or opinion, or exhortation, that was in the least different from the conception of him that I had formed before I saw him. Of course I had, in a sense, known him well for a long time. I had read his books, includ-

ing those characteristic prefaces which he wrote for his E. E. T. S. volumes, for some twenty-five years; I had corresponded with him in a desultory way for eighteen or twenty, and had received from him every Christmas one of the cards of Christmas greeting which he sent flying wide over the world to those who, for any one of a thousand reasons, were enregistered in his 'good books'; I had had reports of him from my own students and others, anecdotes, accounts of his neckties, of his rowing, of the A.B.C. tea-room, and the delights of an hour spent with him there. But all this does not account for the fact that when I met him he was exactly the sort of man I expected to see, in outward appearance, in manners and mannerisms, in ideas and enthusiasms and sympathies, in everything he did or wanted to make me do. I have known almost if not quite as much about other men before I met them—one of them, as I saw him, will not 'out' of my memory—but Dr. Furnivall, as I have said, remains alone, as coinciding exactly with the conception I had formed of him.

This, I think, is due to two of the three characteristics which seem to me to have been dominant in him: his sincerity and the unity of all the aims and ideals of his life.

Of his sincerity I need not speak; it was so evident that other contributors to this volume have surely emphasized it enough. But the unity of his aims and his work may possibly be overlooked, because of the wide range taken by those to whom he had been counsellor and friend, and by his own work. Every-

thing that he did, as it seems to me, was directed solely by the desire to make this a better world to live in, a more rational world, a world in which merely traditional standards and ideas and emotions should be replaced by standards and ideas and emotions determined by the freest and best thought of which we are at present capable.

It is this that underlies his club for young men and women; this motived his activity in that institution, the Working Men's College—which, if London were awake to its opportunities, might be made, not only a centre of culture, as it now is, but a great bulwark of the Empire; this was the reason why he wished to publish everything that might enable Englishmen of to-day to understand the England of Shakspere and Chaucer, and the ages that preceded them; this was the reason why he talked in the tea-room in Oxford Street with scholars and novelists and publicists and politicians who were striving to make better the world we live in, who had seen in vision a new and finer organization of life, even though not his own.

What I have said about the two characteristics has, as I look at it, really involved the third, namely, his enthusiasm. That this sometimes carried him beyond bounds, all of us who know him must admit—but, even if Mr. Seeley's fine saying that 'No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic' be open to question, it is certainly true that no virtue is fruitful that is not enthusiastic. And fruitfulness, fruitfulness for the finest issues of life, was beyond question the one

aim to which all of Dr. Furnivall's activities were directed.

Another thing that impressed me about Dr. Furnivall when I saw him—and I had got an inkling of it before—was his absolute disregard of time and age. He himself was to the last one who lived as if he should live for ever. He knew nothing of age until death seized him. He wanted, as he told me often, to live another hundred years to see what the world would be. He called every man that he liked 'my boy' and he used the same tone for John Munro (who is about twenty-five) and me (who am forty-five), and P. A. Daniel (who is something over eighty).

What a life he lived! What sincerity, what unity, what glows and enthusiasms of perennial youth! We may have more accurate scholars—though few more fruitful or more helpful to those who upset his own work—but it will be long before the flood-tide of life brings another like the man who lived so many years among us, and guided and helped us, and whose passing we lament.

JOHN M. MANLY.

XXIX

I HAD the privilege of Dr. Furnivall's friendship for about the last twelve years of his life. I was indebted to Mr. G. H. Radford, M.P., for the introduction, at one of the garden parties that he and Mrs. Radford annually gave to the Furnivall Sculling Club in their pleasant garden at Ditton Hill, and from that time

I met the Doctor several times each year, mainly at gatherings of the same club.

Outside of his literary work, with which I had no connexion, what struck me most about him was the simple transparency, sincerity, and broad-mindedness of his character, his entire absence of affectation, and his freedom from conventionality.

No one, for instance, made friends sooner than he. My girls were once travelling to Henley with him, and both going and returning in the train, he introduced himself to fellow-passengers by joining in their conversation, in a way that few people could have done without giving offence, his manner was so interestingly unconventional. No one could help being quite at ease in their intercourse with him; he was overflowing in sympathy and desire to do good to others, and delighted in kind unselfish actions to his acquaintances and friends. Did he but get to know of anything they were seeking to accomplish, he would leave no stone unturned in his efforts to assist them. To give an instance of his great kindness of heart and good nature, and the interest he took in young people and the furtherance of their aims towards self-improvement, whatever line they took, no project of theirs being too insignificant for his attention: when he heard that my daughters wanted to go abroad, he concerned himself at once in the matter, and did not rest content until he had found them a family in France, willing to receive them.

During the whole three years that they were away, he never forgot or lost sight of the individual interest

of each of them, sending them papers and letters innumerable.

His heart was so young; my young people, in their intercourse with him, never felt that constraint that age so often imposes between old and young. My girls went regularly to the University Boat Race, at his invitation, and his enthusiasm and excitement there was no less than that of the youngest member in the boat.

He repeatedly rendered kindly services to me and my children, and we all feel that his death has made a gap in our circle that can never be filled.

J. H. Munday.

XXX

The Grand Old Optimist, G. P. Gooch used to call him. Optimist he always was. For perennial youth seemed to be his, and sparkled from his eyes: and his thoughts, though he gave up his life to the elucidation of the lore and thoughts of olden days, were ever in the struggles and problems of the present, and the life of the future. He wished to look one hundred years hence on English-speaking America, for he thought it destined to lead the world, and he admired its resource and tireless energy. He had faith in man. No qualms as to the future came to him. When one man passed away, he said, another arose to continue his labours. New life was ever flowing from the world's inexhaustible spring: the great army of youth was ever marching forward to do the work of men. He looked on the

vast pageant of life unfolding around him, revelled in its splendour, and was happy: the endless music of the sea; the coming of the spring; the blossoming of the chestnuts, and the sunshine in summer glancing on the river with its many boats; the cool shade of green islands; the rhythmical dip of the scull and the pull together; the companionship of open-hearted friends; the simple feast, the chatter and laughter under the trees; the happiness and affection of young people; these things were his delights, and these denote him for what he was.

He retired from the feast without faltering, and without lament. Knowing that his days were numbered and the end was near, he was not bowed down, but made preparations for his departure like a man going on a journey. And when towards the last I asked him what, looking backward, he thought of it all, he said but this: 'Life owes me nothing.'

He had faith in man: and, above all, in woman. 'Woman,' he once said, 'is the beauty and glory of the world.' He would chide men for the selfishness of their institutions. He regarded woman as the ennobling and uplifting influence in life, as man's best companion and friend, and as his equal: and in man's sports, studies, work, and politics he thought she should share. He was her champion, one whose courtesy and chivalry were ever ready to defend her cause. Give woman a vote? Of course. She bears her share of life's responsibilities, suffering, and sorrow: it 's only fair play.

It was the individual, the play of character, that

interested him. In his work on the life and literature of Old England he went straight to the human side of it all. It was the *man* he loved; and the heart rather than the brain of a man that he counted. Money, rank, titles, distinctions—none of these mattered: the laughter of a child and the handshake of a true man were more precious than all of them. Men and women of all ranks, some rich and some poor, of many trades and many countries, were his friends: and he was revered by them all as friend, guide, and counsellor; one to whom in the hour of success or failure, happiness or sorrow, they could go for advice and sympathy and never-failing kindness. This tremendous and all-embracing humanity was his greatest charm: it drew to him old folk and little children; and by reason of it he himself got near to his beloved Chaucer and Shakspere. It was the personalities of his immortal friends which interested him most, the strength of Morris and Browning, while his recollections of Ruskin were summed up in this, that Ruskin was the sweetest and gentlest man he ever met.

He was the champion of the working man. Working men had done much to mould his life and ideas. He had taught them, sported with them, had gone on long Sunday rambles with them in the far back fifties over the Surrey hills; and he believed in them. 'The working man,' said a great lady once, 'wants keeping in his place.' 'And where,' said he, firing up, '*is* his place, but where his abilities put him?' His constant advice to young men was this: Fit yourself for the place in your profession above you. Think for yourself.

Do not rely too much on authority, and do not accept any teaching without examination. Turn to science rather than literature; for the business and future of the world lie there. If you have any special aptitude, follow it up: if not, study natural history, your own body, your wife's, your children's upbringing. Read the history of your country, and make yourself a first-class citizen. Follow implicitly the laws of health, and have some outdoor sport or occupation, cycling, rowing, or gardening.

He was a democrat of the democrats, fearless in voicing his ideas, afraid of no criticism, frank, and perfectly free and natural. He delighted in twitting his Conservative friends. Once, when Professor Dicey occupied the chair at the Working Men's College annual supper, with Lyttelton near by, and many a stout Tory in the hall, he gave vent to his ideas on the evils of English life. 'The three great curses of England,' he said, 'are drink, gambling, and the House of Lords.' And he joined in the laughter and cheers.

His fine voice filled the largest hall. His speeches were the treat of the evening wherever he spoke, delightful with the play of fancy, and with sallies of humour; yet so infinitely human, and wise and helpful. The young men applauded him, and delighted in his fearless frankness: older men were sometimes apprehensive as to what would come next. He would talk of Shakspere, the Pre-Raphaelites, the study of Browning in American universities, Chaucer's reverence for women, sculling eights for girls, treats for the aged poor and little children, the co-operative movement of

the fifties, the filth and disease of the so-called good old times, and a medley of other topics, all with an indescribable vivacity and charm that held every member of his audience, and made an everlasting impression. Glimpses of older days he would sometimes reveal in conversation; how he had seen the old Duke of Wellington driving through Egham, bolt upright on his seat; and Wordsworth emerging from Macmillan's in Cambridge, where he had been, the old publisher said, to spread out an American newspaper before him, and exclaim in disgust: 'All my poems, Mr. Macmillan—for threepence!'

No fear of death, which he thought the end of existence, came to this great Victorian. He talked to me of it one winter's night walking through the snow: death, he said, was but like falling asleep. And beyond? It was all inscrutable. The world went on its way; other men came on to take our place; and things progressed. When the shadow of death was over him, he was true to those principles he had held and advocated, and was gentle, considerate, and kind to the last.

A true and noble man, strong in himself, and despising the conventions of men which seemed to him neither reasonable nor just; whom to know was to love and hold in lifelong veneration; modest and unassuming; a dear friend; a fearless enemy; gentle, generous, merry, and wise; whose life was given up to secret acts of kindness, and unselfish devotion to the good of others; and whose death leaves us and the world poorer in a loss that can never be forgotten.

JOHN MUNRO.

XXXI

I HAVE been asked to contribute to this memorial volume some account of Dr. Furnivall's memorable work in connexion with the dictionary projected by the Philological Society, and of his contributions to the Oxford *New English Dictionary*, which incorporates the results of the Philological Society's work. I regret that, having had no personal share in the earlier efforts, I have therefore no personal knowledge of the plans formed and work done by the Philological Society, and especially by its energetic honorary secretary, during the twenty years that preceded 1877. I came to London only in 1864, and became a member of the Philological Society in June 1868, up to which time I had never heard of the society's projected dictionary; nor did I hear much about it at the meetings I attended from that time till 1877. My knowledge of what took place in earlier times is thus all derived from what I have been told, mainly by Dr. Furnivall himself, in connexion with my editorship of the Oxford Dictionary, largely supplemented by what I have learned from the society's records and publications. It is a misfortune also that only four members of the society senior to myself survive, that not one of these was a member when the dictionary was projected, and that only two, Professor W. W. Skeat and Mr. Henry B. Wheatley (both of whom became members in 1863), took any part in the dictionary movement. I am thus left, to a great extent, the sole repositary (and that only a second-hand one), outside the society's own records and

publications, of what was done previous to 1868 and indeed previous to 1877.

From the published *Transactions*, I learn that the Philological Society was founded in 1843 and that Mr. F. J. Furnivall became a member of the society in 1847; he was thus at his death by a long way its oldest surviving member. On May 27, 1853, on the resignation of Dr. Edwin Guest, the honorary secretary from the foundation of the society till then, Professor T. H. Key and F. J. Furnivall were elected honorary secretaries. At the annual meeting in 1862, Professor Key having been elected a vice-president, Dr. Furnivall, who had practically done all the secretarial work for many years, was retained as sole honorary secretary, a position which he filled till his death in 1910.

The initial impulse in the society's work of collecting materials for a new English dictionary is connected with the names of Mr. Herbert Coleridge and the Rev. Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, the former of whom became a member of the society on February 19, 1857, and the latter on March 5, 1857. Dr. Trench, then Dean of Westminster and later Archbishop of Dublin, was already known as the author of two important works on the English language: *On the Study of Words*, 1851 (ed. 7, 1856) and *English Past and Present*, 1855 (ed. 3, 1856).

Both of these new members were elected to the council at the ensuing annual meeting on May 21, and a month later the council announced to the society that they had appointed a committee, consisting of

Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Furnivall, and Dr. Trench, to promote the collection of words not registered in existing dictionaries, in connexion with which Dr. Trench read, at the meeting of the society at the opening of the ensuing session, the paper, thereafter published, on 'Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries'. In the course of his own study of the history of words, Dr. Trench had found how little help could be obtained from the English dictionaries then existing (of which the chief were those of Johnson, Richardson, and Webster). In his paper he set forth his ideal of a dictionary, and pointed out how far the existing dictionaries were from realizing it; and he called upon the Philological Society, as the only body in Great Britain then interesting itself in the subject, to collect material for a supplement to Johnson, Richardson, and others, which should register all the omitted words, and supply all the missing features, by a systematic examination of important books, and the collection from them of quotations for words and senses of words not found in the dictionaries named above, as well as of all quotations throwing any light on the introduction, history, or obsolescence of words and senses. It was then stated by Coleridge, as secretary of the 'Unregistered Words Committee', that seventy-six volunteers had already entered upon this work, that 121 works had been taken in hand, and that highly important contributions had already been received. Many more volunteers now offered themselves, and the work of collecting proceeded vigorously. Two things, however, became apparent, viz. that the plan of collecting unregis-

tered words and senses meant the collation of every word with at least three large dictionaries, in order to see whether the word was unregistered, and was thus a tedious process; and, secondly, that the bulk of the additions already promised to be so great that the projected supplement would be greater than all the dictionaries. It was consequently asked whether it was worth while to aim at supplementing what was so deficient, and whether, in gathering materials, it would not be better to disregard existing dictionaries and collect directly for a new work. Accordingly, at the meeting on January 7, 1858, the society resolved that, instead of the supplement now in course of preparation a *new Dictionary of the English Language* should be prepared under the authority of the Philological Society; that the work should be placed in the hands of two committees, the one literary and historical, consisting of the Dean of Westminster, F. J. Furnivall, and Herbert Coleridge, secretary; the other etymological, consisting of Hensleigh Wedgwood and Professor Malden; the former of these committees to edit the dictionary and direct the general working of the scheme. I have always understood (though I find no mention of this in the society's minutes) that this extension of the scheme from a mere supplement to a new dictionary was mainly urged and carried by Dr. Furnivall, that it was not favoured by Dr. Trench, and that, at first at least, Mr. Coleridge was not very keen about it. Furnivall had even then done work at Early English (which Trench's studies did not specially include) and he realized more than his

colleagues how much that was not supplemental but altogether new, needed to be done. Little was then known as to the actual historical stages of the English language. It was Coleridge's view that English proper (as distinguished from Anglo-Saxon) and the transition stage (then called Semi-Saxon) might be said to begin at 1250, and that it might for lexicographical purposes be divided into three periods, the first period from 1250 to the date of Tindale's New Testament in 1526, the second from 1526 to the death of Milton in 1674, the third from 1674 to the present day. I have heard Furnivall say that he never believed in these divisions, and thought that Coleridge attributed far too much importance to the influence on the language of the Scripture versions; but that no one then knew really how the language could best be divided into periods, and so he accepted this as a provisional order. The aim of the editorial committee was to get at least one quotation for every word and sense, for each of their three periods, and, if possible, the earliest available example for the period in which the word came into use. At the next meeting Furnivall read a circular setting forth the plan of the new dictionary and appealing for help, which was incorporated in a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and issued to members, as a 'Proposal for the Publication of a New English Dictionary by the Philological Society'; containing rules and directions for collectors, examples of quotations, &c., and also a list of the printed literature of England, belonging to the period 1250–1526. In November of this year Herbert Coleridge, who

had actually been directing the work as editor *de facto*, was at his own request appointed editor *de jure*, and a committee, consisting of Dean Trench, Professor Key, F. J. Furnivall, Thomas Watts, F. Pulszky, H. Wedgwood, and Professor Goldstücker, was appointed to draw up rules for the editors' guidance, and these were finally passed by the society on May 12, 1860, as the *Canones Lexicographici*. These settled the form of the proposed dictionary, its division into three parts, (1) a main dictionary, (2) a vocabulary of scientific and technical terms, and a vocabulary of proper names of persons and places, and (3) an etymological appendix, to which the etymologies of words in the main dictionary were to be referred. Rules were laid down as to the treatment of different classes of words, the arrangement of the articles, the quotations, and the etymologies. A new edition of the 'Proposal' with numerous augmentations was issued to the public; and, on May 30, Coleridge, in a letter to Trench, reported as to progress, stating that of the first period 139 works had been undertaken by readers, of which 64 had been finished; in the second period 276 had been undertaken; of the third period, the eighteenth century had been undertaken by the Americans. About the same time Coleridge published with Trübner his Glossarial Index to the printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century.

On February 14, 1861, Coleridge laid on the society's table the first part—A to D—of the vocabulary of words from 1526 indicating those for which he had quotations and the authors cited, a laborious work of

twenty-four pages in three columns of small print. This was the last piece of work which he was to do for the dictionary: only ten weeks later the society received the announcement of his death. This was a severe blow to the prospects of the dictionary, for which he had worked with immense enthusiasm down to the last. It is quite possible that, had he lived, a dictionary of some extent, on the society's lines, would actually have been produced during the sixties or seventies. But I am sure that he greatly underestimated the preparatory work that had first to be done, in order to carry out the scheme. I have in my scriptorium a small block of fifty-four pigeon-holes which formed his repository for quotation slips, and which is capable at the most of holding 100,000 quotations; and I have heard Dr. Furnivall say that Coleridge thought that, when he had these filled, it would be time to begin to make the dictionary. The quotations now accumulated would fill some 2,500 similar pigeon-holes and number some five or six millions, of which more than a million and a quarter will be printed in the Oxford Dictionary. But in 1860 the study of English had hardly begun; materials for it were still to a great extent inaccessible. The Early English Text Society and its numerous daughter societies did not exist. Almost all our scientific knowledge of the language dates from a later time; and any dictionary then produced would have been far behind the present state of our knowledge. Yet we can sympathize with Herbert Coleridge in his longing to see something accomplished, and we look with loving

regard upon the specimen articles on a few early words which he put in type during his last illness, and saw before his eyes closed for ever.

His death left Furnivall as the only possible successor, and at a meeting a month later he was appointed editor, and made a statement as to the present condition of the collection for the dictionary and the course he purposed to pursue with regard to the scheme. Furnivall realized much more fully the immensity of the work, and the necessity for a more extensive collection of material; the need, also, of dividing and distributing constructive and editorial work. While, therefore, he pressed on the work of reading and collecting quotations, he also instituted the plan of dividing up the alphabet among volunteer sub-editors, each of whom was to take charge of the material for a particular letter or part of a large letter, receiving the quotations beginning with this letter, and undertaking to arrange them alphabetically into word-groups, and each word chronologically and according to senses, writing or taking from other dictionaries the definitions, and thus leaving (as was hoped) to the editor only the final redaction of the article. By this means the collected quotations began to be put into a more manageable form, and in the earlier years a considerable amount of arranging and sub-editing work was accomplished. Furnivall also published, on May 14, a list of books read or undertaken at that date, and on September 25 the second part, E to L, of the basis of comparison for the modern period, the third part of which, M to Z,

seventy-six pages, he completed and published on March 15, 1863.

But, before the close of 1861, Furnivall had come to see that several years must pass before the society's dictionary, if it was to approach the ideal of an inventory of the language and a biography of every word, could be commenced. Much more reading and collecting of material must be done in every period, especially in the first. In order, therefore, at once to respond to the constant inquiry of contributors, 'When do you expect to print?' and to facilitate the preparation of the large dictionary, he conceived the notion of first preparing a 'Concise Dictionary', which was to be a compendium or abstract of the main dictionary, with brief definitions, a few brief quotations, but full references to all the quotations in hand for the main dictionary, so as to be at once a work of considerable value in itself, and a basis of comparison for readers; showing, for each word and sense, what quotations were already in hand and of what date, and what gaps in the series still remained to be filled. On February 27, 1862, he accordingly read a paper to the society on the next step in the dictionary plan, in which he asked the society to adopt the plan of a 'Concise Dictionary' and to authorize contributors and sub-editors to direct their work to the preparation of such a compendium. After considerable discussion, the meeting resolved: That Dr. Furnivall be authorized to announce his plan to the contributors in the next part of the Third Period Basis; to sort the contributions and entrust them to the care of such

sub-editors as he thinks fit, and that he be requested to print off, at the expense of the society, a specimen of the Concise Dictionary which he proposes, and to lay it before the society for their final decision, before proceeding further with the printing of such dictionary. This latter resolution, Furnivall said, in announcing the matter to his sub-editors, was adopted for caution's sake, and that the society's name might not be pledged to a preliminary book without the members seeing what it would be like. But, he added, 'Whether the society ultimately resolve on allowing the book to be called the "Philological Society's Concise Dictionary" or not, my arrangements with the publishers will secure its appearance as a working book, an abridged first edition of the new dictionary originally proposed.' In point of fact, Furnivall was so convinced of the feasibility of his plan, that he made a personal contract with Mr. John Murray to have the MS. of the Concise Dictionary ready for press on December 31, 1865; and I understand that a considerable sum was advanced by Mr. Murray to meet preliminary expenses of publication, which, when the scheme was finally abandoned in 1879, Furnivall felt bound to repay. The prospect that, at length, something was to be printed, and that by a definite date, served to quicken the energies both of readers and sub-editors, and the work of collecting and arranging material went on actively during the ensuing two or three years. Three or four of the more earnest sub-editors (including those of B, half of C, U, and V), even completed their letters as far as they could for the Concise Dictionary. Side by side with this,

Furnivall was making efforts to render unprinted or early printed English literature more accessible. In 1861 he induced the Philological Society to allow him to fill up the *Transactions* of a previous year, for which the reports of papers were wanting, by printing from early MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries 180 pages of Early English Poems and Lives of Saints. These proved of great importance for the history of the language and for the dictionary. The society followed this up by printing, apart from the *Transactions*, from 1862 to 1864, three Early English works edited by Dr. R. Morris and Dr. R. Weymouth, and finally, in the latter year, Furnivall succeeded in founding the Early English Text Society for the printing of early works in MS., which, followed by its own extra series for reprints, has been the greatest factor in that historical study of English which has distinguished the last thirty years. These, with their offspring the Chaucer Society, the Ballad Society, and the New Shakspere Society, of all of which he was either the sole founder or one of the founders, constitute Dr. Furnivall's greatest contribution to the service of his generation and of posterity.

One of the great objects, perhaps originally the greatest, in founding the E. E. T. S., although in the original prospectus it was for good reasons put second to the publication of works of the Arthurian Cycle, was the supply of early material for the Philological Society's dictionary; and its actual importance in this respect has been inestimable, as may be seen by examining the quotations for any early word in the *New English*

Dictionary. But the editing of several important texts, the enlisting and supervising of other editors, the reading of proofs, and the keeping of all the series marching on in the face of many difficulties, in addition to the secretaryship of the Philological Society, was an effort of which very few men would have been capable. Even for Furnivall it was not possible to give much time to each object, and from 1864 there was a gradual falling off in that of the society's dictionary. Absorbed in plans to him more attractive, he relaxed his appeals to readers and sub-editors, and his annual October circulars to members of the Philological Society began to tell more and more of sub-editors who had thrown up, or wished to resign, their work, and of books in hand for extracting or cutting up, for which workers were wanted. In October 1865 he wrote, 'the Concise Dictionary, although advancing, is by no means in the state that could be wished. The MS. of it should have been all in my hands by this time, and Mr. Murray should have it for printing on New Year's Day; but from the reports of sub-editors which have reached me, it is evident that the work cannot be completed for the next year (though several letters are promised before the end of the winter) and Mr. Murray's forbearance must be asked for at least that time.' Fresh sub-editors were wanted for seven of the letters. A year later he wrote: 'The reading of books for the work is kept up by a faithful few. The Early English Text Society's books have given us a large increase of early words and quotations, though there must be many more to come;

the middle period is well represented in the extracts; but for the modern period there is still a want of extracts from standard authors for common words.' In 1869: 'The sending in of extracts for the dictionary is still kept up by a few readers; about sixty packets of extracts have been sent in since last October.' In this manner the work gradually died away, until in the early seventies the collection of materials practically stopped, except by Furnivall himself. Some three or four sub-editors who felt a genuine interest in the work, continued to labour. Those who had definitely given up, returned their materials to Furnivall, whose lobby and rooms were cumbered with boxes and bundles of every size and form. Materials for other letters remained with those who had undertaken to sub-edit them, or with their surviving relatives; and collecting these, when the whole were made over to the Oxford Press for the use of the *New English Dictionary*, was a work of no small difficulty; in some cases years elapsed before they could be traced and recovered.

The story of how I was myself brought into contact with the materials collected and in part arranged by the Philological Society, and thus into cognizance of the plans and work of earlier years, need not here be told, as it does not concern Dr. Furnivall's work, except in so far as his powerful persuasion and promise of assistance was a large factor in inducing me to undertake what has proved to be a life-work; and I have to testify that in numerous ways, but especially in the endeavour to complete our quotations, he has rendered great and invaluable assistance. He has been by far the most

voluminous of our 'readers', and the slips in his handwriting and the clippings by him from printed books, and from newspapers and magazines, form a very large fraction of the millions in the Scriptorium. His earlier position as 'editor' was more correctly that of director, for under his hands the work never came near the stage of editing, though he printed a specimen leaf of his proposed Concise Dictionary; but as director of the reading of books and collection of quotations, his work was magnificent and has been an invaluable factor in the construction of the *New English Dictionary*; his institution of sub-editors in only a few instances realized his expectations, but it resulted in a good deal of useful arrangement of the original quotations, so that they could be more easily incorporated with those collected by our readers between 1879 and 1882. I wish that he had lived to see our work finished. When he took last leave of me at the May meeting of the Philological Society, 1910, he said he had greatly hoped to see the end of the work, but that it was a consolation to die knowing that it would now be finished and that others would see it.

JAMES A. H. MURRAY.

XXXII

DR. FURNIVALL was always one of my heroes, from the old days of the Working Men's College, but I was not brought into close intercourse with him until I joined the Council of the Philological Society. In the meetings of the society his genial presence, his bright

smile, his enthusiastic interest in the subject-matter of the different papers, and his warm appreciation of good work done by other men, spread around a warming influence which it is difficult to imagine replaced. I need not speak here of the debt owed to him by me as a student of Chaucer and Shakspere, but I venture to be allowed to place on record my impression of the solemn scene when Dr. Furnivall announced to the Society, in the tone of one who mentioned that he was going into the country next week, that the doctors had informed him that he had a fatal disease and that he was not likely to live more than six months. It seemed as if he were the only person in the room not deeply moved by the announcement. 'Ah, well,' he said to me afterwards, 'I have had a good innings and have enjoyed my life. I should have liked to finish two or three books I have in hand, but I suppose it is impossible. I asked my son if he could give me a year, but he said he was afraid it would be more like six months.' It was in fact not more than two. At the last meeting of the society, in June, he would not be accompanied home, but insisted on going alone, and getting a cab for himself.

H. A. Nesbitt,
Treasurer of the Philological Society.

XXXIII

The Gifford Street Foster-Homes

One of the most notable facets of Dr. Furnivall's life was his sympathy with the suffering children, born of parents unfitted and too destitute to rear them

properly. The Doctor's interest was keen from his student days in the forties. His first thought was that the remedy would be education ; but experience soon showed him this was only a preliminary or minor part of the work. The first task was to bring happiness into children's lives, and to this end he devoted himself from first to last.

In June 1907 the Doctor, with this set hope, but as yet no set means, was attracted to a scheme of taking out the very poorest children from their squalid homes, and boarding them with selected foster-parents in the country, to be the children of their new mothers, and to learn to regard their new homes as their own. The foster-parents were to receive good advice and to train the child in the way of earning its living: and, above all, the aim was to counteract the unnatural conditions of the place of birth. He introduced the scheme to Mrs. Frances Campbell, whose articles in the *Westminster* drew public attention to the project. Mrs. Frances Campbell became president, the Doctor chairman; and then the work began.

A good start was made with two little girls, one the daughter of a widow who was in no position to mother the child, and the other from a family degraded and stunted by slumdom. Funds were provided, and, better still, willing and discriminating help.

Soon three more children were rescued : but numbers were limited for fear that money might run short, and the children perforce have to be returned whence they came : and the rule was laid down that at least three years' maintenance must be available. Another

case was one of persistent cruelty to the children, and the parents had repeatedly been arraigned for the offence. At the Doctor's suggestion one little girl of six was at last taken over by the society, and is now living in the family of a Berkshire blacksmith.

As the Doctor came to outlive his own generation, his old helpers failed, and he and his younger friends had scant resources. The *Westminster Gazette* articles brought in little grist, and the society was but little known. Fears were entertained that the society might fail, and to the Doctor this thought occasioned grief. But, when he turned to the results achieved, the happy faces, the sturdy growth of the fostered children, it was with a beaming smile he would tell his friends of the change he saw when he visited his charges. The scheme was a success as far as it went: time would justify it; of this the Doctor never had a moment's doubt.

One habit of his moved his friends, who loved him, to deep admiration: the way he fixed his eyes on the goal and took heed of every detail. A post-card read thus: 'Let me have the names, ages, and addresses of half a dozen poor children (haven't money for more). I am going to the sale to buy some warm frock-stuff for them.' Often he might be seen around Hammersmith, struggling along with two string bags full of 'goodies' for the children in his 'river treat', and a pair of boots under his arm for a child who, he had noticed, had bad ones.

After his name there stood many degrees: and one of them was Ph.D.; 'Doctor of Philanthropy.'

George S. Offer.

XXXIV[1]

It was not possible to refrain from watching the man who sat at the opposite desk. He had entered the manuscript-room of the Museum with a step so quick and eager that one naturally looked up from one's work. He took the nearest seat, called for a manuscript, unrolled a large bundle of proof, and went at the correcting of it with the zeal of a young scholar who has received his first galleys. His eye was bright and piercing, and his glance travelled from manuscript to proof and from proof to manuscript with quick, keen regularity. It was like watching a well-trained field-dog at his work. He appeared alert, but not nervous.

A Middle English manuscript could not compete with this man in interest, and I found my eyes frequently travelling across the table. At first I was fearful that he would detect my curiosity, but only twice in the hour and a half that he was there did he raise his eyes—that was to glance at the clock. At 4.30 he abruptly arose, jammed the proof into a big side-pocket, returned the manuscript, and left with the same elastic step with which he had entered, his legs hurrying after his eager head as if fearing to be left behind.

His appearance had been as striking as his manner of work. He was slight and somewhat stooped. His colour was high and his forehead and neck showed evidence of recent sunburn, a contrast to the pale, dull-eyed elderly men about him. He wore a bright

[1] Reprinted and abridged with permission from *The World*, May 1907.

red Ascot tie, and from his upper coat-pocket protruded a large silk handkerchief of a magenta shade.

My reflections were interrupted by the arrival of the friend who had arranged to take me to tea to meet Dr. Frederick Furnivall, the editor of the Early English Text Society's publications. We went to the unassuming restaurant in Oxford Street, where this eminent scholar was at home to his friends every afternoon, and ascended to the quiet room on the second floor. But Dr. Furnivall had not arrived. This was evidently a cause of anxiety to the maids, for I overheard them saying, 'Where can the Doctor be? He is never so late as this. Do you suppose he is ill?' But their questions were quickly answered, for there was a light step on the stair, and then—the man who had set me guessing.

There was the expected cheery word for each of the girls, and then he approached our table with hand extended in welcome, not waiting for an introduction, and the words, 'And how are all my dear friends in America?' That first glance revealed the unusual character of his eyes; I have never seen others like them—eyes lighted with the spirit of youth, and in which shrewdness and benignity temper each other. Youthfulness, keenness, humanism—such is Dr. Furnivall.

I knew that as president of the Browning Society he had done more than any other Englishman to gain Browning a hearing among his countrymen, and I was impatient to hear what he would say about the poet.

'Ah, dear old fellow; dear old boy! if he could only have lived to know how much you Americans love him!' And then he told the story of the founding of the

society, of Tennyson's cold refusal to be its president or in any way to assist it, of his own reluctant acceptance of the office, of Browning's honest and simple acquiescence in the movement, and of the gradual change in the attitude toward the poetry.

. . . .

It was a short and delightful hour, and at its close Dr. Furnivall gave an urgent invitation to take tea some Sunday afternoon with his sculling club at their house near Hammersmith Bridge. A few Sundays later I found myself in the large hall of the club-house. The room was filled with a hundred happy young men and women. Some were chatting in animated little groups; others were making sandwiches; and still others were preparing tea at the great fireplace, the home-like, expectant odour permeating the room.

'No, the Doctor was just in from his boat, and was taking his cold shower, but he would be up presently.' It was a raw, foggy afternoon.

'But he hasn't been sculling to-day, has he?'

'Oh, yes, he has just done his fourteen miles; that's his minimum. If he has too much steam aboard he makes it twenty, but that's almost too much for the rest of us, and unless he goes alone he usually has to content himself with the shorter spin.'

Eighty-two years of age, and sculling fourteen miles every Sunday! Now I began to understand the colour in his cheeks.

Presently he appeared, radiant as a Homeric youth. He brushed his way through the group that instantly gathered round him, and made for the head of the

table, which was a signal to the feasters to 'fall to'. Every one within the reach of his voice was subject to his jokes; the arrows of his wit flew here and there, and the whole company caught the contagion of his mirth. Supper over, there was singing, and later dancing; Dr. Furnivall was glowing with happiness.

At ten the company broke up, and I walked to the train with my host, the youngest and gayest of them all. His mind and heart were full of the club.

'I can't last many years longer at the most, and I want them to incorporate and start to buy the club-house, so that the club won't go to smash when I do.'

A few evenings after this first visit to the club, I saw this interesting boy of eighty-two in another capacity. He was presiding at a meeting of the London Shakspere Society, of which he is president. The whole gathering took its key from his spirit. Before introducing the speaker of the evening, Professor Schick, of Munich, he reviewed with much enthusiasm the findings of the most recent Shakspere research. It is not surprising that Dr. Furnivall loves Shakspere and has edited the plays so well, for he is essentially Elizabethan. His youthfulness and light-heartedness, his sustained enthusiasm, his animated cosmopolitanism, his liberation from convention, his fondness for bright, strong colours, his humanism, the fluidity of his life, his closeness to nature, are the characteristics of Elizabethan, more than of Victorian, England.

. . . .

Dr. Furnivall's known love for young people and his generous interest in their affairs draws about him young

students of English philology from the Continent and from America, and he is seldom seen without some member of this bodyguard. In the work of these young men he takes keen pleasure, and they quickly find themselves the disciples of a master whose greatest happiness is to serve.

In his love of sports Dr. Furnivall is a true Englishman, and apparently he is prouder of the fact that his son was at one time the champion bicyclist of the world than that he has performed a surgical operation novel in the annals of the profession. As expressive of his fullness of physical life, I may mention that I have never seen Dr. Furnivall walk up or down stairs, he always runs.

. . . .

Great as Dr. Furnivall is as a scholar, he is greater as a man, and it is as a large-hearted, generous friend that he is most affectionately remembered by every one who has come into sympathetic contact with him.

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD.

XXXV

To write about Furnivall is to write about myself. He came into my life, I had no influence on his. We seldom met, and never with a view to talk intimately or to exchange confidences. Our friends and interests were not the same, and in our careers and attainments I was never within measurable reach of him. Being his junior by a quarter of a century, I naturally looked

to him for help and advice, and he never received any from me; yet his manner towards me implied obligation, as if he were the debtor and I the creditor; in fact, I might well have been a burden on his conscience. He was not altogether in sympathy with my notions about Shaksperian representation, and I believe, in the bottom of his heart, he thought me rather a crank. One thing, however, was obvious, Furnivall had said to himself, 'this young man is in earnest, and I must do what I can for him'—that was the bond which bought my affection.

Furnivall, then, was 'The Master' whom I revered and loved, but of this devotion he never knew, for he stubbornly refused to be posed either now or for posterity. Looking back towards the academic profession as it appeared to me some thirty years ago, the attitude of the teacher towards the learner seemed singularly apathetic. As regards myself, I was not sorry to have escaped the humdrum of a public school and college life; perhaps my ideas were fresher in consequence; at any rate, quite early in life, I realized that there was something radically wrong in the way Shakspere was being acted, and I proved my contention by actual experiment on a model Elizabethan stage. Now I was prepared for the actor-manager resenting his dethronement, because personality, limelight, and background, which found no place on the old stage, made success on the modern boards not a question of talent, but one of money. Anybody who could collect eight thousand pounds for a magnificent revival of Shakespere, after the manner of a grand opera, might be

trusted to act the principal part himself with a shop-walker's efficiency. On the other hand, from the scholar I looked for more encouragement, he at least would be eager to acknowledge what was due to the old form of drama. I was sadly mistaken. The English master of arts was even more conservative than the actor-manager. To advance knowledge was no part of his business. To suggest reforms was unusual. New ideas about Shakspere must be inspired from within a University or they were of no good. In fact, I came to the conclusion that the intellectual ambition of a graduate was limited to obtaining a comfortable income, leisure, books, and good society, together with a sufficient parade of indifference to the realities of life to please his superiors, who generally were priests, and peers, or sometimes titled publicans. Fortunately, so far as I was concerned, there existed one master of arts who was an exception to the rule—Furnivall had no wish to despise 'those sort of people whom one does not know'. He believed, besides, that the plain man might, occasionally, tell the scholar something which the scholar did not know. Of Maurice, Kingsley, and Robertson I had read, but they were no longer living, and Furnivall was the first man I met who was of their way of thinking. Naturally, contact with him was an event in my life, and I do not forget that there were many other men and women leading noble and unselfish lives in their efforts to relieve poverty and suffering; but Furnivall was the first man I knew who fought the battle for recognition of equality of brains, irrespective of those academic distinctions which only money can

obtain. Ruskin was upholding the same kind of doctrine in a superior kind of way, and therefore, with less practical results, and Henry Morley, in his efforts to popularize English literature for readers of the *Family Herald*, did good service. Of course the influence of these pioneers is beginning to bear fruit, but only slowly. So long as our two leading universities are governed by graduates, who, because they finished their education forty years ago, never trouble to look at the clock—these two homes of culture will continue to be homes of sentiment and politics, rather than centres of knowledge. Pressure, however, comes from across the water in the competing influences of German and American Universities where the authorities do not allow their students' education to lag behind the times, and where professors quickly assimilate every scrap of outside knowledge worth having. And though Furnivall's labours, as founder of the New Shakspere Society, found little acceptance at his own University, they were fully appreciated abroad, and, as regards my own small efforts, these, too, are now recognized by German and American scholars.

The Furnivall I knew in 1880 was the Furnivall I knew in 1910. Age made no difference to him, and it was never used as a plea to save himself trouble. No engagement was postponed; no letter was left unanswered; no promise was ever broken. His face was always turned towards those who had nothing to give, and his back to wealth and patronage. To me he was the champion of intellectual freedom. He taught me to be fearless and independent in my search after truth.

Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639) sums him up in four lines :—

> This man is free from servile bands,
> Of hope or fear to fall ;
> Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing he hath all.

WILLIAM POEL.

XXXVI

I FIRST came to know the Doctor about 1885, when he took me, on the recommendation of one of the evening superintendents of the Reading-room at the British Museum, to edit a volume for the Wyclif Society, a good instance of his lightheartedness, as at that time I had never read a page of Mediaeval Latin, nor looked at a manuscript except through a glass case. This first book, however, happened to be fairly easy, and I got through it well enough to be given another, which was very far indeed from being easy, and over which I at first went so wrong that the Clarendon Press sent a private memorandum to headquarters to report that they had never had any proofs so heavily corrected. From my recollection of the Doctor's share in certain literary controversies, then fairly recent, I expected to be abused like a pickpocket, but that was because I didn't yet know him. It was only the 'persone obstinat' whom he ever snubbed ; to the mere 'synful man', especially when young and willing to learn, he was never despitous, and on this occasion he treated those cruelly corrected proofs as a misfortune which

might have happened to anybody. A little later, on the strength of an ingeniously unscientific edition of some of the Canterbury Tales, which I had produced for general readers, he invited me to be his collaborator in a long-promised pair of editions of Chaucer, one in library form, which never saw the light, the other a Globe edition which, after many vicissitudes, was ultimately finished, though with Furnivall's name in the dedication instead of on the title-page. That was the best of the Doctor; he was not merely light-hearted, he was also inspiring, and his vitality was so abounding that not merely his enthusiasm but his ideals became infectious, and when he took hold of a man and told him to do a thing he put him on his mettle, at all events to do as much of it as he could. Furnivall was always putting men and women on their mettle in this way, especially when he caught them young, and spurring them to put the best work they could into tasks which without his encouragement they would never have dared to attempt. He did this in respect to many things besides Middle English Texts, and in doing it he communicated to all sorts of persons, who would otherwise have remained diffident and unproductive, something of his perennial enjoyment of life and delight in work. In my own case, whatever diffidence I at first possessed must have disappeared very quickly as far as the Doctor was concerned, since for more years than I can remember it was the convention between us that he was a Wicked Old Man, and I habitually addressed him as such. I forget how the convention arose, but in dealing with people who could take care of themselves (he was

gentleness itself to those who couldn't) the Doctor's large-heartedness never quite crushed out a touch of schoolboy mischief, and the convention was not without its uses. I remember one conversation in the court-yard of the British Museum, at which I assisted, in which he was more than ordinarily 'wicked'. A moderately distinguished man of letters was inveighing bitterly against the 'humbug' of the municipal library, and the Doctor, his democratic spirit being aroused, countered the attack by explaining (to me!) in his most soothing and silvery tones how unreasonable it was to expect that all the municipal libraries should buy their assailant's best-known work. Mr. X stuck to his generalities, the Doctor stuck to Mr. X's book, and it was so patent to the bystander that if the municipal libraries had subscribed largely for that one excellent work Mr. X's attitude would have been entirely changed, that the chaff seemed fair enough. Furnivall indeed, if any man, had a right to chaff the unconscious self-centredness of others, for from such self-centredness he was more entirely free than any other literary man I have ever met. Not only can I recall no instance of his ever lifting a finger to make money or reputation for himself, but he never worried his head about putting on record his own 'priority' in any find, and if any new evidence came to light, no tenderness for his own theories prevented him from welcoming it. In his old age, indeed, he was almost dangerously accessible to new ideas. He had thus little mercy for any one whom he found more concerned to prove himself right than to get at the truth. He made some enemies in this

way, and when I first knew him there were a good many outstanding estrangements from controversies of the previous decade. But I can remember no single harsh criticism or unkind allusion which he ever uttered during all the years I knew him. I have known him hit a man, but I have never known him abuse a man except in an open fight, and I well remember how in one of his latest public controversies he nonplussed his adversary by sending him a series of friendly post-cards on by-topics, while hitting out at him in a newspaper.

All his life, of course, Furnivall was a fighter, and I remember at an early meeting of the Simplified Spelling Society, only a couple of years ago, after I had advocated simplification on an historical basis, the uncompromising firmness with which he told me that the majority of the council were committed to a phonetic basis, and that if I didn't like it I had better go! Of course I didn't go. The meetings of that council were far too amusing, and I remained as an unobstructive opposition, in which capacity I was tolerated because of my usefulness in forming a quorum. Thus one of my mental vignettes of the Doctor depicts him as he sat at the head of the table in the little committee-room at Great Russell Street. But I have many others, all of them delightful. In one he stands bareheaded in the courtyard of the British Museum scattering corn to the pigeons out of a paper bag. In another he is standing up at a dinner of the Odd Volumes, and ingeniously making the excellency of the fare a reason for diverging from a talk about Chaucer into an appeal for a Children's Dinner Fund.

In another, of course, he is picknicking on his favourite island in the Thames, amid a happy crowd of scholars and scullers of both sexes, and to this there is a wickedly delightful pendant of the old man, returning from that picnic, standing up in his boat, armed with a huge boat-hook, his white hair blown by the wind, accomplishing his nefarious feat of being the first out of a crowded lock which he had been the last to enter. My own special local connexion for him, however, is with one of the end seats in the long desks at the Reading-room of the British Musuem, where I used to see him almost any evening for many years, whenever I was staying till six o'clock, over some private study of my own. As a rule I found him reading a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* in the interests of his beloved dictionary, and the delights of carrying him off to the Catalogue Desk for a surreptitious chat, in which he would want to know all about my own doings, and my wife's and my children's as well, made me miss many suburban trains. I wish I had missed dozens more!

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

XXXVII

SOME twenty-six years ago, on a dark evening in November, two vigorous undergraduates had just returned from the River Cam and were sitting in a college-room at Trinity Hall. These were Sidney Swann, who afterwards became famous as an oarsman and an all-round athlete, and Sydney Propert, his *fidus*

Achates, who twice won the 'Grand' at Henley in the unbeaten 'Thames' crew of 1888. The room was lighted by the comfortable glow of a log fire, and the occupants were earnestly discussing the merits and chances of the various college crews, when a sharp knocking was heard at the door. 'Come in,' shouted both voices at once, and there entered with vigorous stride a lithe and active middle-aged man, in appearance most pleasant and agreeable: a fresh and smiling face set off his abundant locks of curling hair, and his unconventional and easy style of dress at once arrested the attention by its picturesqueness. From the first moment of his entry we felt that we were in the presence of a real character, although we had no idea who he was. He introduced himself by telling us his name was Furnivall, and explained that he was up in Cambridge, doing some Shakespeare work in the University Library.

There was a charm and a modesty in his references to his literary work which, although perfectly natural, indicated the real man of letters. Proceeding, he explained that the object of his call was to discuss a new idea for the rowing world, and to secure, if possible, our interest and assistance. The proposal, briefly stated, was to replace rowing 'fours' and 'eights' by sculling 'fours' and 'eights'. With great enthusiasm and charm he explained how sculling required greater skill and watermanship, how much faster a double-sculler was than a pair, and *a fortiori* a 'sculling eight' than a 'rowing eight'. He concluded with an appeal to us to do something for this reform.

Such was my introduction to Dr. Furnivall, twenty-six years ago, and such was the impression formed by his unconventional yet charming manner, by his interest and enthusiasm for the things of youth, that to this day the picture of the man with his light-blue flannel shirt, the little tie of coloured ribbon, the loosely-buttoned waistcoat, sitting there in the glow of the evening fire, remains as vivid and fresh as though it were yesterday.

From that moment a friendship began which stood the test of passing years and only ended with death. From time to time Dr. Furnivall visited Cambridge to make inquiries as to the progress I was making in promoting his reforms. This went on until I left the University and settled in Lillie Road, Fulham, to take up religious and social work.

The parish of Fulham, being divided from Putney by the course of the University Boat Race, was a very convenient centre for boating. I became a member of the Thames Rowing Club in 1885, rowing at Henley until 1890, and this again brought me into close relationship with Dr. Furnivall. It was not long after this that he began the agitation in favour of widening the basis of amateur oarsmanship, which eventually led, in the year 1890, to the foundation of the National Amateur Rowing Association. Furnivall was not by nature a diplomatist, and many of those who were as anxious as he to widen the amateur definition, endeavoured, though in vain, to point out that in addressing members of the University, moderation in language was desirable and more likely to secure the object in view. But he

was nothing if not real and true to himself, and when he visited Cambridge he never failed to point out the snobbishness on the part of the University in sending its best men into the slums of the East End to address the people as 'Dearly beloved brethren' on Sunday, but, from the rowing point of view, to regard them as cads on Monday. It is possible that had Furnivall been more discreet and diplomatic, the amateur definition would have been put upon a broader basis and the need for the N. A. R. A. might never have arisen. But this was not to be, and at those early meetings, when our line of policy had to be discussed, lively scenes often occurred, and the writer, when occupying the chair, frequently had to pull the Doctor's coat-tails as a signal that his language was not wholly Shakespearean.

Finding that it was impossible to modify the view of the A. R. A., the N. A. R. A. was officially formed on September 15, 1890, at 'Ye Olde Bell', Doctors' Commons, when Furnivall took the chair, as also at a general meeting held at the Regent Street Polytechnic on December 13, 1890. The following clubs were now affiliated: Polytechnic, Putney, General Post Office, Brighton Excelsior, Neptune (Oxford), Lansdowne, Cygnet, Dewsbury, and Derby Town. It should be here stated that the N. A. R. A., although desiring to widen the definition of an amateur oarsman, had no desire to lower the standard of rowing. In its articles of association the first object is stated to be '(*a*) To maintain the standard of oarsmanship as recognized by the amateur rowing clubs; (*b*) To deal repressively with any abuses at rowing races; (*c*) To suspend or

expel members or clubs for misconduct; (*d*) To watch over the interests of rowing and generally protect them.'

By its definition an *amateur* is one '(*a*) who has never competed for a money-prize, declared wage, or staked bet; (*b*) who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of rowing or other athletic exercise as a means of pecuniary gain; (*c*) who has never knowingly or without protest taken part in any competition with any one who is not an amateur; (*d*) who has never been employed in or about boats or boathouses as a means of pecuniary gain—commissioned officers of the Navy and certificated officers of the Mercantile Marine excepted; (*e*) who has never sold or raised money on any prize won by him.' It will thus be seen by the above definition that none but those who are professionally engaged in or about boats are disqualified from taking part in regattas as amateurs. The large class of working men, so dear to the heart of Furnivall, earning their living by various kinds of handicrafts, and until now excluded by the amateur definition, would thus be admitted into the ranks of rowing amateurs, as is the case in every other branch of national sport and athletics. Nothing enraged Furnivall more than the recognized hypocrisy and humbug, on the part of amateur clubs when desiring to secure the membership of a good oarsman outside the limitations of their own definition, of designating, let us say, a house-painter as an 'artist', and so defeating their own law.

The year 1891 was a period of great activity. At the annual general meeting, Furnivall was elected a vice-president, and he read his proposed alterations in the

articles of association, all of which were subsequently adopted. In March he was present at the General Committee, and at an Executive Committee held in Oxford on April 18. The next important step, which was largely taken on Furnivall's initiative, was the arrangement of a conference with the A. R. A., from which we all hoped great things. The A. R. A. representatives were J. H. P. Goldie (C. U. B. C. and Leander), the famous University stroke; S. Le Blanc-Smith (L. R. C. and Leander, hon. sec. A. R. A.); H. W. Nicholson (O. U. B. C. and Leander); and B. Horton, L. R. C. The N. A. R. A. representatives were Dr. Furnivall, J. E. Robinson (Lansdowne R. C.), and J. Imre Lonnon, hon. sec. Unfortunately the conference proved abortive, for some said that Furnivall, like the Irish politician, went for a head whenever he saw one, and the result was that the breach between the two bodies widened rather than the definition. In this same year His Grace the Duke of Fife consented to become president of the association, and in the following, Furnivall occupied the chair at numerous meetings and drafted the annual report. Prosaic as such business meetings usually are, the interest and enthusiasm which he put into these gatherings made them unique. Frequently at the conclusion of the business, and not always before it ended, the Doctor would give a racy address on things in general, and such a rare treat were these digressions for those who heard them, that if I happened to be in the chair I never ruled him out of order.

In 1893 I was elected to the position of hon. treasurer,

and in the same year the association was presented with two challenge cups, one from Dr. Furnivall, now known as the Furnivall Silver-gilt Challenge Cup, and one from the Duke of Fife. In 1895, at the annual general meeting, held at Burton-on-Trent, W. J. Marshall was elected hon. secretary, and, being a good judge of character, he very quickly gauged the value of the unique qualities of Dr. Furnivall, and in most matters concerning the association allowed the Doctor to 'have his head'. In 1898 the proposal to form a Thames branch of the association was discussed, and this idea was fostered by Mr. Eugene Sandow, who presented a challenge cup and medals, to be rowed for over the Putney mile. In the year 1903 the Duke of Fife retired from the office of president and, in a letter which he wrote to the secretary, expressed the hope that his connexion with the association had been of some service to amateur rowing. On the vacancy being declared, a unanimous wish was expressed that Furnivall should succeed the Duke, and on April 25 he was elected president. Enough has been said to show the warm interest which Furnivall took in the progress of the association, but one meeting more must be mentioned, when the hon. sec., W. J. Marshall was presented with a gift and illuminated address for his valuable work during eleven years; it was on this occasion that the new president 'let himself go'. After referring in warm terms to the energy and ability of the secretary, he was about to take his seat when by chance I addressed to him a question of a literary character apropos of some of his remarks; standing up, the Doctor began

to answer, and, warming to his subject, poured forth a delightful critical comparison between the poetry of Browning and Tennyson. For a whole hour he held in magic spell a number of young men by no means well versed in literature or poetry, and inclined to the physical rather than to the intellectual. This was one of the last meetings he attended, and those who were present will ever retain a picture of the man at his brightest and best.

In 1909 on behalf of the Lea branch a new challenge cup was presented to the president for the association bearing the following inscription :—

The President Challenge Cup
National Amateur Rowing Association
Lea Branch
Dedicated to
Dr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Trinity Hall, Camb.
In honour of his 85th birthday
February 4, 1909.

In this brief outline of his strenuous endeavour to remove what he regarded as an injustice, it is impossible to convey to my readers, the spirit of joy and enthusiasm which he threw into all that he did ; he took part in the discussions on the various matters vital to the welfare of the association, and at their conclusion he joined the younger members of the committee over a cup of tea, at the nearest restaurant. It was in these personal relationships that his influence was so deeply felt. Differences in social position, and in intellectual capacity, and, above all, in years, disappeared as though they did not exist, and the sentiment that he inspired

was that of warm affection rather than of cold respect. Among those who surrounded his mortal remains at Golder's Green on July 5th, 1910, no one felt the magic spell of human friendship and the breaking of its golden thread in the mystery of Death more than he who is privileged to pen these words.

P. S. G. Propert.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge,
and Thames Rowing Club.

XXXVIII

When, nearly thirty years ago, I first knew Dr. Furnivall he was like Falstaff in *Henry IV*, 'some fifty or by'r Lady inclining to three score', but he had no sense or symptom of departed youth, and it would be little exaggeration to say he never had. In the twentieth century he was still a stout walker, though his time was probably not as good as when he tramped the country with Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes fifty years before. But his mental youthfulness continued unimpaired. Like other hale old men, he had a memory retentive as to early events, and a keen interest in his own affairs, but he remembered the projects, however trifling, of his many friends, and was always ready with sympathy and help and often with frank and friendly criticism. How far this perennial youthfulness of body and mind was helped by his ascetic life I will not discuss, but the temperance men are justified in claiming him

as a total abstainer. I was waiting for him on the landing-stage at Biffin's, Hammersmith, on the 6th of February last when he took, on his 85th birthday, his usual Sunday spin of twelve or fourteen miles in a sculling eight. When the Doctor landed he was also met by a bibulous pressman with a face like a double-breasted lobster, who was anxious to know (and to tell the public) *what he rowed on.* The Doctor gave him some particulars of a spare and simple diet. 'But what stimulants do you take?' said the pressman. 'I have tasted none since I was fourteen,' was the Doctor's reply. The pressman's jaw fell, and he said with a sigh: 'That is more than seventy years!' No words can describe the journalist's expression of astonishment and pity at this cruelly long interval between the drinks.

Dr. Furnivall was an abstainer to the end, but he was not equally constant to some of the convictions of his earlier days. When in 1850 he wrote the pamphlet, *Association a Necessary Part of Christianity*, and when about the same time he joined the young men who assisted Frederick Denison Maurice in founding the Working Men's College, he was a Christian Socialist. By the time I knew him he would not have accepted the title of Socialist or of Christian, without, at any rate, very considerable qualification. Like Dr. Johnson, he applied to religion 'an obstinate rationality', and while the process left Johnson 'an unshaken Church of England man', it made Furnivall an Agnostic. No credit or blame attaches to either of these honest men for their diverse conclusions, and Furnivall would have

There is no ignorance more shameful
than to admit as true that which
one does not understand & there
is no advantage so great as that of
being set free from error. — Socrates

approved the saying of Queen Mary (wife of William III), 'Inasmuch as a man cannot make himself believe what he will, why should we prosecute men for not believing as we do? I wish I could see all good men of one mind; but in the meantime, I pray let them love one another.'

The early Socialist experiments were not so successful as to inspire confidence in the practicability of the great transformation, and Dr. Furnivall in his later years was more intent on piecemeal but attainable amelioration of the lot of the people than on any vision of universal blessings. But apart from national or party movements, he always used his personal influence for what he conceived to be the good of those about him. If not a Socialist, he always remained a reformer and an altruist. He appeared to have a simple theory that he ought to communicate to others the good things which he had acquired himself. He had found pleasure and profit in the branches of learning which he had cultivated and in the sports which he had followed, and he desired to open up the same avenues of pleasure and improvement to his neighbours who were less fortunate than himself.

Of his services to literature, in his special walks, it is not for me to speak. The mere enumeration of his works proves sustained and untiring industry. The generous recognition of the quality of his work by competent critics at home and abroad was a pleasure to him and to all his friends. Speaking of him as a man of learning, I only desire to say that one might meet him many times on the river without ever suspecting that he spent a lifetime in deciphering, transcribing, extend-

ing, annotating, and editing crabbed mediaeval manuscripts; and that no man was ever more accessible or communicative, or more ready to help the young and the unskilled in the way of historical research.

> Lightly he bore his learning's load
> And shared it with his needy friends,
> Like one who generously lends
> And keeps no score of what is owed.

Similar motives impelled him in forming the sculling club which bore and still bears his name—and long may it continue. From the time that he was an undergraduate at Trinity Hall, and is said to have invented outriggers (a claim which will, I hope, be vindicated by some other writer), until he was near threescore and ten, he had preserved his health and kept his head clear by rowing. Then it occurred to him in some serene moment that what had been a joy to him might be a boon to hard-worked girls whose scanty leisure was not always well employed. The plan of organizing a girls' sculling club was gradually realized, and of the many projects which he conceived and carried into effect, I believe none gave him more genuine pleasure. On some Sunday afternoon in June for the last fourteen consecutive years I have seen him on a certain lawn on Ditton Hill surrounded by the young men and maidens constituting the club (for men were wisely admitted before the club had run many seasons) and he looked on his work and saw that it was good. The young people were grateful to him and glad, and the general gladness reacted on him. After picnicking

on the grass, and playful intercourse and unpremeditated sports (in which the president took his share), they would sing glees in the open, and towards twilight stroll back to the Ferry at Long Ditton, where they had left their fleet, and row down again to the club-house at Hammersmith (perhaps) by moonlight, some of the girls, it may be, a little tired, but the Old Man indefatigable, still rowing his weight, and inspiring his crew.

GEORGE H. RADFORD.

XXXIX

MY memories of our dear friend Dr. Furnivall are so many, I scarcely know how to choose from them, or which to try to set down ; for his kindness and interest were among the earliest inspiring things I experienced.

I have so often recalled a talk with him, when I had just left school, on a walk somewhere about Primrose Hill, and his telling me how the important quality in writing, as in life, was sincerity, the being oneself. I did not know then how rare an achievement it was to be oneself ; but as the years went on I began to understand, and realized that he, above all the people I knew, possessed this genius. His was one of the few free spirits of the world, and we love to talk of his personality because in so doing we breathe a larger air, and our own personalities expand. He never seemed to think of himself, his vitality was spent unreservedly for those about him, and never tired. In a world that not infrequently appears to have upon it more self-

centred men and women than a world ought properly to hold, the memory of this never-failing generosity of himself flows about one like the fragrance of miraculous healing.

He took me once to a matinée—long ago too—and I suppose we must have forgotten to have an early enough lunch, or grown suddenly hungry in Bond Street, for down Bond Street I remember we walked, buns in our hands, and he, the day being hot, with his hat also in his hand, and his only coat over his arm. I was at school in those days, and this attitude to Bond Street made an immense and beneficial impression upon me.

Some of the pleasantest summer days have been those on which he came with the club to see us in our little garden at Kingston. We were at some distance from the river up Kingston Hill, but the Doctor was always the first to arrive, the first to be up and unpacking the basket of tea-cups, waiting on every one, the first to insist on helping in the washing up and repacking of them. He was incapable of fatigue it seemed: up the river and up the hill, on the hottest Sunday afternoon, he was always the most cheerful and fullest of pleasure in the occasion. He had a charmed life too. He used to drink the Thames water, on the way, in tumblers full, and the Thames water drunk in this fashion seemed only to preserve his youthful and marvellous energy to the last.

He was the most faithful friend, and I feel it one of the privileges of my life to have counted him as one.

His sympathy with any effort at genuine work was

boundless. Long after the 'worker' might well be ashamed of so little accomplishment, the Doctor would come with encouragement and help, fresh as at first, and the endeavour would break into flower all over again in his presence.

He made the world seem such a kind and happy place to be in: and indeed he has rendered it so to all who have been fortunate enough to know him, and keep the grateful memory of him in their hearts.

DOLLIE RADFORD.

XL

I CANNOT easily say what the friendship of Dr. Furnivall meant to me for more than a dozen years; but although there are many others who could speak far more adequately of him and his work, I should be unworthy of his long-continued kindness if I refused to add my mite to the willing tribute; and this the more, because people are only beginning to realize how great a man he was.

In truth, he was one of those big, simple souls, essentially blind to the rare qualities that mark them off from their fellows. Not strangely but naturally, it was the very fineness of his nature that interfered with his adequate recognition by the world while he lived, so that he is coming tardily into his place in the true perspective of human values. Had he been less single-minded, less self-forgetful, less whole-hearted in his endeavours toward the general good, he might have won for himself a much larger name and fame—such

as he had never the slightest desire to win. Had he been less sincere in his modest appraisal of himself, the world would have set upon him a greater immediate value.

But all rewards, dignities, emoluments, were outside his horizon. His mind was bent simply and entirely upon doing and getting done the things that he thought worth while. If there was a need and he could find the remedy, a chance to increase the sum total of knowledge or happiness, an opening to advance the growth of the race or the individual, he was all for the doing, and looked for no return beyond the joy of the labour. And when he had done what he could, he was eager to press on to the next thing, leaving others to follow and pick up the credit.

Almost complete selflessness was the key to his character and the clue to his achievement. What other man ever did so much by such simple means? Money and power were to him only occasional tools, the chief of his machinery was human intercourse. He conceived early that it was his business to make men useful to one another; and, proceeding on this hypothesis, he initiated movements, founded societies, and did more than most men in forming a body of opinions on various matters in which he was concerned.

His influence upon individuals is immeasurable. He brought together men of various tongues and ideals, scholars of opposing schools, students and teachers, workers of all classes and occupations. He was the truest democrat I have ever known, unconsciously or perhaps wilfully blind to the hedges that separate

different social groups, always eager to search out the common humanity in them. Partly, perhaps, because of his socialist theories, but more in the sheer exuberance of a personality that knew no bounds, he delighted to bring about intercourse between people of the most varied types and ranks, sometimes indeed to their discomfort, always, it can scarcely be doubted, to their enlightenment.

These social experiments might have failed with a man less open-minded, less catholic in his interests. He touched the world on so many sides that he was for ever finding and making new points of contact among people; and the effect of this was to stimulate, exhilarate, to draw out the best. How many men and women of the old world and the new have known hours not soon forgotten in the little second-floor tea-room in New Oxford Street?

Akin to his interest in humanity was his delight in the new thing. To the very end he was eager to hear about any place or person or fact or theory in the world. I have never once seen him bored. He was, if anything, more ready to listen than to talk, but full of questions that showed a live curiosity to grasp the thing under discussion in its details. Had you been wandering in strange parts? What was the world like over there? How did people live and prosper? He did not travel much himself, but he had an almost Elizabethan interest in tales from abroad. Had you begun a new piece of research? You should know So-and-So, who had been working along that line and might be useful. Had you written a story and got it accepted by some magazine?

Well done you! Keep it up. Had you taken a new house? What was the soil? How did it stand? Who were your neighbours? Did you know Such-a-one, who lived thereabouts? Had you a garden? What did you grow? Did you work it yourself? Did you take long walks? Did you ride a bicycle? Did you keep a dog? As endless as were the questions, so unfailing was the interest; and not interest alone, but sympathetic appreciation of the struggle, failure, success, joy, sorrow, of all with whom he came in contact. Had you had good luck? He felt it almost as keenly as you did. Had you had bad luck? He had a cheerful philosophy that would not allow you to bewail it unduly. Were you struggling for some particular end—to place a piece of work, to heat a cold house, to make a flower-bed blossom, he was fertile of suggestions; he fairly pounced upon you with plans for your need. You might not always agree with his solution, having a prejudice against offering your wares in high quarters, disliking the smell of oil-stoves, and being more than disinclined to grow potatoes where columbines had failed; but you appreciated the fact that where other people talked, he was immediately helpful; and, year after year, you took him your troubles and somehow left them there, and returned, not empty-handed, but enriched with courage and hope.

Other times there were, when London was dripping or choked with fog, when beggars were piteous and the Museum seemed merely the great club of the failures, when books could not be found, and thoughts would

not be thought, when all the streets were full of petty woes and discomforts, and you shivered at life-in-general for no reason in the world except that an east wind was blowing—on such days you turned instinctively to the plain little upstairs room where there was always sympathy, generally laughter, often good talk. It was pleasant to find him in a little group and to see their faces gradually reflecting the cheer that always radiated from him ; but it was pleasanter to find him along by the fire, ready to fold away his *Westminster Gazette*, with you to linger and forget the world outside until there was barely time to grope your way back to the Museum and put your books away before the closing hour. It did not matter so much what you talked about ; it was a joy to be scolded by him, in his gentle, chaffing way, because you needed it ; it was sweet to be praised, because, however little you deserved it, you knew that he meant every word ; it was a perpetual inspiration to talk with him because of his transparent, uncompromising honesty and sweet saneness of view.

Of the history of our personal friendship I shall not attempt to write. To him it was merely episodic in the broad range of his interests ; but to me the bare memory of it will continue to reflect something of the inspiration that came so abundantly from his living presence.

Edith Rickert.

New York.

XLI

Never have I so wished to be blest with the hand of the Greek sculptor as when asked to give some personal impressions of the 'Great Doctor', our honoured and beloved Furnivall. For the whole personality of Furnivall stands before my mind's eye with the same distinctness as the outlines of a Greek statue, and as clearly cut as a diagram of Archimedes. Nor, surely, did ever finer model stand before a Greek sculptor than this splendid example of English manliness, Furnivall with his venerable head and radiant eyes.

And no less distinctly do the noble qualities of his heart present themselves to grateful and admiring recollection, as do his gigantic energy in work and his almost unparalleled lease of vitality.

Furnivall, among the hosts of books and pamphlets and editions under his name, stands before our vision like a soldier in battle with a legion of conquered foes around him.

But if I cannot produce a portrait of him, I can at least testify to the ardent admiration and lasting affection with which he inspired me, as many others. Pleasantly, indeed, and vividly, do the memories of many a bygone hour spent together with him rise up before me. Many a time and oft have I seen him—now in public, as when he presided at a meeting of the Shakspere Society, where he stood before us as its honoured president and spoke to us with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth—or again at his sculling club, amidst the people of London with whom the world-

renowned scholar loved to mix, and among whom he moved as if one of themselves, smiling kindly, beloved and revered—or privately, when in an audience all to myself I could talk with him *de omnibus et quibusdam aliis*—be it at his own home, or in some nook of his beloved A. B. C., near the British Museum. And then, forsooth, he would hold forth in his suggestive, illuminative, and often delightfully humoristic manner, always full of *esprit*, at times on politics: I liked his politics—'England, Germany, and America must always be friends'; —or again, on religion—but here he was mistaken: he called himself an Agnostic, and he was the finest type of Christian gentleman one could meet anywhere;—on mathematics, when he listened with a kindly forbearing smile to my follies;—on his sculling club, a great and favourite topic;—on literary societies, E. E. T. S. and all the others;—on Lydgate, a source of never-failing amusement and good humour on both sides. I shall never forget the Doctor's laughter when I told him I should not join his projected Lydgate Society. But mainly and before all our thoughts and talk reverted to the glories of English literature, its power and depth and pathos, and its wit and humour, its wonderful lease of life and strength for more than a thousand years. To talk to him about his favourite authors, Shakspere or Chaucer or Browning, was indeed a pleasure and a privilege; many a time have Wagner's words to Faust risen to my lips:

> 'Mit euch, Herr Doctor, discutieren
> Ist ehrenvoll, und ist Gewinn!'

Thus I remember with vivid distinctness some of

our talks on Old English and Old Norse literature; the general character of Teutonic literature; on Shaksperian topics, Hamlet of course included; on ever so many modern poets, whom he had known personally. Here I felt especially how English literature became a living thing to me, most of all, perhaps, when we discussed Browning, as we often did. One of the most treasured volumes in my library is his own little pocket selections from Browning, with all his favourite poems marked. I was to read them to my students, and a feast they were indeed to us all. It is a melancholy pleasure now he is gone to turn over the pages of the little volume with his pencil-marks to many of them, as to 'Karshish', 'Andrea del Sarto', 'The Lost Leader', 'Abt Vogler' ('Saul' unfortunately is wanting), 'Rabbi Ben Ezra', 'Hervé Riel', 'Pheidippides', and many others, with a special mark to our favourite poem—'Prospice'. He never tired of hearing how our German students appreciated English literature, which poets they preferred, which poems made the deepest impression upon them, how our traditional love of Shakspere showed itself here at the present day, in the schools, the University, the theatre, and in the literary consciousness of the nation. It was a source of great satisfaction to him to realize what rapid strides the interest in English literature and things English was making over here, that there were more than twenty University chairs for the study of English literature in our Germany, where his own name was held dear and was honoured as are the names of but few foreign scholars. As was fitting for him, as one of the main links between English and German scholarship,

he was elected one of the few honorary members of our own German Shakspere Society, and bore our proudest academic title, the honorary Ph.D. of the University of Berlin. Such was the public recognition of his intellectual worth in this country. And no less cordial was the personal attachment of his friends over here, as hearty and as sincere on this side of the water as it could have been in his native land. For my own part, I can certainly bear witness to warm and deep feelings for him, undiminished by any barriers of distance or nationality—feelings of admiration for his splendid scholarly achievements and equally for his fine qualities as a man, his truth and faithfulness, his devotion to his work and his friends, together with a most beautiful modesty, doubly beautiful in one so renowned—feelings of gratitude as towards a teacher and master to whom I owed some of the best lessons I have had in my life, and not a little of my personal knowledge of many a great English scholar, as well as the heart of the English people—and feelings of love—for I loved him for the love he bore to my country and his kindness to my countrymen—I loved him for the love which this fine scholar and gentleman extended to the humble and poor—in short, I loved him for his own dear, splendid, noble self.

Such are the feelings which have called forth this little tribute of the heart which I would fain pay to the memory of one whose name will never be obliterated in the hearts of his friends nor in the proud annals of English scholarship and achievement.

J. Schick.

Munich.

XLII[1]

It is probable that many are entirely unaware of the great services rendered to English literature and the study of the English language by the late Dr. Furnivall, particularly with regard to the famous *New English Dictionary* now being printed at Oxford. It is, of course, true that it owes very much to its first and original editor, namely Dr. Murray; but it must not be forgotten that Dr. Furnivall's share in it was even of superior importance, because if it had not been for the exertions of the latter there would not have been sufficient material for the former to work upon. It is expressly noted on each title-page of the dictionary that it is founded on the materials collected by the Philological Society, and it is only just that the exact meaning of that phrase should be rightly understood.

As far back as the memory of my connexion with the Philological Society reaches, the same man, Dr. Furnivall, has always acted as secretary of that society, and continued so to act till the last. I have never heard of an occasion when he missed a meeting or failed to take minutes of all its proceedings. But his connexion with the dictionary began some years before I joined the society, which was about fifty years ago. It was he who was the prime moving force in the undertaking, and was most active in collecting the necessary material.

I am unable to give an exact account of the commencement of the work, which received, at the first, much efficient support from such advisers as Dr. Guest

[1] Reprinted from *The English Race*, August 1910.

and Archbishop Trench. The two men who made themselves chiefly responsible for the work of collection were Herbert Coleridge and Furnivall. Like other great undertakings, the beginnings were at first somewhat disappointing. It was soon found that there was not only no sufficient dictionary of Middle English, but there was no satisfactory collection of good references to such authors as Chaucer, or Gower, or Langland, or Barbour, whilst the literature of the thirteenth century was almost unknown. By way of stopgap, Herbert Coleridge compiled and printed a list of references to authors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but, though better than nothing, it was extremely inadequate, and has since been superseded. Unfortunately, he did not live to do much more, and it fell to Furnivall's lot to deal with the work almost single-handed.

Fortunately, he was one of those who knew how to organize such an undertaking, and could persuade others to perform rather arduous tasks without pecuniary reward. The chief hard-and-fast rule, never to be departed from, was this: that every quotation from a given author was to be written out separately, and with sufficient fullness, on half a sheet of ordinary notepaper, in order that each 'slip' should be of the same size. The reason for this precaution is obvious—viz. that the slips could then be dealt with by being sorted out into any required order. Each quotation was meant to illustrate some particular use of a particular word, such word being conspicuously written at the left-hand top corner of each slip.

England is a country where numerous amateur workers, many of them very good ones, can be found for work of this character. Hundreds of well-educated persons gave in their names, and each of these undertook to read various standard works, and to take notes of all the more remarkable instances in which words were peculiarly used, or appeared (probably) for the first time, or were in any way well illustrated. The number of slips soon mounted up; ere long there were thousands and tens of thousands, and the mere labour of sorting them into alphabetical order was enormous. And for all these slips Furnivall was responsible himself. He quickly discovered one willing worker after another, and thus got together a band of men who acted as sub-editors. Each sub-editor then became responsible for all words beginning with a particular letter; so that there were twenty-four of them. Of course I and J went together, and so did U and V. I remember a time when Dr. Morris had under his charge all words beginning with D; and I myself had in my hands—but only for a few months—all the slips for words that began with R. They filled a rather large wooden box, and were all sorted out and tied up in separate parcels. The present number of slips is very large, and their weight is no longer to be measured by hundredweights but by tons.

Some of the sub-editors got the material into sufficient order to render the preparation of some of the words possible; but the result was not satisfactory. It was soon perceived that, however well such work might be done under the circumstances, there was no

reason why it might not, under other circumstances, be done a great deal better. It was then, in fact, that Furnivall made the discovery of his life; a discovery but little known, and never likely to be sufficiently appreciated, though it has actually affected the study of English profoundly, not only throughout the British Empire, but beyond it, especially in Germany and in the United States. His discovery amounted to this: that our earliest authors had not been sufficiently exploited, and that many highly important manuscripts had been incorrectly printed and insufficiently glossed, and many more had never been printed at all, and were practically unknown. Having made this all-important discovery, he promptly applied the right remedy by founding the Early English Text Society, which has entirely altered the situation by giving us accurate texts and useful glossaries, abounding with exact references that render most valuable information immediately available. In this way the material was so vastly increased in value that in the course of some twenty years it was at last safe to make a real start; and it was then that Dr. Murray's most valuable aid had its full scope, and the first part was completed in a most praiseworthy manner, amid general approval, extending from *A* to *Ant*. All the while the Text Society's work goes on, and the value of the material increases every year. There is now a greater store than can wholly be used; but it is obvious that the present possibility of selecting the choicest and most apt quotations is of the highest value to the editors.

If Furnivall had done no more than this, his country-

men ought to hold his name in long-lasting reverence. But his work was really much beyond this. He discovered and inspired the best editors; he knew where to find all the best manuscripts; some he caused to be copied, and some he copied himself; and he edited not a few of them. But this was not enough to satisfy his energy. He went on to found a Shakspere Society, a Browning Society, a Chaucer Society, a Ballad Society, and kept them going. It is hardly possible to estimate how excellent have been some of the results thus produced. As to one of them we can surely congratulate ourselves. There was a time when German editors looked upon English scholarship as being a thing which they alone could understand or worthily maintain, a thing in which England had no particular share. But they do not say so now.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

DR. FURNIVALL AND THE OXFORD DICTIONARY

IN HONOREM F. J. F. (A.D. 1900)

(From MS. Harl. 7334, fol. 999, back).

A CLERK ther was of Cauntebrigge also
That unto rowing haddè long y-go.
Of thinnè shidès[1] wolde he shippès makè,
And he was nat right fat, I undertakè.
And whan his ship he wrought had attè fullè,
Right gladly up the river wolde he pullè,
And eek returne as blythly as he wente.

[1] Thin boards.

Him rekkèd nevere that the sonne him brentè.[2]
Ne stinted he his cours for reyn ne snowè ;
It was a joyè for to seen him rowè !
Yit was him lever, in his shelves newè,
Six oldè textès,[3] clad in greenish hewè,
Of Chaucer and his oldè poesyè
Than ale, or wyn of Lepe,[4] or Malvoisyè.
And therwithal he wex a philosofre ;
And peyned him to gadren gold in cofre
Of sundry folk ; and al that he mighte hentè [5]
On textès and emprinting he it spentè ;
And busily gan bokès to purveyè
For hem that yeve him wherwith to scoleyè.[6]
Of glossaryès took he hede and curè,[7]
And when he spyèd had, by aventurè,
A word that semèd him or strange or rarè,
To henten [8] it anon he noldè sparè [9]
But wolde it on a shrede [10] of paper wrytè,
And in a chest he dide his shredès whytè,
And preyèd every man to doon the samè ;
Swich maner study was to him but gamè.
And on this wysè many a yeer he wroughtè,
Ay storing every shreed that men him broughtè,
Till attè lastè, from the noble pressè
Of Clarendoun, at Oxenforde, I gessè,
Cam stalking forth the Gretè Dictionárie
That no man wel may pinche at [11] ne contrárie.

[2] Burnt. [3] See the 'six-text' edition of Chaucer. [4] A town in Spain. [5] Acquire. [6] For those that gave him the means to study with. [7] Care. [8] Seize upon. [9] Would not hesitate. [10] All quotations illustrating special uses of English words were written on pieces of paper of a particular size. [11] Find fault with.

But for to tellen alle his queintè gerès,[12]
They wolden occupye wel seven yerès;
Therefore I passe as lightly as I may;
Ne speke I of his hatte or his array.
Ne how his berd by every wind was shakè
When as, for hete, his hat he wolde of takè.
Souning in [13] Erly English was his spechè,
'And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly techè.'

WALTER W. SKEAT.

XLIII

WHEN I try to recall Doctor Furnivall there comes before me an image of intense energy and vitality—the bright eyes, the bearded face with its look of irrepressible and invincible youth, the strong, vigorous, enthusiastic talk. He was a man of great faith and great enthusiasms. There was about those enthusiasms the eagerness of eternal boyhood. He talked of Shakspere and Browning as you hear very young men and women talk. He had survived nothing, he had lost nothing in illusions.

Illusions? The very word was unknown to him. The world to him was built up of Faith, Hope, and Charity. He loved literature because he loved men and women.

Thus it was that the ruling idea of his life was to make literature a human thing; to bring it out of the

[12] Curious ways. [13] In accordance with.

Additional note to Prof. Skeat's Poem:—'Dr. F., who is a total abstainer, was the first to apply outriggers on the Cam to the narrow wager-boat.'

study into the haunts of men—to make it a social thing—to make men talk about books instead of persons.

That impulse was what suggested to him the idea of those Browning Societies, which at first became the occasion of such silly ridicule and afterwards wove themselves into the life of England. Those Browning Societies represented a common effort to separate the gold from the ore of Browning's poetry. The thing was worth doing. Here was a poet who had a great message to preach, but lacked the gift of clear and simple style. But for those Browning Societies, Browning's work would probably have been lost to this present generation. As it is, Browning has proved a great and potent help to vast numbers of human beings. That is very largely the doing of Doctor Furnivall.

Just a glimpse of another side of Doctor Furnivall's work. In the nineties I spent most of my Saturdays rowing on the river between Hammersmith and Putney. There I would often see Doctor Furnivall, coaching his wonderful crew of girl rowers. It was a picture of happy innocent enjoyment. The whole thing was characteristic of his audacity. He had seen, in the course of his wanderings through the world, the neglected, empty life of the working girl of London. He had seen how the emptiness of their lives exposed them to every kind of temptation, and the idea struck him that they too might enjoy the great diversion of open-air exercise. He founded his girls' rowing club, and he ran it himself. They justified the experiment. The girls rowed well, and in their neat uniforms they

formed a pretty sight on the river. One hopes that that experiment will not perish with him, but will be extended to give happiness to more of the working girls of London.

This work and the other were all of one piece. Life and letters were one thing to him. His passion for Shakspere, like that extraordinary passion of Andrew Carnegie's, was founded on his humanity. He wished the simplest and poorest of the people to enjoy the best, and therefore he gave them of the best. He did a great work, and his work will not die with him. He was one of those human spirits that do not live for themselves alone, but radiate to all around them life and fire.

HAROLD SPENDER.

XLIV

I KNEW Doctor Furnivall for the last ten years only of his life, but during that time, and more especially during the last six or seven years, I saw him often and heard from him still more often.

I heard from him on picture post cards of a varied and sometimes startling kind, on the backs of other people's letters, on half-sheets carefully torn from his vast correspondence, on Museum slips, and on the edge of newspaper cuttings. Indeed, I only remember once having a letter from him on a perfectly new piece of writing-paper of his own, with his address printed on the top, and that was the first letter he ever wrote to me, nearly eleven years ago. It amuses me now to

think that he made even that much concession to a stranger, but it was a formality that did not last long. I asked him once why he was so frugal about paper, and he said it was a habit he had started at a time when paper was very dear for some reason or another, in the early forties I think, and he had kept it up ever since. This peculiarity, like many another of his, was very characteristic of the man. It illustrates his disregard of convention, as well as his pertinacity, and his readiness to work with any tools.

The dominating impression made upon me by the personality of this very unusual man might be summed up in two words—fearlessness and youth. Fearlessness is a quality which often is born of ignorance and inexperience, but which, in his case, seemed to increase rather than diminish as he grew in years and wisdom; and the intense vitality and enthusiasm which are associated with youth, because they are so rarely met with in later life. It is sufficiently significant that to one who knew him only during the last decade of his life of eighty-five years, these should appear his outstanding characteristics. It leaves one wondering, with something of a gasp, what he was like at five-and-twenty.

His vitality was of that inspiring kind which communicated itself to all who came in contact with him. It was not possible to have a talk with him at tea-time, at his favourite A.B.C., without coming away renewed in vigour and enthusiasm for whatever work one had in hand, and with the pleasant sensation that the difficulties in connexion with it were not nearly so great as they had appeared earlier.

The way in which this all-conquering power carried him through his own work is well illustrated in the account he used to give of the founding of the Browning Society. Some lady said to him one afternoon, casually, 'I wonder you don't found a Browning Society, for Browning's works are every bit as obscure and undecipherable as any of your Early English texts.' 'You are quite right,' was the Doctor's reply, and on the way home he bought a pound's worth of stamps, sat up all night writing letters to suitable people on the subject, and by the evening of the following day the first members had joined.

The quality which most marked him out from every one else, was his quite unconscious selflessness. This seems a better word than unselfishness, which connotes something of the nature of self-denial, or of doing what one does not like, in order to benefit others. Everything Doctor Furnivall did was done because he liked it supremely, because it was the thing which gave him the most pleasure, because it never occurred to him to do anything else. To give every one a chance and a helping hand, to put freely all his influence and knowledge at the service of every genuine worker, to provide treats for the children and healthy sport for the young people, these were as natural delights to him, and as necessary to his well-being, as to breathe the air of heaven or to bask in the sunshine. But his selflessness was to be seen in another and still rarer form. He cared, quite genuinely, nothing for his own fame, or for any reward or approbation which might come from his work, he cared purely for the work itself, and

that it should be as good as he could make it. I believe that he would have been quite content, so long as he could have gone on doing the work, that some one else should take all the credit. Fame, to him, was no spur, and his mind seems to have outsoared even that 'last infirmity'.

So far, I have dwelt only on the so-called 'good' side of my old friend, but the picture would be incomplete, were it not indicated that there was very much another side. It is not easy, without misleading those who did not know him, to say what his faults and weaknesses were, and those that knew him well do not need to be told them.

Perhaps the best way to convey the fact is to say what always struck me about him, that he seemed like an Elizabethan strayed by mistake into the nineteenth century. He had the ardour, the freshness, the simplicity, the frank, almost pagan, joy of life, the insatiable desire for knowledge, that one associates with the Renaissance time, but he had also the impetuous unguarded temper and speech, something of the recklessness and devilment, as well as other shortcomings, of the great men of the sixteenth century. This, of course, was only one aspect of him. In his selflessness, his democratic spirit, and his eagerness to help others, more especially the poor and weak, he was fully three centuries ahead of any typical Elizabethan.

Intellectually, though his sympathies and interests were inexhaustible, his personal tastes had marked limitations. Abstract thought and philosophy generally

did not much appeal to him, and he would laughingly say to me, 'I have never been able to read your Plato that you are so fond of; I can't get along with him!' But although this was the case, it would have been difficult to find a more alert and sympathetic listener to such a subject, for instance, as mysticism, a type of thought which was completely alien to him.

A very distinctive characteristic of Dr. Furnivall's was that he did not keep his learning and his life in water-tight compartments. To him they were all one, and he saw no need for separation. He would pour out, in his quick, low, somewhat jerky monotone, to any willing listener, whether they knew a word of Middle English or not, all the intricate details of the latest theory as to the authorship of *Piers Plowman*, or the last idea as to the date of Chaucer's *Troilus*; and he would introduce into the midst of learned prefaces to ancient texts, anything that happened to be in his mind, or which appeared to him relevant at the moment. In this way one finds charming little touches tucked away in these prefaces, which are read by few save specialists. This may be my excuse for quoting one of them which occurs at the close of his 'Afterwords' to *Political, Religious and Love Poems*.

And so, after a pleasant day of work and walk in this near-harvest Suffolk land, of lying on the Green, and strolling down pretty, sandy lanes, and over gorse-clad commons, of seeing cattle and crops, chickens, ducks and geese, and greeting friendly country folk, I take leave at last of this long-delayd Text, hoping to be

forgiven by friends and readers far and near, for all its faults.

White Horse Farm, Benhall Green,
Saxmundham, Sunday Night, August 9, 1903.

One could scarcely find a better picture of the kind of things he cared for, or of a typical day in his busy holiday life.

His extraordinary vigour of body, which went along with his buoyancy of mind, was the first thing probably to strike a stranger. Others will tell of his prowess on the river; to me, one picture in especial stands out. He had ridden over one summer's day to spend the afternoon, as he was fond of doing, ridden across the moors from Southwold to my old Mill House near Dunwich. It was, I think, in 1908, so he was then 83. When his horse was brought round for him to return the seven or eight miles he had come, I was standing beside it on the drive outside, and the animal seemed to me to be of the most enormous and forbidding height. The thought went through me, 'How is he ever going to mount; would he let my man help him, I wonder;' but before I had time to think further he had wrung my hand with some cheery and chaffing remark, I saw an agile grey-clad figure spring into the saddle like a boy, and he was off cantering across the moor in the evening light, leaving me literally with my mouth open, and thoroughly ashamed of my momentary and quite groundless fear.

Those days are over; and to many, the knowledge that never again can they hear that boyish laugh or see that lightly moving figure, brings more of a blank than

they wish to think of. But against the pain of loss must be set the pleasure of having known a great scholar who cared nothing for his own fame, and a great-hearted man who sought nothing for himself.

CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON.

XLV

It is difficult to sum up the character of Dr. Furnivall in a few words, or even to treat fully that aspect of it which has been presented to any one individual. But if this must be done, I should say that *appreciation of honest work* of any kind, was the key-note from which one must start testing him, Of course the converse was also true, he had a great contempt for shams and shirkers. I believe, however, that on this occasion we are not expected to generalize, but to give personal experiences which may in some way reflect the characteristics of the grand old man.

My own association with him arose on paper, through my friend and teacher, Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh, sending him an essay of mine on the 'Supernatural Element in Macbeth'. His kind interest in an unknown worker impressed and encouraged me greatly.

When I married and came to live in London I joined the 'New Shakspere Society', and spent with it under his presidency many memorable evenings at University College. It was but a small circle relatively, but there were good papers, and good listeners. Critical dis-

cussions followed, until the introduction of cakes and coffee, when the conversation became more general, and the president more genial. Dr. Furnivall was at his best on these occasions, for besides being a good worker, he was a keen *enjoyer*. We might echo :—

> 'What things we have seen
> Done at the Mermaid. Heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame' . . .

and to his words there was no stimulant, save that of congenial and appreciative company, relaxing over the mild intoxication of completed discussion and well-earned refreshments.

How many of the writers of to-day has he inspired through his generous appreciation and unstinted help? I had heard rumours of former friction with members of the society, but by the time I joined, everything was placid and smooth-flowing. One could differ from him and yet survive. Indeed, I personally found him rather more interested when one did differ. He wanted to know why. Perhaps a special illustration may be given from Mr. Thomas Tyler's so-called 'Herbert-Fitton Theory' of the Sonnets: it seemed to many in the Shakspeare world so convincing that it was nearly generally accepted, by Dr. Furnivall among others. How many a hard hammering I had against it, and against him. But at last he was gracious enough to yield to the facts I found. He was always so generous-minded, he did not shrink from acknowledging he had been mistaken. It was *the truth* he sought.

Not only did he encourage my work, but he often urged me to publication. I sometimes delayed, seeking

to find more facts to bear on any little discovery, and meanwhile some one else had found my little *new thing* and had it out in front of me. Sometimes I had to wait unconscionably long to have my papers published. He also, at times, moved the publishers. Many years ago he had been asked to write about 'Shakspeare's Family' to open the new issue of *The Genealogical Magazine*. He said he was too busy, but that he would advise them to secure me. So I was surprised at an unexpected invitation, which really led me to devote much of my work ever since to the personal life and surroundings of the poet.

When Mr. Moring planned to bring out an edition he called *The King's Shakespeare*, he proposed to begin with the Sonnets, and Dr. Furnivall told him to ask me to edit them. I confess it was something of a shock, when I sent in the Introduction, written, as I thought, in the natural order of criticism, to have it sent back, 'This won't do at all! You must put your new and interesting things first, or people won't read to the end!' It was not difficult to change. I only turned it upside down, and he professed himself quite content with it. It was he who urged me to publish my *Shakspeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries*, and helped towards it; and my last publication, which was really the first work I wrote under his influence, was greatly indebted to his recommendations. I had begun to study *William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal*, because Hunnis had the chief work to do in producing the Kenilworth Festivities, which had evidently stirred young Shakspere's imagination. No

one else had troubled to work him out, but I soon found so much that a large volume was produced. Dr. Furnivall asked me to read a paper on Hunnis before the 'New Shakspere Society', just before it ceased to be. After lying on the shelf for years, it was Dr. Furnivall who recommended it to the editors of the series of *Materials for the History of the English Drama*, published at Louvain. There again it was abnormally delayed in its publication, and it was a great grief that I only got an advance copy sent forward for him a fortnight before he died, when he was too ill to read it complete, though I think he read the dedication to himself, as my inspirer and helper. In many other ventures I felt him behind me urging forwards, and I know that many others owe to him similar debts.

It would be well, for the sake of future generations, that a little tablet should be fixed in the corner of the well-known A. B. C. shop in Oxford Street; and in the Women's Reading-room in University College, where the Shakspeare Society met, noting the fact that for years he sat there.

For there would be a double fitness in either of these commemorations. In the Women's Reading-room, it could also be recorded that Dr. Furnivall was a keen supporter of the higher education of women, and a warm advocate of women's political enfranchisement: in the A. B. C. shop it could be remembered that it was his sympathy with the hard-working A. B. C. girls which induced him to plan some means of giving them air, exercise, and recreation on the river, and finally led him to found the Girls' Sculling Club on the

Thames. Indeed, when he knew that his life was closing, it seemed to be his chief anxiety that the club and the club-room might be guaranteed to survive.

None who ever *knew* Dr. Furnivall could forget him, a man of many interests, full of life and humour, radiating energy on all who came within the sphere of his attraction. The greatest *Man of Letters* of our day has passed away, and he has left no successor.

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

XLVI

As a youth some thirty years ago I read Dr. Furnivall's Introduction to Cassell's *Shakspere*, little thinking that I should ever meet the writer. I remember being attracted by the quaint spelling, and also by the freshness and originality of the matter. Years afterwards the Doctor told me that this piece of work had brought him many friends.

Twenty years passed away and I found myself living in Egham. Turning my attention to its history and associations, I soon found that it was Dr. Furnivall's birthplace. Later on I discovered that Dame Margery Butts, the wife of the Dr. Butts mentioned in *Henry VIII*, died at Milton Place in our parish. Through the Doctor's sister, who still resides in Egham, I obtained an introduction to him. I well remember awaiting his arrival on the first floor of the A. B. C. dépôt in Oxford Street. I had pictured to myself a tall man of reserved but courteous manner, full of learning, one who lived in a world of his own. Presently a slight grey figure came nimbly up the staircase, taking two steps

DR. FURNIVALL'S BIRTHPLACE
AT EGHAM

at a time, a couple of bright eyes searched the room, and in a moment I knew him for the man I had come to meet. The next hour passed all too quickly, and when he left me on the pavement outside I felt very much alone. 'This,' said I, 'is a man indeed!' From that day forth until his death he never failed me. His name alone was a golden key that unlocked many doors. No matter what the difficulty was, either he could solve it himself or he knew some one who could and would help me; but what was even more valuable was his genuine sympathy and kindly encouragement.

After seeing him a few times I found out how lucky I was to have had him all to myself on that first evening. Usually there were two or three lying in wait for him at Oxford Street. You always knew them by the slight attention they paid to their tea or coffee and their frequent glances at the stair-head. Anon the Doctor would arrive, there were introductions all round, and for the next hour the buzz of conversation and the ripple of laughter filled the room. His visitors came from far and near; to all and sundry, introductions, advice, and help were freely given. Strangers must have wondered who this old gentleman could be who was holding a reception.

Though he had left Egham fifty years before, his interest in the place was unabated. He told me the well-known story of his father's friendship with Shelley, and added with a smile that he had searched his father's books in vain for record of the poet's payment of his account. One day I discovered that some friends of ours in Egham had found a commission appointing the

Doctor's father surgeon to a line regiment; they kindly gave it to me for the Doctor, and I shall never forget his pleasure when I handed it to him.

I fear that, as is usual with prophets, he had but little honour in his own country, at least among the younger generation; a few knew him as the veteran sculler, but of his life and work they knew little or nothing. Many, however, of the elders remember him as a young man taking a leading part in the preservation of the glorious view from the top of Cooper's Hill, which a local landowner wished to close to the public. He led a strong body of local tradesmen and others, armed with axes and hammers, to the scene, and in a short time the barriers were demolished, the police taking the better part—discretion. When I reminded him of the incident he said he was afraid he overdid it; he went to the place again after dark and picked the tops of some trees which had been planted to grow and obscure the view, but the result was that the lower branches only grew more thickly, thus defeating his object.

With his well-known interest in young people and their welfare, he became a vice-president of our local sketch club, and only last year paid a visit to our October Exhibition. With sparkling eye and rapid gesture he poured out a flood of reminiscence, criticism, and advice, leaving us all hoping to see and hear him once again. Alas it was not to be! Early in the year he wrote me that he knew he was to die ere its close. Very sadly I went to our last meeting and sadder still I came away. I told him I knew he had much to do and I must trouble him no more—with a pleasant smile

he thanked me; all the rest I meant to say was left unsaid. On reaching home I tried to tell him by letter how much I owed him; by return I received the following—almost the last I had from him :

'Many thanks for your very kind letter. It is a pleasure to me to know that one of my long hoped for plans, the *History of Egham*, is to be carried out by you with the thoro'ness and care you have shown in your work. I feel grateful to you for it.

'Sincerely yours,
'F. J. FURNIVALL.'

All too swiftly came the end, and I for one felt I should never look upon his like again.

FREDERIC TURNER.

XLVII [1]

RICHMOND park was glorious as ever in grateful acknowledgement of the landscape gardener's forbearance in leaving it alone. The girl went in by the 'Star and Garter', and, after a long ramble, out by Sheen Gate, and then by Barnes Common and Ranelagh on the homeward stretch. The night was falling as she reached Hammersmith Bridge.

She crossed the bridge and then turned the corner by Biffin's to scout for the chance of a moment's rest. The little wayworn alley was for the moment all her own, and she leaned over the parapet to take a last look at the river before going back to town. The few

[1] Reprinted and abridged from chap. xxiv of *Ring in the New*, by the kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

pleasure craft that keep the stream summer and winter had long since come in, all save a boat just rounding the point. It stood out black against the bars of sunlight and the great expanse of sullen blue below. It drew nearer very soon, and then the girl made out an eight pulling strongly across the bows of a belated County Council steamer towards the place where she stood, now, with one or two others, who had come out of a boat-house behind to lend a hand in landing the party. Its near approach defined a female figure pulling stroke for the rest of a crew of men, and in quite business-like style. As they landed, they caught the wash of the steamer broadside on, and all got a ducking—all but a bent figure in the bow, who had jumped out before they were overhauled.

'The Doctor's all right,' shouted one of the men who had gone down to meet them; and soon the whole party reached the boat-house, the woman shaking her drenched skirts, and just as workman-like as the rest in her unconcern.

The girl recognised a friend, and called 'Sarah!'.

'This is my club—change in a moment—will you come in and have some tea? This is the president,' Sarah said, arresting for a moment the bent figure, now running nimbly indoors, with articles from the boat. 'Doctor, this is a friend of mine.'

'How do?' nodded the Doctor, without stopping. 'Certainly, do please come and have some tea.'

'The Doctor takes us out every week,' explained Sarah, 'working girls and men. Pull to Richmond, then walk across somewhere to lunch—and don't we

want it too. Pull back in the afternoon, and here we are.'

The girl was handed over to a young man who was instructed to take care of her while the others changed. He led the way into the warm club-house, where thirty or forty young people of both sexes stood waiting for the party in a room set out for tea. She was welcomed by a handsome young woman wearing a silver belt of office as captain of the club.

'What a strange kind of club,' she said to her escort, 'I wonder what it's about.'

'It's the Doctor's idea. You know the Doctor? Everybody knows him.'

'I'm afraid I'm not everybody.'

'Nothing in Harley Street you know, and yet, in one way of looking at it, as good as all Harley Street put together. He certainly helps to keep people alive. It's the title of his University Degree.'

'I know now: the great philologist who——'

'The very man, editor of this, founder of that, but biggest, and I hope proudest, of all as founder of this rowing club for working girls.'

'And where do the men come in?'

'Oh, we have our modest uses—partners when the girls want to dance, bear a hand in the eight, and all that. I can tell you, we have our work cut out when Sarah is stroke. The club is his hobby. He's a great breaker down of barriers in places of this sort; to say "snob" in his hearing is to say "rats" to a terrier. Look at these young men and young women all thrown together with mere honour and self-respect for their

safeguard, and Mrs. Grundy's occupation 's gone. He solves his life-problems walking, usually with his hat in his hand. He rows at eighty-and-one years as others row at eighteen. He eats like a hermit. His art of happiness is just as simple; he loves and lets others love him—the old rule.'

'I'm in love with him already.'

'You won't be without rivals; his girls and young men adore him, and one another, whenever they have a mind. Of course, such a club ought to break down in dreary scandal and misunderstanding. It doesn't. He sits among them, patriarch and sage, and rules by his smile. He has brought them all to the water side. Before he set to work, the little shop-girl was still in the fourfold bondage of her factory, her lodgings, her sham proprieties, and her stays. He has shaped her, and put the roses into her cheek. I believe he knows of no distinction of persons, or indeed of living things, except as against people who put on airs. To catch him at his best you should see him with a swarm of brats fresh from the slums, holding on to him by hands or coat-tails, as he leads them through Kew Gardens and talks about the flowers. They call him "master", "father"—anything that means love and trust. They fight for their right to be nearest to him; and that 's the moment to get a sitting for his incomparable smile. When all the children are at school, and all the big girls at work, he puts in spare time with the pigeons at the British Museum, in the intervals of his toil in the library. But he is here to speak for himself.'

He appeared at the head of his crew from the

dressing-room, tubbed, famished, and radiant with health and good spirits. His cheek was grained with colour like an apple. His eyes, bright with shrewdness and benignity, lit up the whole face.

The girls clustered about him; he had almost to brush them off to reach his seat. No one ventured to offer him service as from youth to age; he was but an older boy. When he had shouldered his way to his place, this genuine love-feast began to the music of clattering crockery, chattering girls and men. The mighty tea-pots were as urns of a river-god of sculpture. His glance missed nothing; he had everybody's history at his finger-ends.

When tea was over they cleared the room for a dance. Between the dances they rested in a song. Then came the early hour for leave-taking and home, though sometimes, in the case of assorted couples, the good-byes were for the other end of the journey.

RICHARD WHITEING.

XLVIII

MY first approach to Dr. Furnivall dates from many years ago, when I addressed a letter to him as a perfect stranger in reference to one of his numerous over-due promises of an edition of some work that was expected to be issued by the Early English Text Society as soon as circumstances would permit. I think it was Walton's translation of *Boethius De Consolatione* as to which I ventured to ask when it was likely to appear. He replied to the effect that he really could not say, and would I undertake to edit it myself. The letter

seemed to me to be typical of an unbusiness-like man possessed of profound faith, who could start schemes, announce them with decision, and let the future work them out, believing that if he did as much as he could for them himself the means for completion would come somehow. But it was not till very long afterwards that I got to know the man himself, and our introduction happened in this way. In the pre-hustling days, when readers at the British Museum were not rattled and jingled out before seven o'clock, there used to occur, before the closing time, a most restful two hours of solemn peaceful calm for the serious student after the more garrulous portion of the public had departed to their dinners. Now I am one of those who cannot do with talking during study if it can be avoided, and an audible half-toned whisper is to me more irritating than a downright wide-mouthed speech. It chanced that from time to time I found myself sitting near to a venerable patriarch, whose white hairs seemed to give him all the privileges of a licensed *habitué*—while his eager friends would come up one by one and fill the air with the hum and buzz of muffled conversation. At length one evening, after a lady had spent an unusually long time in describing some private episodes of her personal experience, I ventured to approach the old veteran and tell him, in as delicate a way as I dared, that I was sorry he was so popular as he evidently was. He took the reproach in the kindest fashion, telling me that he wished I had interfered before, and in this instance I now see another trait of his character, inasmuch as he never seemed to be able to withstand a beggar or

a bore. From that time onward we found our common interests, and, as our way home lay along a common road, we usually waited for each other at the Museum gates and became constant companions in our evening walk.

And a queer sight we must have looked as we trudged along Gower Street and through the back streets that skirt the North-Western Railway to the bridge at Chalk Farm. With his passion for fresh air he would whip off his old black silk cap and stuff it into his jacket pocket, and on hot nights peel off his coat also and bowl along in his red shirt-sleeves. Of course all the world would nudge and stare, but I never remember to have heard a word of rudeness or annoyance flung at him, always excepting the natural objurgations of the taxi- and motor-men when he barged leisurely across their bows to take their water. But he never heeded such jibes, and the greater the noise the more intent he would be on his talk, though our difficulties became insuperable when we entered the quieter streets, to be waylaid by throngs of children clamouring for their pennies from ‘ Daddy ’. I have said that we seldom or never got winged words of chaff from the Londoners, who must have been accustomed to his striking and eccentric figure, but in Suffolk, where he was spending one of his later summer holidays, he once heard two country wags discuss him thus: ‘ Who ’s that, Bill ? ’ ‘ Dunno, looks like the prophet Jeremiah.’ And it is in the Jeremiah stage that I knew him, not in the earlier days of his asperity. His fights were then mostly over, though his fire was not yet all out nor all his antipathies extinguished. One only of these contests fell within my time, and that was but

a pale shadow of the past. I refer to the recent battle over Dorothy Osborne's letters, in which he shed a good deal of ink and vowed that he would himself defy the judgment, cost what it might, in vindication of what he claimed to be the right of every man to use a public document without hindrance for the extension of historical knowledge. And yet he knew that the issue was not so simple, and that he would probably get the worst of it if he ever carried out his threat. He cared not what might be the rights on the other side. He would not have brought such an action himself and he could not understand why anybody else should either. Nothing ever came of all this pother, except that in his zeal for the defence of a personal friend he tracked out a new field of hitherto unexplored material concerning the life of Dorothy, which now I fear will never see the light.

In these walks and talks he was my *vade mecum* for founts of information in regard to literary workers past and present, in which we got behind the scenes and authors became something more than names, for he was full of anecdote, and there was scarcely a worker in his own fields of whom he did not know something from personal touch. Had I been a proper Boswell I ought to have kept notes of what he said, but I did not, though I often urged him to gather up his reminiscences himself. But he always said they were not worth having, though he seems latterly to have given some gossipy talks about his recollections of the past at informal gatherings to which he was invited, and it is to be hoped that some of the young people then present may have

kept notes of what he said, though he always assured me that he spoke without any previous preparation. He used to say that his memory was very bad, but that was, I suspect, a bit of a delusion, at least as far as the remote past was concerned. I gathered at least that it was his practical activity and his radical enthusiasm for social remedies that attracted Ruskin to him in his younger days, and these were his leading characteristics to the end. He must have had greatness or he could not have *done* so much. No one but a man of courage sitting to his convictions could have planned so many magnificent schemes and carried them through with such downright despotic determination. He began his work in the full enthusiasm of youth, and the older he grew the more he seemed attracted to the young. He was obsessed with a certain *cleriphobia* which in my opinion warped his judgment, but he seemed to think it was necessary to obtrude it, and he never could keep out King Charles's head. He made me wince badly when I heard him let out against Henry Irving at the Guildhall School of Music, but he seems to have had a grudge against him for mutilating the text of Shakspere, and he could not hold his tongue even when the man was lying dead. He was himself the most generous of men. Having little enough of money, he gave much of that little away, and he never hoarded his knowledge, but gave it to whoever asked. It was this that made his name an international magnet, and to the last fresh visitors to London—Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, Swedes, Americans, any student of English from whatever quarter of the world—all made their way towards

him. Acquaintances thus begun over his hospitable afternoon 'cawfy' (as he always pronounced it) in the tea-room, in Oxford Street, invariably strengthened into friendships, when the stranger had once realized his welcome. For his boyish frankness at once set every new-comer at his ease, and he never missed an opportunity of introducing the new arrivals to others, whether they had common interests or not. Thus he has become to me the symbol of kindliness such as I have never known before, and many friendships that I highly value I owe to these chance introductions from him. He used to bubble with delight as he dressed himself as Father Christmas and distributed toys to the children. He loved the morris dances, not only with an antiquarian joy, but because they seemed to promise a revival of England's vanished merriment, and at college dinners he rejoiced to warn the tables that they ought to cut down the price of their dinner ticket by at least one half, and give the remainder to feast the poor.

Braving all Sabbatarian prejudice, he taught the shop-girls the joy of river recreation in every sort of weather, and in his great age he bore up cheerfully against pain and sleeplessness, and found his consolation, if ever man did, in ceaseless and habitual work for others.

It was on April 14 last that he told me that a specialist had pronounced that he had not six months more to live, and I found that with his usual outspokenness he had already told the news to many others besides. The next day the fact appeared in a newspaper notice, and yet he was simple-minded enough to

complain that he was at once snowed under with letters of condolence. But he would have no conventional consolation. The specialist knew his business and he could not possibly be wrong, and if any one urged that at least he ought not to have been told the worst, his answer was that he was a man and knew how to bear it. His chief regret was that he should not live to see the completion of the great Oxford Dictionary. When last I saw him, on June 28, he was lying exhausted on a sofa in the room where he had long worked, surrounded with his books, and his Chaucer and Browning and other mementos, and although I was only allowed a very brief stay he seemed interested to hear of the recent Bodleian find that will probably go far to establish the truth of the Shaksperian legend of the wild days of Prince Hal. He lost no opportunity of proclaiming himself an agnostic, but I never discovered much trace of emotionalism or mental struggle in his composition. To him this life alone was a certainty, too full of possibilities of occupation to admit of any morbid forecasting as to the next. He lived a life of constant work and rational enjoyment, and his death has left a blank in many of our hearts.

J. H. Wylie.

XLIX

I first had the great privilege of calling on Dr. Furnivall in the summer of 1883, and I still remember the feeling of bashfulness and even timidity with which I—as green a youngster of twenty years as

you could find—knocked at his door. I shall never forget the kindness, the fatherly benevolence, with which he received me, asked me to stay, and to come soon again and tell him of my doings, and of my progress in getting acquainted with London and London life. I remember several Sunday walks with him at that time, one over Primrose Hill to the Harraden home; he would stop occasionally to watch the children in their play and the parents resting on the grass, for, surely, 'nihil humanum' was 'alienum' to him!

It must have been in 1885 when, one evening after Museum hours, I walked down Tottenham Court Road, and saw, some three hundred yards before me, a grey, hatless gentleman suddenly put down a bundle of books on the pavement and start in haste to the middle of the road to help a driver lift his fallen horse. When I came nearer the horse was on its feet again, and I recognized the grey gentleman—the same who used to feed the pigeons in the Museum Court.

On another occasion, walking home with him from the Museum, we talked of Positivism, and when I advanced the theory that it would deprive the world of its best poetry, of its highest poetic values, he defended it strongly, but quite amiably, against my rather Carlylesque attacks, and his advocacy made a deep impression on me, and made me more tolerant ever after. I remember too, one evening, his delight when I told him how Wuelker earned the 'Iron Cross': carrying a bag of powder across the battle-field to a distant station of artillery. He would often speak of his German friends, ten Brink, Zupitza, and Koelbing.

Speaking of Elze, he told me with a smile and a sigh (but with more of a scornful smile than of a sigh !) how their friendship had ended. Elze had sent him a bunch of his Conjectures on Elizabethan dramatists, atrocious and incredible *jeux*—scarcely *d'esprit* ; and 'Furnivallos Furioso', with his Norman quickness of temper, wrote him on a post card (by the by, did he ever write a letter ?) that if he, Elze, were an Englishman and would dare to perpetrate such nonsense, he would hang him on the next lamp-post—a post card to which no reply was received ! A similar abrupt end took his friendship with an American (a western) scholar, whom he had the bad luck of asking—on a post card, of course—whether he knew the ass that had written a certain anonymous article on Shakspere in a certain American magazine. Furnivall had, unfortunately, asked the very author !

I have forgotten the mass of detail of our conversations, but they all have left that pleasant and inspiring feeling of admiration and love for a man who was not only imposing to me as a scholar of the rarest accomplishments, a worker of unparalleled energy and success, but whose overtowering literary importance I entirely forgot by the side of his humanity. All the fireworks of his wit, his brilliant conversation, all the interest I had in what he was doing and printing and planning, all he told me of Carlyle and Kingsley, of Tennyson and Browning, of Child and Lowell, of Herbert Coleridge and Trench, all this receded before his charming way of being primarily a fatherly friend, of asking what *you* were doing, how you were 'getting

along', how your father and your family were. The very way in which he would carve the meat for his guest—he himself never partaking of it—the way in which he would minister to your needs at table, were things not to be forgotten. Up to the last he remained an observant host, and he noticed my apparent lack of appetite when we were at the last common meal together at Clacton in 1909. I could not tell him that it was due to the sad feeling of foreboding that this might be the last time I was to be his guest!

I had come to England only for three or four days, principally to see him again, and when I did not find him at the 'A.B.C.' the cashier there told me he had left word that he was at Clacton, where he would be glad to see me. He had carefully outlined an itinerary for me, and I took an afternoon train, having announced my call for three o'clock, because I was anxious not to disturb his siesta, and meant to take a dip in the ocean before calling. But I had scarcely passed the gate at the station when I beheld Furnivall's venerable figure, possibly a little more bent than two years before, but still elastic, his face as ruddy and genial as ever. He insisted on taking me to the bathing-machines—at this time, surely, I should have preferred his company to all the attractions of the Atlantic. When I was ready again I found him sleeping soundly on the hill-side above the beach, and I realized then, perhaps more vividly than ever before, that his vitality was ebbing. I waited with a certain sadness until he awoke—and dispelled with the first cheery word all my clouds of anxiety.

Indeed, here seemed a man likely to reach his ninetieth year in possession of a splendid proportion of strength.

But, alas, his own determination to complete his century did not avail, and thousands of miles away from London there are warm hearts who feel the loss, not only of a leader in English scholarship, but of a true and tried friend, of a man whose like they will not see again. The memory of him will accompany them through life like a constant blessing!

EWALD FLÜGEL.

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